John Hylton of Hylton Caſte in the County of Durham Esq^r

712. d 11

THE

SIXTH VOLUME

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who liv'd five and forty YEARS undiscover'd at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial ACCOUNT to the *Divan* at *Constantinople* of the most remarkable Transactions of *Europe:* And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts* (especially of that of *France)* continued from the Year 1659, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick. *Translated into* Italian, *and from thence into* English, *by the Translator of the* FIRST VOLUME.

The TENTH EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for *G. Strahan, W. Mears, S. Ballard, F. Clay, J. Stag, D. Browne, B. Motte, R. Williamson, J. Clarke. A. Wilde, J. Brotherton, J. Hazard, W. Meadows, T. Cox, W. Hinchliffe, W. Bickerton, T. Astley, S. Austen, L. Gilliver,* and *R. Willock.* 1734.

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE READER.

AS ſuperfluous as *Prefaces* ſeem, yet there is one Thing which makes it in a manner neceſſary to prefix a few Lines to this *Volume*, in regard there is an Occaſion given by the Objections ſome Gentlemen have been lately pleaſed to make againſt the Style of the *Engliſh* Tranſlation. Theſe Perſons having by a very coſtly Inquiſitiveneſs, found and procur'd the *Italian* Copy of the *Letters*, and com-

par'd them with the *Engliſh*, pick many Faults in the latter, which they wou'd fain improve to the leſſening the Reputation of the *Turkiſh Spy*, or at leaſt to the heightning of their own Characters, as *Wits* and *Criticks*, *Maſters* of *Languages*, and the *Grand Patentees* of *Human Senſe*.

IN the firſt place they ſay, the *Italian* Tranſlation keeps cloſe to the Original *Arabick*; whereas the *Engliſh* abounds too much with *Angliciſms*, which are not ſufficient to expreſs the *Author*'s Primitive Senſe.

HOW impoſſible a thing it is, to pleaſe all People in Undertakings of this Nature! Formerly they were offended that ſo many *Turkiſh* and *Arabick* Words were left untranſlated. And that being anſwered in the *Preface* to the *Fourth Volume*, they have now form'd New Arguments out of that very Anſwer, to aſſault us on the contrary Side, and tax us with being too *Vernacular*. 'Tis true, the *Letters* they have ſent to the *Bookſeller* on this

this Account, are not ſubſcrib'd at length: Yet, by Accident, one of the Gentlemens Hand-writing is known. And tho' we acknowledge him to be an ingenious Perſon, and a Man of Learning; yet I believe he would be unwilling his *Letter* ſhould here be expos'd in Print (or the *Orignal* ſhew'd to ſome that know him, and perhaps may claim an equal Rank among the *Criticks.)*

BUT to come to the Purpoſe; I have often heard *Tranſlations* blamed for keeping too cloſe to the *Original* Phraſe; but never any, before this, for a Negligence that is abſolutely neceſſary to retain the Senſe of a *Foreign Author*. All the World knows there is a vaſt Diſtance between *Arabick* and the *Languages* of *Europe*; and if the *Italian Tranſlator* was more exact in forming his Words up to a near Imitation of the *Eaſtern* Proprieties of Speech, no doubt but impartial Men will rather cenſure it as a Fault, than cry it up for an Ex-

cellency; ſince nothing ſounds well in any *Language*, which is not deliver'd in the *Natural Idiom*. Every thing ought to be writ in as familiar a Style as we diſcourſe; eſpecially *Letters*, which are but a Proxy-Method of converſing at a Diſtance. And he that tranſlates out of one *Language* into another, ought to aim chiefly at this, that he be ſure to retain the *Original* Senſe, and render it ſmooth and eaſy to the Reader. The Flowers of *Arabia* and *Italy*, when once tranſplanted to our barren *Engliſh* Soil, loſe their Virtue and Beauty, till they are naturaliz'd: What then muſt we expect from their Weeds? Doubtleſs, there are ſome Peculiarities in all *Languages*; and to tranſlate *Verbatim* from ſo remote a *Tongue*, would ſound as harſh as *French* does in an *Engliſhman*'s Mouth, when he pronounces it as 'tis writ.

WHAT I have more to ſay, is, that as this *Volume* contains a *Hiſtory* of

of Things tranſacted within the Memory of moſt Men now living; ſo the two ſucceeding *Tomes* fall down lower and nearer to the preſent Times: Giving an Account of Events whereof many have been Eye-witneſſes, and wherein not a few have had a Perſonal Share either by way of Action, or ſuffering Profit or Damage; which muſt needs afford Delight to thinking Men; ſince there is nothing more agreeable to Mortals, than to reflect on the former Paſſages of their Lives according to that of the *Poet:*

Hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.

BESIDES, for the farther Encouragement of the candid *Reader*, he may aſſure himſelf, that towards the Concluſion of the Laſt *Volume*, he will meet with ſeveral *Secrets* between the *French* and *Turkiſh* Courts, which will diſcover the true Source of the *Preſent War* between the *Em-*

peror of *Germany* and the *Grand Signior*; and give a Glimpſe of the private Machinations and Springs which have put all *Europe* into the *Hurly-burly* 'tis now in.

I HAVE but this more to ſay, that we hope to be more ſpeedy in publiſhing the Remainder of theſe *Letters*, than we have hitherto been in the Former *Volumes*. Reader, Adieu.

A TABLE OF THE LETTERS and MATTERS contained in this VOLUME.

VOL. VI.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Ahmut the *Arabian* at *Paris*, to *Dgnet Oglou* his Friend at *Conſtantinople*, Page 1

He relates the Errors he committed in Point of Addreſs and Carriage when he firſt came to Paris.

II. *To the* Reis Effendi, *or Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire, 8

Of a Fellow that dogg'd him up and down

the Streets of Paris; *and his Apprehenſions thereupon.*

III. *To* Abdel Melec Muli Omar, *Preſident of the College of Sciences at* Fez, p. 11

He complains of his frequent Sadneſs on the Account of his Employment.

IV. *To the* Kaimacham, 15

Of the Quakers *in* Holland, England, Germany, *and other Parts of* Europe.

V. *To the ſame,* 18

Of the Peace concluded between France *and* Spain. *Of the Match between the King of* France *and the* Spaniſh Infanta. *Of the Duke of* Lorrain's *Releaſe, and the Prince of* Conti's *Reſtoration.*

VI. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire. 21

He congratulates his Acceſſion to that Dignity. Of the Death of the King of Sweden, *and the Duke of* Orleans.

VII. *To* Dgnet Oglou, 25

He diſcourſes againſt the little Superſtitions of the Mahometans. *Of* Moſes *and the* Jews *in* Egypt.

VIII. *To the* Kaimacham, 31

Of the Prince of Conde's *Reception and Entertainment at the* French *Court. Some Paſſages of his Life.*

IX. *To the ſame,* 33

Of

Of King Charles II. *his Reſtoration to the Crown.*

X. *To* Mehemet, *an exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Caire *in* Egypt, 36

He breaks forth into melancholy Excurſions.

XI. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire, 39

He relates ſome Paſſages of Henry IV's *Life.*

XII. *To* Muſtapha, Berber Aga. 43

Of the extraordinary Magnificence at the New-married King and Queen's Entry into Paris.

XIII. *To* Dgnet Oglou. 45

Of an Earthquake at Paris.

XIV. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire, 47

Obſervations on the Reign of Lewis XIII.

XV. *To* Mahummed *in the* Deſart, 52

Of the Earthquake at Paris, *and other Parts of* France.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

TO *the venerable* Mufti, 55

Of Cardinal Mazarini's *Death.*

Some Remarks on his Life.

II. *To the* Vizir Azem *at the* Porte, 58

Farther

Farther Remarks on Cardinal Mazarini.
III. *To* Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother, Master of the* Customs, *at* Constantinople, 60
Of his Cousin Isouf's *Residence at* Astracan. *A Character of the* Muscovites.
IV. *To* Orcham Cabet, *Student in the Sciences, and Pensioner to the* Sultan, 62
He congratulates his Conversion to the Mahometan *Faith.*
V. *To the* Mufti, 64
Of the King of France's *Power to cure the* King's Evil.
VI. *To* Mirmadolin, Santone *of the* Vale *of* Sidon, 67
He applauds the happy Life of a Santone.
VII. *To* Dgnet Oglou. 70
Of Painters. A Story of Martin Heemskirk. *Another of* Giotto.
VIII. *To* Lubano Abufai Saad, *an* Egyptian Knight, 75
Of the Dauphin's *Birth.*
IX. *To* Cara Hali, *Physician to the Grand Signior,* 78
Of Hardiness, Indifference, and Resignation.
X. *To the same.* 83
Of Plays, and an odd Accident that happen'd at one, in the Presence of the King, and the whole Court.
XI. *To* Dgnet Oglou, 88

He complains of the Slanders caſt on him by ſome at the Seraglio.
XII. *To* Abraham Eli Zeid, Hadgi, *Preacher to the* Seraglio, 90
Of the wicked Lives of Prieſts and Monks.
XIII. *To the* Chiaus Baſſa, 97
Of the French *King's Conduct and Government.*
XIV. *To the ſame,* 101
More on the ſame Subject. Of an extraordinary Tournament, or Carouſal, at the French *Court.*
XV. *To* Zeidi Alamanzi, *a Merchant at* Venice.
He applauds his Sincerity in embracing the Muſſulman *Faith.*
XVI. *To the* Kaimacham, 109
Of the Attempts made on the Lives of the Duke and Ducheſs of Crequi.
XVII. *To* Mohammed, *the illuſtrious* Eremite *of* Mount Uriel *in* Arabia, 111
Of the Contradictions and Uncertainty of ancient Records, &c.
XVIII. *To* Haſnadar-Baſſi, *chief Treaſurer to His* Highneſs, 115
Of the Birth and Death of Madam *of* France. *Of the Peace concluded between* France *and* Spain. *He reflects on the* Engliſh, *for delivering up* Dunkirk *to the* French. *Of the Marriage between*

the King of England *and the* Infanta *of* Portugal.

XIX. *To the* Kaimacham, 117

He relates a ſtrange Paſſage that happen'd to him in viſiting a Calabrian *Traveller, profeſſing Aſtrology and Phyſick.*

XX. *To the* Captain Baſſa, 121

Of a wonderful Man taken up on the Coaſts of North Holland.

XXI. *To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna, 124

He endeavours to convince him that Iſmael *was Heir of the Promiſes made to* Abraham, *as being the Firſt-born Son. With ſome Recriminations on the Race of* Iſaac.

XXII. *To the ſame,* 128

He diſcourſes concerning the Origin of Nobility and Grandeur among Men.

XXIII. *To* Codarafrad Cheik, *a Man of the* Law, 134

Of a Man that was executed at Paris, *for aſſerting that he was the Son of GOD.*

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

TO Solyman, *his* Couſin, *at* Chalcedon, 136

He applauds his Removing from Place to Place,

Place, and adviſes him to travel farther in the World; or at leaſt to viſit his Couſin at Aſtracan.

II. *To* Peſteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms at* Conſtantinople, 139

Of the Wars and Revolutions in Indoſtan; *with ſome Remarks on the different Policy of Eaſtern Nations.*

III. *To* Uſeph Baſſa, 143

Of the Converſion of the Duke of Mecklenburgh *te the* Roman *Faith. Of the magnificent Entry the* Swiſs *Ambaſſadors made into* Paris.

IV. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire, 145

Of the King of France's *Amours. A pleaſant Story of his Confeſſor.*

V. *To* Peſteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the* Grand Signior's *Cuſtoms at* Conſtantinople, 147

Of Mahmut's *Inclination to travel; his particular Fancy for* Indoſtan: *With a Deſcription of the Pleaſures he ſhould take in paſſing thither.*

VI. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire,* 153

Of the Death of the Ducheſs of Savoy, *and* Carolus Joſephus, *Brother to the* German *Emperor. A general Character of* Germany, France, Spain, England, Holland,

Holland, *and other Parts of* Europe.
VII. *To* Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa, 157
He acquaints him how he had been aſſaſſinated one Night in the Streets, as he was returning to his Lodgings. Of his Removal thereupon to another Part of the City.
VIII. *To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna, 162
He informs him of the ſame Accident, referring him for further Inſtructions to Eliachim, *who would be ſhortly at* Vienna.
IX. *To* Zeidi Alamanzi, *a Merchant at* Venice, 164
He forbids him to ſend any Letters to Paris, *till he has receiv'd freſh Orders from the* Porte.
X. *To* Murat, Baſſa. 166
He complains for Want of timely Intelligence from the Miniſters of the Porte. *Of the Victories and Succeſſes of the* Ottomans *in* Hungary. *Of Count* Trozzi's *Arrival at* Paris, *in Quality of Ambaſſador from the Emperor.*
XI. *To* Iſouf, *his Kinſman, a Merchant at* Aſtracan, 169
A Character of Spain.
XII. *To* Aſis Baſſa. 171
Of the general Conſternation in Europe, *upon*

upon the News of the Grand Signior's *Advances into* Hungary. *Of Cardinal* Chisi's *Arrival at* Paris *in Quality of* Legate de Latere *from the Pope.*

XIII. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire,* 172

He gives him a Character of Spain, *different from that he sent his Cousin* Isouf.

XIV. *To* Musu Abu'l Yahyan, *Professor of Philosophy at* Fez, 176

He discourses of the various Languages of Europe. *A Story of a* German *Ambassador at the* French *Court.*

XV. *To* Osman Adrooneth, *Astrologer to the* Sultan *at* Adrianople, 180

Of a Comet appearing in the Firmament. From whence he takes Occasion to discourse about the Nature of Comets.

XVI. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire,* 182

He informs him of the Peace made between the Pope and the King of France, *after the Affronts put upon the* French *Ambassador at* Rome. *Of the* French *King's Design on* Africk.

XVII. *To* Kerker Hassan, Bassa, 257

He rejoices to hear that he is to be remov'd from Paris *to a Country Life, somewhere in* Asia.

XVIII. *To* Mirmadolin, Santone *of the Vale*

Vale of Sidon, 188
He aſſerts, that Men are Partakers of the Divine Nature. A Digreſſion concerning the ancient Religion of the Gentiles.
XIX. *To the ſame,* 190
A Sceptical Diſcourſe after the Manner of an Epicurean *Philoſopher.*
XX. *To* Iſouf, *his Couſin, a Merchant at* Aſtracan, 192
Mahmut *complains of his Uneaſineſs in* Paris, *and expreſſes his Emulation of the* Arabs *and* Tartars.
XXI. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire,* 196
Remarks on the Mareſchal de Turenne, *with a Character of that Prince.*
XXII. *To* Orchan Cabet, *Student of the Sciences, and Penſioner to the* Grand Signior, 199
Of a Paper of Verſes which the King of France *found one Morning on his Table.*
Of Anne Marie de Skurman, *the learned Maid of* Saxony.
XXIII. *To the* Captain Baſſa, 201
Of a notable Victory obtain'd by the Engliſh, *under the Command of the Duke of* York, *in a Sea-Fight with the* Dutch.
Of the King of France's *Deſign to unite both Seas, by cutting a Canal thro' Part of his Kingdom.*

BOOK

The TABLE.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

TO Achmet Beig, p. 205
Of the Death of Philip IV, *King of* Spain, *and the Duke of* Vendoſme.
II. *To* William Voſpel, *a Recluſe of* Auſtria, 209
Mahmut *endeavours to reclaim him from Bigotry.*
III. *To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew at Vienna, 212
He reflects on the Miſna *and* Talmud *of the* Jews: *Rehearſing briefly ſeveral ridiculous Stories out of the latter. Of a Sort of* Jews *in* North Aſia, *different from the reſt of that Lineage, in their Language, Laws, and Religion.*
IV. *To the ſame,* 215
He gives him a more particular Account of theſe Jews, *their Cuſtoms, and Manner of Life.*
V. *To* Mohammed, Hadgi, Dervich, *Eremite of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia *the* Happy, 219

He tells him he is in doubt of his future State: However, asserts, That 'tis good to meditate on the last Things.

VI. *To the* Kaimacham, p. 223

Of Mirammud, *the Son of the* Xeriph *of* Sallee's *being taken Prisoner by the* French. *His Character and Entertainment at the Court.*

VII. *To* Hamet Muladdin, Xeriph *of* Sallee, 225

He acquaints him with the same Thing, and advises him to send speedy Ambassadors to the Court of France, *in order to his Son's Redemption.*

VIII. *To* Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Master of the Customs at* Constantinople, 227

He informs him of the Treachery of Solyman *his Cousin, in employing some* Armenian *Merchants at* Paris, *to pry into* Mahmut's *Secrets.*

IX. *To* Dgnet Oglou, 229

More on the same Subject.

X. *To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire,* 233

Of the Plague in London, *and in other Parts of* England. *Of the Death of the Queen-Mother of* France, *and of the Prince of* Conti.

XI. *To*

XI. *To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna, p. 235

He reproaches him with Bigotry, in believing Sabbati Sevi, *the pretended Meſſias of* Smyrna, *&c. to be the true Redeemer of* Iſrael. *A ſhort Hiſtory of* Sabbati Sevi's *Life.*

XII. *To the* Kaimacham, 239

An Account of the Jews *Extravagancies on the Appearing of* Sabbati Sevi, *as their Meſſias. Strange Reports of the Ten Tribes that were carried away Captive by* Salmanaſſar *King of* Aſſyria.

XIII. *To* Murat, Baſſa, 242

Of a War between the French *and the* Engliſh. *Of a Marriage between the Emperor of* Germany *and the* Infanta *of* Spain.

XIV. *To* Peſteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms, and Superintendant of the Arſenal at* Conſtantinople. 245

He congratulates his new Advance; relates the Blowing-up of Rezan, *a City in* Ruſſia, *and deſcants on the Day of Doom.*

XV. *To* Uſeph, Baſſa, 249

Of the Continuance of the Plague in England. *Of the Fire at* London.

XVI. *To*

XVI. *To* Cara Hali, *Physician to the* Grand Signior, p. 252

He complains that our Knowledge of a Future State is very uncertain.

XVII. *To* Kerker Hassan, Bassa, 257

He rejoices to hear that he is to be remov'd from Paris *to a Country Life, somewhere in* Asia.

XVIII. *To* Isouf, *his Kinsman, a Merchant at* Astracan, 262

He gives him a Character of his Cousin Solyman, *and bids him beware of him if he should come to* Astracan.

LET-

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. VI.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian *at* Paris, *to* Dgnet Oglou, *his Friend at* Conſtantinople.

IT makes me ſmile ſometimes when I reflect how often I was put to it for an Addreſs ſuitable to the Manners of the *Nazarenes*, and the particular Mode of *Paris* when I firſt arriv'd at this City: For, thou knoweſt we had other Employments, than to learn Faſhion's and Conge's at *Palermo*. The Mind of a Slave is dejected under the Circumſtances of his Captivity; ſo that he has not Leiſure to

regard any Thing, but how to accompliſh his daily Taſk, and to pleaſe his Patron. All his Study and Care is bent upon this, and there's no Room left for generous Thoughts; neither has he Means or Courage to venture on Projects, or improve the preſent Occurrences in order to his future Happineſs. Nay, he hardly dares think of ever being happy again. This was my Caſe, and I believe 'twas not much better with thee.

Yet, notwithſtanding all the rigorous Uſage I had, the Baſtinadoes, Kicks, Bruiſes, Cuts and Wounds, I receiv'd from the Hands of that barbarous *Giafer*, my Maſter, which made me ſometimes incapable of doing him any Service by Day, or of taking any Reſt myſelf by Night, I was reſolv'd to find ſome ſpare Time for Books. I roſe early, and went late to ſleep; neglecting no Moment, wherein I could apply myſelf to Study. The Acquaintance I had with that *Sicilian* Carpenter, our Friend, was of ſingular Advantage to me in this Kind: For, thou may'ſt remember, he was well ſtock'd with many ancient and learned Treatiſes. He furniſh'd me with *Plutarch*, *Polybius*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other *Hiſtories*. All which, and many more, I devour'd with Greedineſs; for I had a ſtrong Appetite to Knowledge. And after my Redemption, I paſs'd away ſome Time in the *Academies*, where I learn'd the knotty Tricks of *Logick*, how to ſplit Moods and Figures, and chain one impertinent Syllogiſm to the Tail of another to Eternity. I alſo run through a Courſe of *Philoſophy* and other *Sciences*. Neither was I altogether ignorant of Men: For the reading of Hiſtories fits a Man the better to make practical Experiments in the Affairs of the World. To which alſo *Philoſophy* is not a little helpful, in directing our Obſervations on the various Tempers of People, Mens perſonal Diſpoſitions and Singularities, with the Humours and Cuſtoms peculiar to this or that

that Nation. For theſe Things depend many times on the Difference of the Climate, the Nature of the Soil, the Qualities of the Air, and the Manner of their Diet.

But neither *Hiſtory*, *Logick*, or *Philoſophy*, were able to efface the Impreſſions of my early Years, or unteach me the Manners in which I had been educated from my Infancy. I brought *Arabia* and *Conſtantinople* along with me even to *Paris*. And becauſe I had not been uſed to diſſemble the Profeſſion and Carriage of a *Muſſulman*, during my Thraldrom in *Sicily*, I was at a Loſs in my Deportment, when I came firſt hither.

How often have I been like to diſcover my ſelf by pronouncing the ſacred *Biſmillah*, either when I ſat down to eat, or put a Glaſs of Water to my Lips; or when I began any other Action of Importance? So likewiſe in uttering the *Handillah*, after a Repaſt, or when any Thing happen'd which prompted me to praiſe God.

When I met any of my Acquaintance in the Streets, I was apt to forget that I had a Hat on. And inſtead of putting off that, according to the Faſhion of the *Franks*, I laid my Hand on my Breaſt, and ſometimes bow'd ſo low, that my Hat fell off from my Head, before I was ſenſible of my Error.

If I had Occaſion to addreſs my ſelf to a Perſon of Quality, I was ready to take up the Bottom of his Cloak, Gown, or Robe, and to kiſs it in Token of Reverence, as the Cuſtom is in the *Eaſt*, when we ſalute the *Grandees*. Nay, ſometimes I could not forbear falling on my Knee, or proſtrate on the Ground before Cardinal *Richlieu*, and thoſe of his high Dignity. All which, nevertheleſs, paſſed only for Clowniſhneſs, and Want of courtly Education, which teaches the nice *Punctilio*'s of Addreſs. They took me for a Kind of *Moldavian* Ruſtick,

without any further Jealouſy. Or perhaps, they ſmil'd at all this, as ſome ſingular Caprice or Humour, like that of the Philoſopher *Paſicles*, who coming to ſalute a great Captain, and the Ceremony of thoſe Times requiring him to touch the Captain's Knee, he laid his Hand on his Genitals. At which the Captain being affronted, and thruſting his Hand away with ſcornful Words, *What!* ſays the *Philoſopher, does not that Part belong to you as well as your Knees?* It often diverts my Meloncholy, to conſider how many Errors of this Kind I have committed, not through Ignorance, or any Cynical Humour, but only in pure Overſight, and Forgetfulneſs.

It was a long Time e're I could frame my Fingers to handle a Knife and Fork at Meals, as is the univerſal Cuſtom in theſe Weſtern Parts; whereas thou knoweſt, we make uſe of no other *Inſtruments* in Eating, but our *Fingers* and *Teeth*. Whence it was, that I could not ſometimes forbear thruſting my Hand into a whole Diſh of Meat; which is counted a great Indecency in *France*. And after I was reconciled to thoſe nicer Inſtruments of Voluptuouſneſs, ſo as to carve my Meat *a la Mode*; yet when once I had it on my own Plate, I laid aſide thoſe Tools as uſeleſs, and tore it aſunder with my Fingers and Teeth, feeding *a la Turceſque*, as the *French* call it, that is, like a *Muſſulman*.

Nevertheleſs, no Body ſuſpected me; but all theſe Miſcarriages paſs'd for *Moldavian Barbariſms*, the ſalvage Cuſtoms of that my ſuppoſed Country. I tell thee, that tho' the Manner of Eating among the *French*, ſeems to have ſomething more of Neatneſs and Delicacy in it; yet it appears full of Softneſs and Luxury, and I cannot in Reaſon prefer it to the more natural and ſimple Method of Diet, us'd in the Eaſt. Neither would the *French* themſelves condemn us for *Salvages* in this Point, as they commonly

monly do, did they but consider, that this Negligence very well becomes Men of the Sword; and that in their Campaigns, their own Generals are ambitious to appear careless in every thing relating to their Body.

Doubtless, the ancient *Romans*, who brought the greatest part of the World under their Power, shun'd all Finesses in *Diet* and *Apparel*, till such time as their Manners were debauch'd, and their Empire in its Decline. Our Annals record, That when *Sultan Selim* lay down with his Army before a certain Place, and the Governor of the Town sent Commissioners to treat with him about a Surrender; they found him at Dinner, which consisted only of two or three Onions, a little Salt and Bread.

Histories also relate of the faithful *Omar*, Successor of the Prophet, That when he was with his Army not far from *Jerusalem*, the *Nazarene* Prince who govern'd that City, sent a *Spy* into the Host of the *Mussulmans*, to observe their Discipline, and bring him a lively Character of their General. The *Spy* went according to his Master's Order; and having tarried some Time in the *Arabian* Camp, returned again, and thus spoke to the Governor.

" It will not be needful to recount every thing I " observed among these Soldiers; since by what I " shall say of their Leader, thou may'st comprehend the Manners of them all: For they obey " him, and follow his Example in every thing, " with exquisite Silence and Modesty. I saw *Omar* " their Prince, at the Head of his Army, sitting " on a *Camel*, his Face tawny and scorch'd by the " Sun, in a Vest of *Persian* Cotton, girded about " with a Belt of Leather, at which hung a Cymetar " and Dagger, with a Knapsack tied behind him like " the meanest Soldier. I saw him take out from " thence hard Crusts of Bread, shaking off the " Husks of Millet which stuck to them; and saying,

" *In the Name of God*, he eat heartily of the ſame. " Then he drank Water out of a leathern Bottle " hanging by his Side; and when he had done, he " ſaid, *Praiſe be to God.* All his Army made their " Repaſt at the ſame Time, and in the ſame Man- " ner, with admirable Temperance, and ſuch an " Order and Modeſty, as I never ſaw before, neither " can I expreſs.

When the Prince heard this, he ſtood ſtill a conſiderable Time, muſing as one aſtoniſhed. Then turning to the *Seniors* and *Chief* of the People who were preſent, he ſaid, " It is neceſſary that we ſurrender " our City to theſe People; for they have the " Smiles of Heaven. Their Prophet and their Law " oblige 'em to Temperance, Frugality, Obedience, " and a modeſt Deportment. Theſe Vertues are " certain Steps to Victory and Empire. Beſides, I " have receiv'd a Tradition from my Anceſtors, That " a People ſhall come out of *Arabia*, with a new " Law and Religion, which ſhall aboliſh all that went " before it. They ſhall ſubdue *Paleſtine* and *Egypt*, " and ſhall build *Moſques*, wherein their *Prayers* ſhall " ſound like the Humming of Bees. Their Empire " ſhall extend from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, and to the *Extre-* " *mities* of the *Earth*. This is what I have learned " from my Foreſathers, and which I believe is now " coming to paſs. Therefore it will be in vain to " reſiſt theſe Men; for they are invincible by a " Decree from above.

Thoſe that were about him, did not approve the Counſel of this wiſe *Nazarene*. However, he ſent to *Omar*, and obtain'd Favour for himſelf and his Family.

Thou wilt ſay, I'm got wide of the Mark of my firſt Diſcourſe, which related to my ſelf, and not to any of the primitive *Caliphs:* But 'tis impoſſible to reſtrain our Thoughts from roving. Some ſay, they hang together like the Links of a Chain; and

that

that one Idea being faſtened to another in our Memory, we muſter them in Rank and File, according to their proper Order, when we think, or make Reflections. God knows how 'tis. This I am ſure of, That when I write to my Friends, I ſtudy not to make an elaborate Speech on't, as if I were penning an Oration; but purſuing my firſt Intention at Random, I run on, letting one Thought and Word beget another.

But I was telling thee how great a Bungler I was at firſt in all the Ceremonies and Manners of the *Franks*, which differ from thoſe of the *Eaſt*. I was as much to ſeek in my Addreſs, as an *Aſs* would be to play on a *Lute*, according to the *Roman Proverb:* Yet Time and Practice render'd all theſe Things familiar and eaſy. Now, methinks, I'm a thorow-pac'd *Nazarene* as to my Exterior. I go to the Court and the Temples with as much ſeeming Formality as the *Chriſtians*, whilſt, God knows, my Heart is ſomewhere elſe: All my Actions are out of their natural Byaſs, ſo long as I am abſent from the Society of *True Believers*.

In a Word, I'm forc'd to imitate the Fox, which Creature, when it is environ'd with *Huntſmen* and *Dogs*, counterfeits a Barking like the latter, and ſo paſſes undiſcover'd for one of their Company.

Paris, *3d of the 9th Moon,*
of the Year 1659.

LETTER II.

To the Reis Effendi, *or Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I AM at this time poſſeſs'd with more Apprehenſions and Jealouſies, than an old *Infidel* Uſurer. My Lodging affects me with greater Melancholy, than would a Priſon. And my Uneaſineſs is the ſame when I go out of Doors. Every Body that meets me, looks either as my Accuſer or my Judge: And ſome appear as terrible as Executioners. By Day, my Imagination torments me like a Fury, and by Night, I am affrighted with melancholy Viſions. I dream of nothing but Racks, Wheels, Saws, Gibbets, and ſuch like Inſtruments of human Cruelty. Or that I am in ſome dark Dungeon, condemn'd to more unſufferable Tortures, by Order of the State; with *Cardinal Mazarini* ſitting by me, like a *Spaniſh Inquiſitor*, and in the moſt tyrannical Manner, threatning me with Pains, to which the *Damn'd* themſelves are wholly Strangers, if I will not confeſs what I am, and reveal the Secrets with which I am entruſted.

The Occaſion of theſe Terrors which harraſs me Night and Day, is this: I have for four or five Days together found my ſelf dogg'd up and down *Paris*, by a Man whoſe Face I never ſaw before in my Life. Let me go where I will, he's always ſome Diſtance from me. If I ſtand ſtill, ſo does he: Or if I turn back, he's quickly at my Heels. I have endeavour'd by all the prudent Methods I could take to drop him in the Crowd of People, or in the Churches: But all in vain; for ſtill I encounter with the ſame Face. He purſues me like my Shadow. Neither Coach nor Boat, Land

or

or Water, Houſe or Alley, can reſcue me from the Fellow's Eyes, who is more quick-ſighted than *Argus*, and nimbler than *Mercury*. He is very cunning alſo in this Buſineſs, and as dextrous as a Juggler, conveying himſelf when he pleaſes out of my Sight; yet preſently after, he's in view again. And if I chance to loſe him in the dark, I am ſure to find him not far from my Lodging next Morning.

This is it which gives me ſo much Diſturbance, and pierces me with a thouſand Anxieties; for I know not what to conjecture of this Fellow's Deſign. Sometimes I think he is employ'd by Cardinal *Mazarini* to watch my Motions, obſerve what Houſes and Company I frequent, and trace me in all my Appointments. And I am the more confirm'd in this Suſpicion, when I reflect on my former Impriſonment in this City, and the Occaſion of it. Beſides, when I went yeſterday to ſee *Eliachim* the *Jew*, this Spark follow'd me near to the Door: And tho' I tarried there two full Hours, yet when I came out, I had not walked a hundred Paces, before I ſaw him again, footing it after me in a careleſs Manner, with his Arms folded, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, as if he knew nothing of the Matter. Theſe are convincing Circumſtances, that he is ſet at work by the Cardinal, or ſome body elſe, to diſcover my Buſineſs.

But when on the other ſide, I conſider, that if the Cardinal ſuſpected me, he might go a nearer way to work, and ſeize me in my Chamber, where my Letters would betray me, this Thought vaniſhes, and I am at a Loſs what to think.

Then comes into my Mind the Encounter I had once with my *Sicilian* Maſter, who ſtrove to ſet the Rabble upon me in the Streets of *Paris*; but my better Stars delivered me out of his and their

Hands, whilſt, for ought I know, he drew upon himſelf the Miſchief he deſign'd for me. However, when I reflect on that Paſſage, I am apt to think he may be now in *Paris*, and having by ſome Accident ſeen me go in or out at my Lodgings, contrives how to revenge himſelf on me, and uſes this Fellow's Aſſiſtance in compaſſing his Ends. Perhaps, think I, he will cauſe me to be ſtabb'd or piſtoll'd at ſome convenient Seaſon; or he will find out ſome other Way, leſs noiſy and more malicious to diſpatch me. It may be he ſeeks to entrap me, and render me obnoxious to the State. I have a thouſand Imaginations about it, and know not what to conclude. I value not myſelf, nor am I careful to prolong a miſerable Life for my own ſake. All that I can hope to enjoy in this World, would come far ſhort of tempting me to ſkreen myſelf from the Stroke of Death, by an Action unworthy of a Philoſopher, and a Man. But the Duty and Affection I owe to the *Grand Signior's* Service, makes me willing to live, till I have acquitted myſelf of my Province with perfect Succeſs, that ſo I may return to *Conſtantinople* with Honour: And then I care not how ſoon I poſt to that unknown World, where all the Generations of Mortals take up their eternal Reſt: For in this there's nothing but Labour and Grief.

In the mean time, I know not what Conduct to uſe in this Emergency; Whether I'd beſt to ſpeak to this Fellow, or diſſemble my Suſpicion; whether it will be ſafe to truſt this Event to the general Providence, or to ſacrifice him that gives me ſo much Diſquiet, and ſo ſecure my Peace. I could eaſily have him diſpatch'd without any farther Noiſe. But then my Conſcience would trouble me with After-claps, leſt I ſhould have murther'd a Man without Reaſon, which is expreſly forbid by the *Alcoran*. Beſides, I ſhould always

ſtand in fear of ſome Diſcovery; I proteſt, I am at a Loſs for want of ample Inſtructions in ſuch Caſes as theſe. And I am weary of mentioning what I have ſo often intimated already to the Miniſters of the *Porte*, without any direct Anſwer. However, I will do what my Reaſon ſuggeſts, and leave the Event to *Deſtiny*.

Happy *Miniſter!* the Affairs of this World are full of dark Windings and Meanders; and we have all need of a Guide, or a Clew, to conduct us thro' 'em. May that *Omnipreſent* aſſiſt us, whenever we are catch'd in a Knot, or loſt in a Labyrinth of Difficulties.

Paris, *25th of the 9th Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER III.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, *Preſident of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THY venerable Diſpatch I receiv'd with Kiſſes, and a Tranſport of Joy. I thrice touch'd my Eye-lids with the Paper of high Eſteem, and as oft I laid it to my Breaſt. I broke up the Seals with Modeſty and Reverence, and my greedy Eyes devour'd the Lines of profound Wiſdom; the Sentences and Aphoriſms worthy to be written in Letters of Gold. Then 'twas I bleſs'd the Hour of my Nativity, and the more happy Moment wherein I firſt had the Honour of thy Familiarity and Friendſhip: O thou ſincere and eximious Patron of ſuch as love the Sciences! Renowned for thy Learning, and Probity of Manners! Prince of the

Alfa-

Alfaqui's and *Doctors! Crown* of the *Sage Aſſembly* of *Philoſophers! Oracle* of the *Age.*

Glory be to GOD, who has neither Beginning or End! who alone poſſeſſes the infinite Expanſe and Life eternal; who is ador'd by the *Inhabitants* of *Heaven*, of *Earth*, and of *Hell:* Benedictions on *Michael*, *Gabriel*, *Iſraphiel*, *Ithuriel*, *Jeremiel*, *Haſmariel*, and on all the happy Miniſters of his Divine Majeſty; as alſo on the *Angel* of *Death.* Peace to the *True Believers* on Earth, and Salvation to the Devils and Damn'd, after they have accompliſh'd their Penance in *Hell*, and the Term of Wrath ſhall be expir'd.

An univerſal Charity dilates my Heart; I embrace with Love all the Creatures of GOD. This is owing to the ſeaſonable Arrival of thy Letter: For at the Moment when that came, I was plung'd in ſo deep a Melancholy, that I could hardly afford a kind Thought for any thing on Earth, and I perfectly hated myſelf. I have theſe Fits of Sadneſs often, it being an Effect of my Conſtitution.

At thoſe Seaſons Life appears an inſupportable Burthen, and all the Buſtle and Noiſe of Mortals a vain Fatigue. My Senſes, which at other Times adminiſter Delight and Pleaſure, are now the Inſtruments of Anguiſh and Pain. Every Thing I ſee and hear, diſguſts me. I abhor my neceſſary Food. Neither can the ſweeteſt Odours, or ſofteſt Strains of Muſick bring me into a better Temper: Till Sleep eclipſes the Light of my buſy Imagination, and puts out every glary Thought. Then my Soul takes her Repoſe: And ſtealing from my Body, enters into the ſhady Vale of Viſions, and ſports with innocent Idea's. Thus having diverted myſelf with jumbling monſtrous Eſſences together, and hurling one Chimæra at another, I return again to my body, and ſighing awake, griev'd that I could no longer ſtay in that *Mock-World*, where

where I could have wiſh'd my Reſidence for ever, rather than in *This*, which gives me ſo much real Pain. Thus is my Anguiſh renew'd with the Morning. Light is more irkſome to me than Darkneſs, and the Day which brings Joy to other Mortals is more terrible to me than Night, and the Shadow of Death.

I complain to the Elements, but they will not hear or regard me. All Nature ſeems to laugh at my Affliction, and the Beaſts of the Field triumph over me. As for Men, here are none but *Infidels*, my profeſs'd Enemies, to whom I can vent my Sorrows: And I'm aſhamed to make a Woman my *Confeſſor*, tho' it were my own Mother, who lives in *Paris*, and daily ſees me.

If in this dolorous Condition I prepare myſelf with the accuſtom'd Purifications of the Law, and Addreſſes to the Omnipotent, I know not where to find him: His Eſſence is unſearchable, and flies from human Thought. I call him aloud by his Ninety-nine adorable Names, but receive no Anſwer. I repeat his incomprehenſible Attributes, but all to no Purpoſe. In a word, I ſay and do all that the Law enjoins, the Prophet counſels, holy Perſons recommend, or my own Reaſon ſuggeſts, as a proper Means to obtain the Favour of Heaven, and a Redreſs of my Calamity: But find no Comfort. And, for ought I know, that *Spaniard* might as ſoon be heard, who being ignorant what Form of Prayer to uſe, rehears'd the four and twenty Letters of the Alphabet, deſiring GOD to form ſuch Words out of 'em, as beſt expreſs'd the Petitioners Neceſſities.

I tell thee, illuſtrious Prelate, after I'm tir'd with vocal Devotions, I have recourſe to Contemplation. I examine my paſt Life, and find that I myſelf am the Source of my own Melancholy, in not ſtrictly obeying the Law of the Prophet, the

the Precepts of the Seniors, and the Dictates of my Conſcience: And all this, for the Sake of Loyalty to the *Grand Signior*, and in Confidence to the *Muf-ti*'s Diſpenſation. Now I aſk of thee, Whether it be lawful to commit a thouſand Vices, that I may only acquit myſelf fairly in one Virtue? Or, to think, that in ſuch Caſe, the *Mufti* has Power to diſannul the expreſs, poſitive Injunctions of our *Holy Lawgiver?* Is the Empire of the *Faithful* to be ſerv'd by the Infidelity and Profaneneſs of *Muſſulmans?* Or the Truth to be ſupported by Lies and Perjuries?

I tremble to think what a Confuſion I ſhall be in, when the Prophet ſhall reproach me, That I have preferr'd the Favour of Men, to the Smiles of *Heaven*. I know not what to do. Oh, that I were in the parching *Deſarts* of *Libya!* or any the moſt unfrequented Solitude of *Egypt!* A Companion of Dragons, and other horrid Monſters of *Africk!* rather than in this Station, which renders my Life a Hell upon Earth, and torments me with half the Diſquiets of the *Damn'd*.

But if this appears too extravagant and deſperate a Thought, let me at laſt wiſh myſelf at *Fez*, the meaneſt of thy Slaves, or of thy incomparable *Muſu Abul Yahyan*, of whom thy laſt Letter gave ſo high a Character. I have addreſs'd a Diſpatch to him, hoping for the Honour of his Friendſhip and Correſpondence.

Let not the Liberty I've taken to tell thee of my Sadneſs, diſcourage thee from writing: But reſt aſſur'd, that whenever thou ſhalt vouchſafe me a Letter, though I were in the Agonies of Death, 'twould call me back again.

Paris, *25th of the 9th Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THESE *Nazarenes* are very fertile in new *Religions*. *Europe* is a Wilderneſs over-run with monſtrous *Sects* and *Hereſies*. Every Age produces freſh Pretenders to *Prophecy* and *Divine Revelation*. Error is prolifick, and multiplies infinitely, whilſt Truth remains the ſame for ever, and is comprehended in a few Rules.

Of late Years there are a Sort of People ſprung up in *England*, *Holland*, *Germany*, and other Parts of the *North*, boaſting of a new Commiſſion given them from *Heaven*, to preach the everlaſting Truth, reform the Errors and Vices of Mankind, and lead People the only infallible Way to Happineſs. Their Addreſs is plain and ſimple, bold and uniform, uſing no other Ceremonies or Compliments in their Diſcourſe or Carriage to Perſons of the greateſt *Quality*, than to the *Vulgar*, and thoſe of the moſt inferior Rank.

They ſtyle themſelves, *The true Seed*, *the Offſpring of Jacob*, *Jews of the Promiſe*, *Iſraelites without Fraud*, with ſuch like vain Titles; but by others they are generally called *Quakers*.

They ſay, the *Ring-leader* of this People, profeſſes himſelf to be the *Meſſias*, being in all Parts of his Body, and Features of his Face, like *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*: Or at leaſt, 'tis obſerved, that he exactly reſembles the Portraiture of him which *Publius Lentulus* ſent to the *Senate* of *Rome* out of *Judea*, when he was *Governor* of that *Province*. Hence his *Followers* ſcruple not to call him *Jeſus*, *The Beauty of* Ten Thouſand, *The only begotten Son of God*, *The Prophet who is to ſeal up all Things*,

The

The Prince of Peace, King of Iſrael, Judge, Conſolation of the World.

When he travels, his *Diſciples* attend him bare-headed, (which thou know'ſt is a Token of Reverence among the *Franks)* yet they never uncover to any other Mortal. He rides on Horſeback, whilſt they walk on Foot before, behind, and on each ſide of him, ſpreading their Garments in the Way thro' which he paſſes. The Hoofs of his Beaſt tread only on Silks or other coſtly Stuffs. And as they enter into any Town or City, they chaunt aloud his Praiſes, proclaiming him *The Son of David*, and *Heir of the Divine Promiſes.*

All his *Followers* pretend to be *Prophets*, boaſting of ſtrange Illuminations and Raptures, foretelling Things to come, and reproaching the Vices of *Governors* and the greateſt *Princes*, with a Boldneſs which has but few Precedents. In a word, they every where preach, That GOD is laying a Foundation of a *New Monarchy*, which ſhall deſtroy all the reſt in the World, and ſhall never have an End itſelf.

This gives a Jealouſy to the *States* where they live, and therefore they are perſecuted in all Places. Yet they appear very conſtant in their Sufferings, and tenacious of the *Doctrines* they preach.

They ſeem, in my Opinion, to reſemble one of our *Muſſulmans Sects*, who aſſert, That *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary* ſhall return again upon Earth; That he ſhall marry and beget Children, be anointed *King* of the *Nations* who believe in *One God*, and in this glorious State ſhall remain forty Years; After which he ſhall ſubdue *Antichriſt*, and then ſhall follow the Diſſolution of all Things. Yet the *Orthodox Believers* reject this *Tenet* as fabulous. Neither is there any Countenance given to it in that *Verſicle* of the *Alcoran*, where 'tis ſaid, *Thou* Mahomet *ſhalt ſee thy Lord return in the Clouds*: Since that only intimates

timates the glorious Deſcent which *Moſes*, *Jeſus*, and *Mahomet* ſhall make from Paradiſe, with *Enoch*, *Elias*, and the one hundred twenty four Thouſand *Prophets*, to aſſemble the Elect at the Day of *Judgement*.

If thou would'ſt have my Opinion of theſe new *Religioniſts* in *Europe*, and their *Leader*; I take him to be an *Impoſtor*, and his *Followers* to be either Fools or Madmen. Even juſt ſuch another Crew as thoſe who follow'd *Moſeilelma*, in the Days of our Holy *Lawgiver*. This was an *Arabian Impoſtor*, who pretended to ſet up for a *Prophet*, and attempted to compoſe a Book like the *Alcoran*. But he was infatuated with a vain Arrogance, and there was no Truth or Elegance in his *Writings*, no Juſtice on his Side, nor Underſtanding in him or his Party. To be ſhort, both he and they were all cut to Pieces in the Vale of *Akreb*, by the Troops of *Abu Bacroſſadic*, the firſt *Caliph*.

As to theſe modern Seducers, they are not Men of *Arms*, but a herd of ſilly inſignificant People, aiming rather to heap up Riches in Obſcurity, than to acquire a Fame by an heroick Undertaking. They are generally Merchants or Mechanicks, and are obſerv'd to be very punctual in their Dealings, Men of few Words in a Bargain, modeſt and compos'd in their Deportment, temperate in their Lives, and uſing great Frugality in all Things. In a Word, they are ſingularly Induſtrious, ſparing no Labour or Pains to increaſe their Wealth; and ſo ſubtle and inventive, that they would, if poſſible, extract Gold out of Aſhes. I know none that excel them in theſe Characters, but the *Jews* and the *Banians*: The former being the craftieſt of all Men, and the latter ſo ſuperlatively cunning, that they will over-reach the *Devil*.

But theſe are no Signs of a pure Religion; for that only preſcribes the Methods of withdrawing and

and ſeparating the Soul from the Contagion of earthly Things, and of uniting it to the Deity, which is its Source.

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, I bid thee adieu, praying that thou and I may at laſt meet in that Centre of all Things, after our various Epicycles and Excurſions in this lower World.

Paris, 15*th of the* 11*th Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER V.

To the ſame.

I Sent a *Diſpatch* ſome *Moons* paſt to the *Cadileſquer* of *Romeli*, *Guardian* of the *Imperial Canons*, *Interpreter* of the Laws of *Equity*; wherein I inform'd him of the Advances that were made in order to a Peace between *France* and *Spain*. Now I can aſſure thee, that Peace is concluded, and the Articles ſign'd on both Sides by the two Plenipotentiaries.

I need not repeat what I particularly related to that *Grandee*. My Letters are all publiſh'd in the *Divan*, and regiſter'd. Yet it will not be unwelcome perhaps to thee, to hear with what Niceneſs of Punctilio, theſe *Infidel Miniſters* met to accompliſh an Affair, whereon depends the *Intereſt* and *Honour* of their reſpective Maſters, the Happineſs of the two *Kingdoms*, and the general Byaſs of all the *Weſt*.

There is a little *Iſland* form'd by the River *Bidaſſoa*, call'd the *Iſle of Pheaſants*, through the Middle of which a Line is drawn, which exactly ſeparates the Territories of both Monarchs. This Place was agreed on for the *Interview* of the two Miniſters. Each had his Bridge to enter the *Iſland* in that

that Part which belong'd to his Maſter. And over the Line of Separation was erected a large *Divan* or *Council-room*, to be enter'd only by two private Doors, one out of Cardinal *Mazarini*'s Lodgings, raiſed on the *French* ſide of the *Council-room*, the other out of *Don Louis d'Aro*'s Apartment, built on the *Spaniſh* Side.

Each of theſe Miniſters was accompany'd by ſeveral *Princes* and *Grandees* of the *Court*, and above ſixty other Perſons of Quality, with a Guard of four hundred Horſe and Foot, to ſecure their Bridges, and the Place of Conference. In a Word, Things were manag'd with ſo much Moderation and good Succeſs, that the *Mareſchal de Gramont* was ſent *Ambaſſador Extraordinary* into *Spain*, and receiv'd at that *Court* with infinite Civilities and Honour.

The Subject of his *Negotiation* was to treat of a *Match* between the *King* his *Maſter*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*. His Conduct and Addreſs were ſuch, as ſoon procured the *Catholick King*'s Conſent: And from that Time the *Mareſchal* approached the *Infanta* with more than ordinary Submiſſions, eſteeming her now as the *Queen* of *France*. Soon after this the *Nuptial Contract* and the Peace were mutually ſign'd, to the immenſe Joy of the *Subjects* of both Sides, who were very glad to exchange the Toils and Calamities of *War*, for the Sweets and Profit of Peace.

It will be needleſs to inſert here all the *Articles* on which they agreed. Two will be worth the Knowledge of the ſupreme *Divan*. And thoſe are the Releaſe of *Charles Duke* of *Lorrain*, on the *Spaniſh King*'s Side: And, on the Part of the *King of France*, the Reſtoration of the Prince of *Conde* to the free Poſſeſſion and Enjoyment of all his Eſtates, Honours, Dignities, and Privileges, as the firſt Prince of the Royal Blood, with the Government of the Provinces of *Bourgoigne* and *Breſſe*.

A little before these Articles were sign'd, the young Prince of *Spain* dy'd suddenly, not having seen twelve *Moons*. I mentioned the Birth of this Royal Infant in one of my Letters, and the extraordinary Solemnities that were made thereupon by the King of *Spain*, aud his Ambassadors at foreign Courts. These *Infidels* appear in all things too passionately affected with the Glories of our Mortal State, which at the Height are but transient Shadows, or something less considerable.

I'm amaz'd at the bold Rebellion of the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, and that he should endeavour to cheat the Empire with so stale an Impoſture, as a sham Son of *Amurat*. Yet it seems he made a considerable Progress under this Pretence. Some were glad of Novelty, others were frighten'd out of their Allegiance: Whilst only a few served his Interest in pure Discontent and Hopes to amend their Fortune. The Country People are generally oppress'd by their Governors, and 'tis no Wonder if they take up Arms for one that promises to deliver them from their Calamities. This is the usual Pretext of all Innovations in the State. The Soldiers also are defrauded of their due Pay; and then they're ready to fight under the next General that brings most Money with him. Neither are there wanting Malecontents among the *Grandees* at such Times to foment and abet an *Insurrection*.

All these Events proceed from the ill Conduct of the Supreme Ministers, who alone are responsible for the Miscarriages of the State.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, the Frame of the *Ottoman* Government is out of Order; I wish Fate does not pull it in Pieces, as a necessary Step to its Amendment. Adieu.

Paris, *2d of the last Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Wiſh thee all imaginable Joy of thy new Dignity; yet queſtion whether thou or thy Predeceſſor be the happier Man. 'Tis a vaſt Honour indeed, and attended with immenſe Profit, to ſerve in this Station the moſt high, moſt potent, and moſt invincible Monarch on Earth. But at the ſame time there's infinite Toil and Fatigue in it, with abundance of Perils. From all which the fortunate *Muzlu* is now deliver'd, and they are become thy Portion.

As for him, I cannot but eſteem him happy, in that he has got Permiſſion to retire to his Country Seat, out of the Croud and Noiſe of the City, and from the ſtifling Buſineſſes of State, which choak the more innocent and natural Delights of the Soul. Now he is fully reſtor'd to the Elements, and to himſelf; whereas before, the perpetual Hurry of the Court, made him in part a Stranger to both: For there a Man inſenſibly loſes Acquaintance with his own moſt intimate Affections. His Spirit is alienated amidſt the Multiplicity of his Concerns; 'tis ſtretch'd on the Rack of ten thouſand Cares and Inquietudes; 'tis divided, ſhatter'd and rent in Pieces.

Beſides, were he as free from theſe diſtracting Thoughts as a *Santone*; yet the very Neceſſity of living always in a City, was enough to render him miſerable. For I eſteem ſuch a Confinement no better than a Priſon at large; and not far from being buried alive.

'Tis true, *Conſtantinople* has the Advantage of all the Cities in the World, for the Delightfulneſs of its

its Situation; the Houſes being ſo pleaſantly intermix'd with fair Gardens, and the Streets refreſh'd with cold Breezes from the Sea. It looks at a Diſtance like a Town in a Wood: Or one may term it a Foreſt compos'd of Minarets and Cypreſſes. The Terraſſes afford agreeable Proſpects of the neighbouring Fields and Mountains; And 'tis pleaſant to ſtand on the Water-ſide, and view the innumerable Variety of Boats and Veſſels ſailing from one Port to another, with all the other Divertiſements on the Sea, and the beautiful Mixture of Palaces and Groves, Chioſes and Gardens, Seraglio's, and Villages, which grace the oppoſite Shore. O *Queen* of *Cities*, *Miſtreſs* of *Kingdoms*, *Glory* of *Nations*, *Commandreſs and Sanctuary* of the *whole Earth!* Thrice happy ſhould I count my ſelf, if I might have the Favour to reſide within thy venerable Walls, and exchange the polluted Society of *Infidels*, for that of *True Believers*.

How often do I languiſh to ſee the glittering Creſcents, the triumphant Enſigns of the *Ottomans* on the Tops of the *Minarets* in the *Imperial* City? How oft do I wiſh my ſelf proſtrate on the Carpets of the *ſacred Moſques*, in the devout Aſſemblies of the *Faithful*, adoring the *Eternal* in the Perfection of *Sanctity?* Whereas, now I'm forc'd to go into the *Temples* of *Idolaters*, to kneel and bow down before *Stocks* and *Statues*, to join ſeemingly with *Unbelievers*, and pray to that which has no Life, nor Senſe, nor Power.

How do I envy the bleſſed State of the meaneſt *Artizan* in *Conſtantinople*, who daily feeds on the wholſome Pillaw of the *Eaſt*, and drinks the delectable *Sherbets*, or Waters *tinctur'd* with the rich *Fruits* of *Greece?* Whereas I am compell'd to eat Meats forbidden by our *holy Prophet*, and to render my Soul execrable by an impure and profane Diet, or I muſt ſtarve. For theſe Uncircumciſed

are

are more abominable than *Ravens* and *Vultures*, to whom the moſt filthy Carrion is a Dainty. And to cloak their Uncleanneſs, they corrupt their own *Goſpel*, and forge a Toleration from the *Meſſias* himſelf. As if that *holy Prophet*, who in every the leaſt Tittle obeyed the *Law* of *Moſes*, and ſet himſelf as an Example for his Followers to imitate, could be guilty of contradicting thoſe Divine Precepts, and running counter to his own Practice, in recommending *Uncleanneſs* and *Libertiniſm*. No: The admirable Son of *Mary*, was the moſt temperate and abſtemious Man in the World, and both in his Words and Actions preach'd up thoſe Virtues to others; having often expreſly declar'd to his *Diſciples, That he came not to aboliſh the Law, but to refine and perfect it.*

He was *circumciſed* on the eighth Day after his *Nativity*, according to the Injunction of *Moſes*, and the conſtant Practice of the Sons of *Iſrael*. In a word, through the whole Courſe of his Life, he never deviated from the Traditions of his Fathers, the Seniors of the Houſe of *Jacob*.

'Tis true, he frequently argued againſt the many trivial Superſtitions of the *Phariſees*, who evacuated the more eſſential Points of the Law, by ſuperinducing a Number of inſignificant Ceremonies: But he never open'd his Mouth againſt any poſitive Precept; ſuch as were thoſe which limited the Choice they were to make of Meats, diſtinguiſhing the Impure from the Clean. Yet the Chriſtians delude themſelves with a falſe Belief, that he gave 'em a Diſpenſation to eat any thing without Caution or Reſerve.

Hence it is that they defile themſelves with Swine's Fleſh and creeping Things, and Blood is in all their Diſhes. They ſcruple not to eat of that which died of itſelf, and banquet as freely with what was knock'd down or ſtrangled, as we would do with

with the Fleſh of a Beaſt that was kill'd in pronouncing the Name of GOD. The Shambles here afford no other Proviſion but ſuch as this; and he that will not eat that which is an Abomination to a *Muſſulman*, muſt be contented with Herbs. This I reckon as one of the greateſt of my Misfortunes, and it makes me burn with Deſire to return to *Conſtantinople*.

Yet, after all, I ſhould think my ſelf far more happy, if I might have the Liberty to ſpend the reſt of my Days in my native Country: So great an Admirer I am of a rural Life and Solitude. And 'tis for this Reaſon, I count thy Predeceſſor a happy Man, in having the Privilege of a ſweet Retirement; where he may take Breath from the vain Importunity and Buſtle of Mortals.

In the mean time, there is a Species of Felicity in thy Employment: And thou can'ſt not be called miſerable, ſo long as thou acquitteſt thy ſelf fairly, and enjoyeſt the Favour of thy Sovereign.

I perceive by thy Letter, that thou art curious to know the Characters of Foreign States, with the various Intereſts of *Nazarene* Princes; the Intrigues of theſe *Weſtern* Courts; their Overtures of Peace and War; and the different Laws, Maxims, and Cuſtoms by which the People are govern'd. Thy Converſation with Ambaſſadors at the *Porte*, will furniſh thee with Abundance of uſeful Remarks in this Kind: But ſince thou requireſt me to ſend my Obſervations, I will hereafter obey thy Commands in ſucceſſive Letters, for this is too large a Theme for one *Diſpatch*.

At preſent, thou may'ſt receive and regiſter for true News, That the Peace between *France* and *Spain* has been ſign'd by both *Kings*, and ſolemnly publiſh'd throughout their Territories, with inexpreſſible Joy and Magnificence. It is certain alſo, that the King of *Sueden* is dead, and the Duke of

Orleance,

Orleance, Uncle to the *French* King: Which has in ſome meaſure qualified the Mirth of the *French* on this Occaſion. Aſſuredly, human Affairs are equally chequer'd with Good and Evil. Bliſs comes not to us in pure unmix'd Streams. *Death* keeps an even Pace, and knocks as boldly at the *Gates* of *Kings*, as at the *Cottages* of the meaneſt *Slaves*.

It is the Part of a wiſe Man to be always reſign'd to *Heaven*, and prepar'd for the worſt Events: As for the beſt, they never come amiſs.

Paris, *17th of the 3d Moon, of the Year* 1660.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I converſe with thee, as *Horace* uſed to do with his Friends, over a Glaſs of generous Wine? Let us lay aſide Maſks for a while, and diſcourſe with open Souls. I believe thou haſt as equal a Veneration for our *holy Prophet* as I; and haſt been educated in all the Tenderneſſes of Piety, the *Niceties* of *Divine Love*, as our *Mollahs* are pleaſed to call it. We have been both of us careful to riſe before the Sun, and ſay our Oraiſons every Morning in a Demi-Trance, that is, half aſleep, and half awake. This, no doubt, is a neceſſary Point of Piety. And we have been no leſs ſolicitous in obſerving the other *Four* Hours of *Prayer*. Either of us would have accounted it an irreligious Negligence, if we had ſeen a Piece of *Paper* on the Ground, and had not ſtoop'd to take it up, with Reverence wiping off the Dirt, and kiſſing the *Tabula Raſa*, on which Men uſe to write the *Name of* GOD. As if 'twere not an

equal Argument of Reſpect to ſecure from Profanation, Sticks, Stones, Rags, or any thing whereon 'twere poſſible to engrave or print the *All-Myſterious Character*; nay, or the very *Sands* themſelves, which, as ſome ſay, were the *Firſt Books* on Earth. However, if they were not the Firſt, we are ſure that in very early Ages, Men uſed to ſtamp their *Memoirs*, or draw them out in perceptible Figures on the Surface of the Earth: Witneſs the old Ship-wreck'd *Philoſopher*, who being caſt aſhore in an *unknown Land*, ſoon traced out the Manners of the People, by certain *Mathematical* Impreſſions which he found in the Sands: For he concluded theſe to be the very Foot-ſteps of Humanity and Virtue. But to return to the Buſineſs of *Religion*: We have been obedient to the Inſtructions of our *Fathers* and *Tutors*; zealous in obſerving every *Punctilio* of *Traditional Piety*. We have faſted, prayed, waſh'd and given Alms, at the appointed Seaſons, and in the Manner preſcrib'd by the *Law*. All theſe, I own, are commendable Exerciſes: But methinks they are not the ſolid and ſubſtantial Parts of *True Religion*. I hate Hypocriſy, and the devout Wantonneſs of thoſe who think to mock GOD with *Ceremonies* and *empty Forms*. It were much better to mix with the *Idolatrous Rites* of *Bacchus*, (if they deſerve that *Epithet*) and rant in Honour of eternal Wine, talk reputed Blaſphemy, and reform the Model of the *Univerſe*; I ſay, I'd chuſe to do all this, and more, rather than cheat my ſelf with empty Hopes of gaining *Paradiſe*, for acting to the Life the Shams of pious Mimickry.

I would not have thee think, that what I have now ſaid, proceeds from any Contempt of the Eternal Majeſty.

By thoſe fair *Heavens* above, and all the *Immortal Spangles* of the *Sky*, I ſwear, there's not a Faculty in *Mahmut's Soul*, which is not fill'd with Gratitude and

and Veneration, which does not burn with Flames of ſacred Love to the adorable Fountain of All Things. In a word, I only ſtrive to reſcue my Friend from the Attempts of pious Frauds, the religious Burleſques of our *Mollahs* and *Mufti's*

Believe, my dear *Dgnet*, That there is a GOD, a *Firſt Cauſe*, a *Juſt Judge* preſiding over the *World:* Believe alſo his *Prophet*, the holy, the beloved *Mahomet*, the *Minion*, as I may ſay, of the *Omnipotent*. But, have ſome Faith alſo for the reſt of his Meſſengers and Favourites. Let not *Hali* be thought of without ſome inward Flurries of *Devotion*. He was a *Muſſulman*, and the Fourth *Caliph*, tho' his Followers be damn'd *Hereticks* in our *Divinity*. Had Right taken Place, perhaps he had been the Firſt of the *Vicars*, but his Cauſe was ſuperſeded by his Abſence. Let him and that reſt, till the *final Inquiſition*. And acknowledge that I have ſaid too little for a *Schiai*, and not too much for a *Sunni*.

I know no Reaſon alſo, why we ſhould not reverence the Memories of *Mercury*, *Orpheus*, *Cadmus*, *Meliſſus*, *Faunus*, and the reſt of the ancient *Sages* and *Lawgivers*, who inſtructed the Nations of the Earth in the Myſteries of Religion, taught them to adore one *Supreme* GOD, to believe the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and to practiſe *Good Works*.

What tho' the *Ceremonies* of their *Worſhip* were different from ours, and perhaps polluted with an unjuſtifiable Adoration of *Images?* What tho' their *Altars* reek'd with the *Blood* of ſlain *Beaſts*, and ſometimes ſmoak'd even with *Human Sacrifices?* Theſe *barbarous Rites* were not inſtituted by the *Firſt Oracles* of *Religion*, illuminated *Souls*, *Nuncio's* from *God* to this *Lower World:* But, they were afterwards ſuper-induced, thro' the Corruption of Times the Avarice of Prieſts, and the Superſtition of the People. And, for ought we know, our own *Hiſtorians* have not been impartial in relating the Truth.

There is an innate Envy between People of different Families and Nations. Both we and our Fathers, that deſcend from *Abraham* by *Iſmael*, and the *Jews* who are his Poſterity by *Iſaac*, have been too favourable to the Offspring of that Beloved of *God*. We generally entertain and cheriſh a ſpecifick Pride on the Score of our illuſtrious Pedigree: Eſpecially the *Jews*, who will not allow any People on Earth to be their Equals either in Point of Antiquity, the Nobility of their Race, or the innumerable Multitude of their Brethren. Whereas they conſider not that they are diſpers'd up and down over the whole Earth, like Sheep without a Shepherd, not permitted to poſſeſs a Cubit of Land which they can call their own: Condemn'd, hated, and made a Proverbial Scoff among all Nations: Infamous Vagabonds, Uſurers, Slaves and Pimps to other Mens Pleaſures: Men of no Fame or Character: Finally, in their preſent Circumſtances, the moſt ſpurious and ignoble of all the Sons of *Adam*, except the Kafars of *Ethiopia*, who feed on the Guts and Dung of Beaſts.

'Tis true indeed their Anceſtors made a conſiderable Figure in the World in the Days of *Solomon*, and other victorious *Kings*, during their Poſſeſſion of *Paleſtine*. And yet in thoſe very times, they were often humbled and led away into Captivity, by the more fortunate *Kings* of *Babylon*, *Perſia*, and *Aſſyria*, and afterwards ſubdued by the *Grecians*; till at laſt they were totally ruined, their Cities laid waſte, their Temple burnt to Aſhes, and their Country quite diſpeopled by the *Romans*.

If we aſcend yet higher to their celebrated Migration out of *Egypt*, of which their own Hiſtorians make ſuch a Noiſe, and tell ſo many fabulous Wonders, we ſhall find a very mean and contemptible Character given of them by *Egyptian Writers*, and thoſe other Nations, Men of as great Authority

rity as *Joſephus*, or any other *Jewiſh Hiſtorian*. *Manethos*, a Prieſt of *Egypt*, calls 'em a Crew of leprous and naſty People; and ſays they were expell'd the Country by *Amenophis* then reigning, and driven into *Syria*; their Captain being *Moſes* an *Egyptian* Prieſt. A like Relation we have from *Chæremon*, an Author of good Credit among the *Greeks*, who tells us, That in the Reign of *Amenophis*, two hundred and fifty thouſand *Lepers* were forcibly baniſh'd out of *Egypt*, under the Conduct of *Tiſithen* and *Peteſeth* (i. e. *Moſes* and *Aaron*.) And tho' other Writers differ in the Name of the King then reigning in *Egypt*, yet all agree in aſſerting the *Iſraelites* to be a naſty ſort of People, over-run with Scabs and infectious Boils, and that they were eſteem'd the Scum and Filth of the Nation. *Tacitus* a *Roman Writer* of unqueſtionable Authority, adds, That *Moſes*, one of the exil'd *Lepers*, being a Man of Wit and Reputation among them, when he ſaw the Grief and Confuſion of his Brethren, bid them be of good Chear, and neither truſt the Gods or Men of *Egypt*, but only confide in him, and obey his Counſel: For that he was ſent from Heaven to be their Conductor out of this Calamity, and to protect them from all their Enemies. Upon which, the People not knowing what Courſe to take, ſurrendred themſelves wholly to his Diſpoſal; from which Time he became their Captain and Lawgiver, leading them through the *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, where they committed great Rapine and Spoil, putting Man, Woman and Child to the Sword, burning their Cities, and laying all things deſolate. Dear *Dgnet*, What could be ſaid worſe of a Company of Robbers and Banditti?

Moſes is gone to Paradiſe, and when I mention his Name, it is with a profound Reverence; for he was the greateſt of the ancient Prophets. Yet give me leave to have ſome Regard for my own Reaſon.

He was but a Mortal as well as I; and without doubt, was not exempt from humane Frailties. He had the Advantage to be educated in the *College* of the *Royal Prieſts* at *Memphis*, which none of his Nation could boaſt of beſides himſelf. Suffer me to tell thee my Thoughts frankly, and without Diſguiſe. *Magick* and *Aſtrology* were the only *Sciences* then in Vogue: And he being perfectly vers'd in all the Myſteries and Secrets of *Egyptian* Wiſdom, 'twas no hard Taſk for him to poſſeſs the rude and ignorant Sons of *Jacob*, with a profound Attach and Veneration for his Perſon: And in that diſtreſs'd Condition, to mould their flexible Spirits to what Diſcipline he pleaſed.

Suſpect me not for an *Infidel* or an *Atheiſt*, becauſe I diſcourſe with this Freedom. I have heard ſome of our *Mollahs* ſay a great deal more in their private Converſation. And 'tis a ſuperſtitious Timorouſneſs, not to be bold in the Exerciſe of our Reaſon, which taught even the Prophet *Moſes* himſelf the Methods of Conqueſt, and getting a Fame which ſhould know no End.

I am not ambitious, nor would I tempt thee to aſpire at an undue Grandeur: But let us not be leſs than ourſelves, that is, Men. There is no Reaſon we ſhould be impos'd upon by fabulous Reports of intereſted and deſigning Writers: Or that we ſhould give Faith to every credulous Fool. Doubtleſs, there were many *Nations* eſtabliſh'd on Earth before the *Iſraelites*; and *great Prophets* who were not of the Lineage of *Abraham*. The Date of the *Olympiads* is much more certain to a Day, nay to an Hour, than the *Hejira* of the *Iſraelites*; ſince the former is demonſtrated by the *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, interwoven by the *Gentile Hiſtorians* into the Body of their *Hiſtory*; whereas the latter is defective in this material Point, and is expoſed to a thouſand Diſputes among *Writers*.

My

My Friend, let not thou and I trouble ourſelves with needleſs Controverſies, or be zealous for Things of no Moment; but adoring *One* GOD, and believing what is rational, we may poſſeſs our Souls in Tranquillity and Peace.

Paris, 11*th of the* 5 *th Moon,*
of the Year 1660.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

AT length, after a long Alienation, the *Prince* of *Conde* is reſtor'd to the *King*'s Favour: For which he is obliged to the *King* of *Spain*. I have already intimated in one of my Letters, That this was agreed on in the *Treaty* of *Peace* between theſe two *Crowns*, as an *Article* equivalent to that of the *Duke* of *Lorrain*'s Releaſe, ſollicited by the *King* of *France*. Now 'tis put in Execution, and the *Rebel Prince* is received with abundance of Careſſeſs by the *King*, *Queen-Mother*, Cardinal *Mazarini*, nd the w hole Court.

He is counted the valianteſt Man of this Age; and was ſo pronounced long ago by the *Mareſchal Turenne*, who is a Soldier of no mean Character, both for his Judgment and Courage. He was once extremely beloved by all the *French*. But his Wildneſs and Inconſtancy, with the deſtructive Effects of the *Civil Wars* which he raiſed, changed their Affections for a while into Indifference, Coldneſs and Ill-will. But now all's well again.

He and his Brother the *Prince* of *Conti* ſeldom agreed, being often the Heads of contrary Parties during the Minority of this *King*. And the Younger

being crump-ſhouldred, *Conde* uſed to be a little ſarcaſtick upon him, threatning to ſhave his uncourtly Back into the Faſhion with his Sword.

It is certain the Prince of *Conde* was very wild and profuſe when young, but now he begins to take ſoberer Meaſures. During his Father's Life, he was called the Duke of *Enguien*. And to reflect on the Parſimony of the old Prince, he uſed to take ſeveral Handfuls of Gold with one Hand, and fill a Purſe, ſaying, *This is my Father's Practice.* Then he would turn the Purſe upſide down with t'other Hand, and ſcattering the Gold among his *Favourites* would add, *This is my Humour.*

Once as he was paſſing on Foot through a Town in *France*, under his Father's Government, the chief Magiſtrate of the Place, who was an old Man, met him, and began to make an Oration with the beſt Rhetorick he could. But the Prince being in a frolickſome Humour, took Advantage of a very low Conge the old Gentleman made him and leap'd over his Head, and ſtood ſtill behind him. The Magiſtrate not taking any Notice of this wild Prank, turn'd very gravely about, and addreſs'd himſelf with a new Obeiſance, but not ſo low as the former. However, the nimble Prince catch'd him upon the Half-bent, and ſetting his Hands on the old Monſieur's Shoulders, whipt over again the ſecond Time; which quite ſpoiled his intended Speech, to the great Diverſion of all the Spectators.

In his Youth he was much addicted to Women, and took a peculiar Delight in debauching *Nuns*; which occaſion'd the *Queen-Mother* to reflect on him ſomething ſatyrically once, when he inform'd her that the *Suiſſe* Soldiers were guilty of great Diſorders, ſome of them getting into the *Nunneries*, and violating the Chaſtity of thoſe conſecrated Females. For the *Queen* replied, *If you had told me they broke into the Wine-Cellars, I would believe you:*

for

for the Suiſſes *are all known Drunkards. But as for Amours with Nuns, none ſo likely to make them as the Duke of* Enguien.

However, all that I have ſaid, hinders not but that he is now a prudent Man, a good General, and Fortunate in recovering his Sovereign's Favour.

In a Word, this *Court* is ſo overjoy'd at the Marriage of the *King* with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, that they have no room left for peeviſh Reſentments. All Crimes are forgiven; and the *Devil* himſelf would be welcome at the *Wedding*, provided he would be *debonair* and good Company.

The *Nuptials* are only celebrated by *Proxy* as yet: But here are vaſt Preparations making for the compleating the *Ceremony*.

What the *Iſſue* of this *Marriage* and *Peace* will be, 'tis not eaſy to divine: But I doubt, the *Chriſtians* are hatching Evil againſt the *Ottoman Porte*, in regard all the *Princes* in *Europe* are coming to an Agreement.

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, let not this Intimation paſs away as a Dream. For I tell thee again, theſe *Infidels* are plottng of Miſchief.

Paris, *1ſt of the 7th Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

I Believe thou wilt now receive from me the earlieſt News of a *mighty Change*, a ſurpriſing Revolution in the *Engliſh* Government. Know then, that he whom I have ſo often mention'd under the Title of *King* of the *Scots* in my former Letters, the eldeſt Son and *rightful Heir* of the *Brittiſh Kingdoms*, *Charles* II. is reſtored to the *Throne* of his *Fathers*,

without Violence or Bloodſhed, by the unanimous Conſent and earneſt Deſire of his Subjects.

This young Prince has been an Exile for twelve Years in foreign Courts, and has heard of as many ſeveral Alterations in the State of his Dominions during his Abſence; every Change producing a new Form of Government. The *Rebels* had run over all *Ariſtotle*'s Politicks, and the various Models of *Plato* and other *Philoſophers*, who treated of *Commonwealths*, to find out ſuch Patterns as beſt ſuited with the Neceſſities and Genius of that Nation. There is not a Species of *Ariſtocracy*, *Democracy*, and *Oligarchy* which they did not put in practice to ſupport the *Frame* of that *Government*, whoſe *Baſis* they had remov'd; for it was founded on a Monarchy of a long and hereditary Deſcent. And therefore all their moſt artificial Contrivances were ineffectual, and they might as well have endeavoured to make Buttreſſes for a Caſtle in the Air. In a Word, the *Engliſh* found themſelves ſo disjointed and weaken'd by *Civil Wars*, *Taxes*, and the other uſual Effects of *Uſurpation* and *Tyranny*, that they had no other Way left to ſave their *Nation* from utter Ruin, but by bringing their lawful *King* back again, who is the Angular Stone whereon all their Welfare and Intereſt is built.

There is one Thing remarkable in this Turn of *Engliſh* Affairs, That their Sovereign landed and made his triumphant Entry into that Iſland, on the *Anniverſary Day* of his Birth. Which puts me in mind of what is generouſly diſcourſed here at *Paris*; That on the Day of his *Nativity*, there was ſeen a bright *Star* in the *Heavens*, when the Sun was juſt above the *Meridian*. From hence the *Aſtrologers* of thoſe Times predicted great Thing sconcerning him. And thoſe of the preſent Age, who have ſeen his Fortune to Return to his *Kingdoms*, preſage yet greater Events to come.

God

GOD only knows what Embryo's are in the Womb of Futurity; and we *Muſſulmans* have no Reaſon to rejoice at the Grandeur of any of theſe *Infidel* Princes. Yet ſuch a Sign as that of a Star appearing at Noon-Day, juſt over the Place where a mighty Queen was in Labour with a Prince, has ſomething in it extraordinary, and full of promiſing Circumſtances. It was an Appearance of this Nature which render'd the Birth of the *Meſſias* ſo illuſtrious, tho' otherwiſe obſcure enough; when the *Eaſtern Magi* directed by ſuch a Star, came and found *Mary* the Mother of *Jeſus* in a *Stable*, and the *Infant Prophet* lying in a *Manger*, inſtead of a *Cradle*. So we are told, that Eclipſes of the Sun portend the Misfortune or Death of great Perſonages; and that all other Prodigies, whether in Heaven or Earth, have their proper Signification.

But whether theſe Obſervations be true or no, 'tis certain this late baniſhed Prince is return'd with abundance of Splendor and Advantage to his native Royal Poſſeſſions. And I thought it would be a grand Neglect in me, to let one Poſt-Day paſs, before I gave thee an Account of a Revolution ſo aſtoniſhing to all *Europe*, and which is like to give a new Turn to the Affairs of moſt Chriſtian Princes and States.

Beſides, I know there is an Ambaſſador from *England*, reſiding at the *Auguſt Porte*, which determines the Quarrels of all the Nations on Earth. There are alſo abundance of *Engliſh* Merchants in the *Imperial* City. They may have Feuds among one another. The *Intereſt* of ſome of them is join'd with that of the *Engliſh Rebels*; others are for their King. Therefore knowing of his *Reſtoration*, thou wilt be better able to adjuſt all Matters of this Nature, according to Reaſon, Equity, and the Honour of the majeſtick Porte. For this King makes already a greater Figure than any of his Progenitors,

and therefore his Friendſhip is not to be contemn'd.

The Care of theſe Things reſt on thee, who art the *Vicar's Vicar* of the *Vicegerent of* GOD.

Paris, 3*d of the* 7*th Moon,*
of the Year 1660

LETTER X.

To Mehemet, *an exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Caire *in* Egypt.

OH that I were in one of the *Pyramids* near the City where thou reſideſt, ſhut up in *tremendous* Darkneſs, in the moſt obſcure and horrible Vault of the *Royal Pile!* That I might converſe with the *Ghoſts* of *Egyptian Kings*, hug *Dæmons* in my Arms, and run the *Gerit* with *Hobgoblins*, and all the *Spirits* of the Night round the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, or up and down the diſmal Galleries, or in the Neſt of *Bats*, *Screech-Owls*, *Harpies*, and the reſt of the winged *Monſters*, the *excrementitious Spawn* of human Souls, or at leaſt the *Superfetation* of pickled Carcaſſes, repoſited there for eternal *Mummies*, ſome of them before *Noah*'s *Flood*, and the reſt after, if the Story be true. GOD knows whether it be or no: That's nothing to me: But I have a ſtrong *Inclination* to try what I can find in thoſe antique *Monuments*, after all the Search of ſo many *Travellers*, I have a ſpecifick Sort of Melancholy upon me, which cannot be vented any other Way, than by keeping Company with the *Dead*, or having Ten hundred thouſand ugly rampant *Spirits* dancing their *Infernal* Meaſures about me, and grinning like *Baboons* of *Hell* Oh GOD! how 'twould ſet me a laughing! An Entertainment of this *Nature* would

would eaſe my Spleen, and reſtore me to a good Humour.

Are there no *Beings* extant, but thoſe which are every Day expos'd to our Senſes? Or, is *Nature* poorer than the Imagination of a Mortal, which can form the *Ideas* of an Infinity of *Creatures* that he never ſaw? I am cloy'd with the *Crambe* of Objects and Joys which theſe narrow *Elements* afford, and therefore would fain grope out ſome new and untry'd World, to find Refreſhment in.

But oh, my *Mehemet*, when I look toward the Heavens, and behold the Moon and Stars; when my Eye is loſt in the boundleſs Firmament, and my *Soul* can find no *Limits* to the *Univerſe*; then I ſink into myſelf, full of Humility and Confuſion, becauſe I have injuriouſly reproach'd the *Omnipotent*, and caſt *Obloquies* on his *Works*. For all Things appear admirably beautiful and perfect, and the leaſt *Atome* is large enough to afford *Apartments* for a *thouſand Souls*. Every Thing in *Nature* is pregnant and full of pleaſing Wonders: Yet I cannot be free from theſe Hypochondriac Fits at certain Seaſons. I am ſometimes the ſaddeſt and moſt melancholy Man in the World, I take all Things by the wrong Handle, look on them through falſe Opticks, and yet perſuade myſelf I am in the right, and ſee them in their true Complexion. Such is the fatal Sophiſtry of this black and ſudden Paſſion; it takes away the Guſt and Reliſh of the ſweeteſt Enjoyments. And if the Contagion could poſſibly find Admittance among the Bleſs'd above; ſurely 'twould render their *Paradiſe* a *Hell*, and would afford ſome Ground for the Fiction of the antient *Poets*, who brought up the Uſe of *Nepenthe* among the *Gods*, to appeaſe their Choler, and put 'em in a good Humour.

I know not what that *Drink* was: But I tell thee, my *Nepenthe* is a Glaſs of good *Languedoc* Wine, which

which is as rich, and far more delicious than the Wines of *Tenedos* and *Mitylene*. I once could boaſt of another Method to ſubdue my Melancholy, by giving Battel to my Thoughts in open Field; but now I am fain to have recourſe to Stratagems and Ambuſcades, trepanning the ugly, hideous Monſters out of their ſtrong Retrenchments and Faſtneſſes in the Spleen, by generous Frolicks and Wine, Women and Muſick. I bury all Care in profund Sleep, the Effect of briſk and free drinking: And then I awake as merry as a Lark; as young as if I'd been in *Medea*'s Cauldron.

What ſignifies it to pretend Sanctity in our Words and exterior Carriage, whilſt at the ſame time we are ready to burſt with Malice, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and a thouſand more Vices? Whereas Wine, ſeaſonably drank, cures all theſe Diſtempers of the Soul, makes a Miſer liberal, a cruel Man tender, a ſpiteful Fellow kind; melts ſtiff and haughty Spirits into a wonderful Softneſs and Complaiſance: In fine, it makes a Lamb of a Lion, and changes a Vulture to a Dove, purifying and transforming Souls into a Temper wholly Divine.

Why then ſhould we be ty'd to Laws of Morality, never practis'd by thoſe who made them? All the Philoſophers were boon Companions, and our Holy Prophet himſelf privately drank the Juice of the Grape. Our Emperors and Grandees do the ſame. The only Reaſon why they forbid it to their Subjects, is, leſt they ſhould grow too wiſe, and ſtrive to ſhake off the Yoke: For Wine elevates the Spirits, emboldens the Heart, and transforms a Slave to a Lord in his own Conceit. For want of this Liquor, all Nations where the Vine grows not, have found out one Beverage or another, as efficacious to relieve Melancholy, and drive away Sorrow from the Heart. The *Chineſe* make Wine of Rice.

In

In my Country they have another intoxicating Drink compounded with certain Roots. The ſame is uſed in ſome Parts of *Perſia*. In theſe *Weſtern* Provinces, they brew divers Sorts of Strong Liquors of Wheat, Barley, Honey, Moloſſa's, and other Ingredients. And they make Wine of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Currants, and moſt Fruits that grow. I tell thee, my Friend, there's no living, unleſs we ſometimes give *Nature* a new Ferment to rouze her from her Lees.

Yet let us practiſe a due Mediocrity, remembring that God gave us theſe Things for our Health and Refreſhment, and not for our Bane. In a Word, *Mehemet*, let us be merry and wiſe.

Paris, 26*th of the* 8*th Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Have taken ſome Pains, turn'd over a great many Memoirs of old *Courtiers*, and convers'd with not a few now living, who can remember the Days of *Henry* IV. that ſo I may comply with thy Order, and oblige thee with ſome Remarks on the Life of that Prince, who tho' he had but a little Body, yet like another *Alexander*, had ſo vaſt a Soul, and perform'd ſuch illuſtrious Actions, as deſervedly faſten'd on him the Title of *Great*, and made him be eſteem'd the Arbiter of all *Europe*.

It is obſerv'd of him, that he was always unfortunate in his Wives; yet they relate a pretty

Paſſage

Paſſage of his firſt Wife *Margaret* of *Valois*, which ſeems to contradict that Remark.

He was then a *Proteſtant*, and only King of *Navarre*, when the famous *Maſſacre* of *Paris* was committed, with Deſign to murder him among the reſt of his Religion. But being aware of this, when he heard the *Aſſaſſins* making toward his Chamber, where he ſate with the Queen, he hid himſelf under her Garments as ſhe ſate in her Chair. The Villains ruſhing in, aſk'd for the King. She with a great Aſſurance of Spirit, told' em, *He went out from her in a Paſſion.* They ſeeming ſatisfy'd, went away without doing any farther Hurt. Which occaſion'd a common Jeſt, *That Queen* Margaret's *Smock ſav'd King* Henry's *Life.*

This Woman was call'd the *Minerva* and *Venus* of *France*, on the ſcore of her Learning and Amours, never denying any Thing to her Lovers, and being ſeldom without Men of *Science* in her Company. In a word, King *Henry* look'd on himſelf as a noted *Cuckold*, and ſo gave her a Bill of *Divorce.* Her own Mother *Katharine de Medicis*, was call'd the *Fourth Fury of Hell.*

It is recorded of this Lady, that ſhe practis'd much with Wizards and Magicians, who in an Enchanted Glaſs, ſhew'd her who ſhould reign in *France* for the time to come. Firſt appear'd this *Henry* IV. then *Lewis* XIII. next *Lewis* XIV. and after him a Pack of *Jeſuits*, who ſhould aboliſh the Monarchy, and govern the Nations themſelves. This Glaſs is to be ſeen in the *King's Palace* to this Day.

As for *Henry* IV's Second Wife, 'tis ſaid, he never enjoy'd a *peaceable Hour* with her, but when ſhe was aſleep. They often fought together, and ſhe ſpar'd not ſometimes to beat and ſcratch him even in his Bed, ſo that he has been forced to quit the field, and take Sanctuary in another Chamber. This Prince was tax'd with Ingratitude towards his moſt

moſt faithful Servants, and Want of Liberality to all. It was a common Saying of his *Predeceſſor Henry* III. *That he ſhar'd his Kingdom with his Loyal Servants and Friends.* But *Henry* IV, lov'd not to part with any Thing which he could handſomely keep.

Yet he was very obliging to his Miſtreſſes, and his Paſſion for them carried him into many *Irregularities.* He was ſo deeply enamour'd of one, that to enjoy her he ſign'd a Promiſe of Marriage to her with his own Blood; which one of his *Favourites* ſeeing, tore the Paper in Pieces. The King being incens'd at that, ſwore by the *Belly* of St. *Gris*, an ordinary Oath with him, that this Perſon was mad. *Yes*, reply'd he, *but I wiſh I were the only Madman in the Kingdom.* Thereby reflecting on the King's Extravagancy. Another Time he gave Fifty thouſand Crowns, for one Night's Enjoyment of a Lady.

I have many Years ago ſpoke of the Death of this *Prince* in my Letters to the Miniſters of the *Porte.* Now I will acquaint thee with one Circumſtance, to which I was then a Stranger.

It happen'd, that the *Viceroy* of *Navarre* was walking with ſeveral Nobles in the Meadows of *Bearn*, a Town under his Juriſdiction, waſh'd by the River *Pau.* When on a ſudden all the *Cows*, (of which there was a great Number in thoſe Fields) ran violently into the River, and were there drown'd. The *Viceroy* being aſtoniſh'd at this, as at a *Prodigy*, writ down the Day and Hour when it happen'd, which prov'd exactly the very ſame Time to a Minute, when *Henry* IV. was ſtabb'd in his Coach by *Ravaillac*; as the *Viceroy* was ſoon certify'd by *Diſpatches* which he receiv'd from the *Court*, containing *Intelligence* of that *Tragedy.*

All this may be pure *Chance*, for ought I know, but there are Abundance of Symptoms of ſomething elſe.

elſe. As for Man, he is wholly a Stranger to himſelf, and the ſecret Operations of his own Soul are hid from him. How then can he know the Natures of other Things, or be familiarly acquainted with the occult Diſpoſitions of Beaſts? The leaſt Worm or Inſect baffles our ſevereſt Scrutiny, and we are loſt in the Speculation of their *Embryo's*. The moſt ſilent and inanimate Beings, proclaim aloud the Folly of our boaſted Science: Every *Atom* in Nature, ridicules our beſt Philoſophy. Who then will pretend to unriddle the more uncommon Myſteries of Providence, or trace the Footſteps of eternal Deſtiny? Hiſtorians ſpeak variouſly of this Parricide. Some ſay, the Villain was approv'd of at the Court of *Rome*, and that he was there rank'd in the Number of Martyrs. 'Tis certain, he underwent as horrible a Death as the Wit of Man could invent, to puniſh his matchleſs Treaſon. And it ſeems, the Judges that examin'd him, were either afraid, or aſham'd to divulge what they heard from his Mouth: Obliging themſelves by an Oath to eternal Secrecy. *Ravaillac* himſelf own'd that he had twice before attempted to kill the King, but was thruſt back by one of his Nobles, who ſuſpected ſome ill Deſigns in his Looks.

Sage *Hamet*, may God preſerve our glorious *Sultan* from the Rage of Mutineers, from a *Jewiſh* Phyſician, and from the common Diſaſters of Human Life. And the Care of his Attendants will prevent the ſudden Strokes of a deſperate Aſſaſſin.

Paris, *25th of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1660.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THIS City is now as full of Noiſe and Lights, as ſome Cities of *Aſia* are at an *Eclipſe* of the *Moon*, or as *Conſtantinople* is during the *Faſt* of *Ramezan*. 'Tis near Midnight, and yet here's ſuch a Medley of Noiſes compounded of the loud Acclamations of Mortals, the Ringing of Bells, Beat of Drums, Sound of Trumpets, and other Muſical Inſtruments, with the Thunder of Sky-Rockets, Guns, and other Fire-works, that a Body would think one's Self in a Battel or Siege.

The Occaſion of all this, is the publick Entry of the new-married *King* and *Queen*, it being the firſt Time they have ſeen *Paris* ſince the *Nuptials*. Neither my Tongue nor Pen are able to expreſs to the Life, the inimitable Pomp and Magnificence that have appear'd to Day in the Royal Train, and in the Preparations which the City made to receive them. The Luſtre of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones, dazzled one Eyes from all Parts; and I could have wiſh'd for a *Muſſulman* Army, to have been at the Plunder of ſuch immenſe Riches. Yet there were Forty thouſand of the Citizens, and *King's* Guards in Arms, to augment the Glory of the Day.

The Monarch with his Royal Spouſe appeared ſeated on a Majeſtick Throne, all glittering with Gold and Diamonds. It was rais'd on High, and there were ſeveral Steps or Degrees to aſcend up to it. On theſe were placed the Princes of the Blood, the Dukes and Peers of the Realm, with other Grandees and Nobles; as alſo Princeſſes, Ducheſſes, and Ladies of the firſt Quality.

'Twas at the Foot of this Throne, there were made innumerable Speeches, and Congratulatory

Addreſſe

Addreſſes by the Prieſts and Monks of all Orders, by the Students in the Academy, and by the ſeveral Companies of Tradeſmen. But, that which was moſt ſurprizing, a certain ſtrange Maid utter'd ſeveral *Orations* in *Latin*, *Greek*, *French* and *Spaniſh*, wherein ſhe magnify'd the King's heroick Undertakings, his wonderful Succeſſes, great Wiſdom and Courage, with other Virtues, which ſhe made the Subject of her Panegyrick. She alſo no leſs extoll'd the Queen's matchleſs Beauty, the Greatneſs of her Birth, the royal Endowments of her Mind; and concluded with reflecting on the Joy of all *Europe*, for this illuſtrious Match, and Alliance of two the moſt potent *Crowns* in *Chriſtendom*.

She deliver'd herſelf with ſuch an incomparable Grace and Modeſty, as drew the Eyes and Ears of all that were preſent. And 'tis ſaid, the King was extremely pleaſed with her; much more the Queen, who had never before encountred ſo learned a Female.

The *French* Ladies have for many Years applied themſelves to the Study of *Languages* and *Philoſophy*. But 'tis not ſo in *Spain*, where the Men are too rigorous to the *Fair* to allow them that Liberty. They are as moroſe to *Women* as the *Moors*, from whom a great Part of that *Nation* are ſaid to deſcend. Every Country in *Europe* has ſuffer'd mighty Changes, by the *Incurſions* and *Conqueſts* of the *Moors*, *Goths*, *Huns* and *Vandals*. So that 'tis difficult to trace the *Original* of any *People* in ſuch a *Hotch-Potch* of *Foreign Blood:* Neither have they any Care of their *Genealogies*, as we *Arabians* have in the *Eaſt*.

Illuſtrious *Aga*, tho' it ſignifies nothing to ſpring of a *noble Stock*, unleſs we inherit the Virtues of our *Anceſtors*, as well as their ſplendid Titles and Eſtates: Yet 'tis both profitable and pleaſant to have by us a Regiſter of our Families, that reading their Characters and heroick Actions, we may imitate their Examples,

Examples, and add to the Glory of the Tribe from which we deſcend.

Paris, *6th of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1660.

LETTER XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I ſhall finiſh the Letter I begin; or, if I do, whether it will be above Ground, or in the Bowels of the Earth. However, I cannot forbear writing to thee, my dear Friend, tho' both the Paper and I, with the Houſe wherein I lodge, and all this beautiful City, may, for ought I know, be tranſported to another Region before Morning. Nay, 'tis poſſible this very Hour may people Elyſium with a new Colony from *France*, and *Paris* may deſcend with all her magnificent Palaces to the Shades below, changing the Banks of the River *Seyne*, for thoſe of *Acheron* or *Styx*, and the refreſhing Airs of *Champagne*, for the choaking Sulphurs of *Hell*. In a word, we have felt the Menaces of a terrible Earthquake this Evening, but as yet we have ſuffered no Damage.

When I liv'd in *Aſia*, an Earthquake was almoſt as common as the *Yearly Revolution* of a *Summer* and *Winter:* And we took as little Notice of it, as we did of Lightning, Hail, or Rain. Beſides, one *Muſſulman* encourag'd another, and the general Faith of True Believers confirm'd us all, That we ought to be reſign'd to God, and to the Appointments of Eternal Deſtiny, whether it were for Pleaſure or Pain, Good or Evil, Life or Death. But now I have been ſo long diſus'd to theſe Convulſions of the Globe, (for I have not felt one above theſe two and twenty Years) and am alſo ſepara-

ted

ted from the Society of the Faithful; that I am become like the reſt of the World, and even like theſe *Infidels*, timorous, aſtoniſh'd, void of Reaſon, and of little or no Faith.

My Mind at firſt ſtagger'd as much as my Body, when I was walking croſs my Chamber, and felt the Floor rock under me with that ſingular Kind of Motion, which no *human Art* or *Force* can imitate. I ſoon concluded 'twas an *Earthquake*, but knew not how to bear that Thought with Indifference. *Death* is familiar to me in any other Figure, but that of being ſo ſurprizingly buried alive. It appeared horrible to ſink on a ſudden into an unknown Grave, I knew not whither: Perhaps I might fall into ſome dark Lake of Water; or it may be, I might be drench'd in a River of Fire, or be daſh'd on a Rock: For, who can tell the Diſpoſition of the *Caverns* below, or what Sort of *Apartments* he ſhall find under the *Surface* of the *Earth?* We walk on the Battlements of a marvellous Structure, a Globe full of tremendous Secrets. And whether *Nature* or *Deſtiny*, *Providence* or *Chance*, occaſion the *Ruptures* that we find are made in divers Parts of the *Earth*, it matters not much, ſo long as we are in Danger of tumbling in. Such a terrible Fall would put the beſt Philoſopher in the World out of Humour, and ſpoil all his Reaſoning. I'm ſure 'twould vex me thus in a Trice to be plunder'd of my Thoughts. Which makes me either wonder at the Vanity of *Empedocles*, if he threw himſelf into the flaming Chaſm of Mount *Ætna*, only for the ſake of being eſteemed a God (as the common Report is;) or gives me Reaſon to conclude, he had ſome other End in his venturous Leap. Since 'tis not probable, that empty Fame could be eſteemed by that great *Sage*, as his final Happineſs. A much eaſier Way had *Ariſtotle*, who, diſguſted at his Ignorance of the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the Sea, threw himſelf in, to put an

an end to his *Diſquiſitions*, if the Story be true. But, I can hardly believe the *Stagyrite* was ſuch a *Fool*. I gueſs of other Men, according to the Experience I have of my ſelf. I am as little ſollicitous about Death as any Man; yet I ſhould be unwilling to hurl my ſelf out of the *World* headlong, without a *Firm* or a *Teſta*. I love new *Experiments*, but am not very fond of ſuch as take from us irrecoverably the Means of trying any more.

We had News here of an *Earthquake* which has overthrown part of the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, ſome Days before this happen'd at *Paris*; but few regarded it. Calamities at a Diſtance frighten no Body: Yet thoſe which we feel, put us all in Tears. For my part, it has this Effect on me, that I am improved in my Careleſſneſs, and become fearful of nothing. And, I think, there is Reaſon on my Side, ſince all my Care, Apprehenſion and Forecaſt, can never defend me from the Underminings of the *Omnipotent*.

Paris, 15*th of the* 11*th Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

LET not the Diſtance of *Time* between my *Letters* prompt thee to conclude, I forget my Duty; or that I am *careleſs* to oblige ſo illuſtrious a *Friend*. I have many *Obligations* to diſcharge; and therefore endeavour to huſband my Hours to the beſt *Advantage*, and ſo to divide my *Diſpatches*, That the *Grand Signior* may be ſerved, the *Divan* inform'd of

of all material Emergencies, and the Expectations of each *Miniſter* gratified.

As to the *Reign* of *Lewis* XIII. it was ſhar'd ſucceſſively between the *Mareſchal d' Ancre*, the *Duke* of *Luines*, and *Cardinal Richelieu*. The firſt was the *Queen-Mother*'s Favourite; the ſecond was the *King*'s; as for the Third, he was abſolute Maſter both of *King*, *Queen* and *Kingdom*.

During the *King's Minority* indeed, *Queen Mary de Medicis*, the *Relict* of *Henry* IV. took the *Regency* into her own Hands, and manag'd things in an arbitrary Manner. But the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with other *Grandees*, not able to brook the Government of a Woman, conſpir'd againſt her. Among theſe were the *Prince* of *Conde*, *Father* to the preſent *Prince*, and the Duke of *Bovillon*. The former was a bold Man, and durſt do any thing that was brave: The latter was a cunning Stateſman.

They caball'd not ſo privately, but the *Queen-Mother* was acquainted with their Meetings, and the *Duke* of *Bovillon* was the firſt who knew his *Party* was betray'd. This Intelligence was brought him from aſſur'd Hands, whilſt he was ſitting with the *Prince* of *Conde*, and other *Nobles* at the *Place* of their private Rendezvous. Whereupon he acquainted them with it, exhorting all to abſcond immediately, leſt they ſhould be *ſeiz'd* on the *Spot*. But they retorting, That the *Queen* would not venture on an Action of ſuch dubious *Conſequence*; he ſtarted up and took his Leave of 'em, with theſe Words, " My " Lords, you may follow your own Counſel. I'll " immediately to Horſe, and eſcape to *Sedan*, in " my Stockings: Where, if they make me wear out " a Pair as an *Exile*; by *Heavens*, I'll make them " wear out a thouſand Pair of *Boots*.

His Words came to paſs, and the Effect was a diminutive *Civil War*; when the *Queen* was forced to raiſe an Army to reduce this *Prince* to Obedience,

the reſt of his Party being impriſoned, as ſoon as ſhe heard of his Flight.

Whilſt theſe *Diſturbances* laſted, the *Moors* were expell'd out of *Spain* to the Number of Six hundred thouſand. Part of thoſe who liv'd toward the Maritime Coaſts went by Sea into *Africk*. The reſt, whoſe Reſidence was farther within Land, ſought a Paſſage over the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, and ſo thro' the Southern Provinces of *France*; offering a *Ducat* a Head to the *Viceroy* of *Navarre*, for their ſafe Conduct. He, out of Curioſity coming to ſee theſe Travellers, and beholding them ragged and almoſt naked, with Viſages like *Ghoſts*, took Pity on them, and gave them Liberty of Paſſage *gratis*; ſaying, "God forbid I ſhould extort "ſo much Money from theſe miſerable Wretches, "who are abandon'd to the wide World.

But it ſeems his Compaſſion was needleſs. For theſe *Muſſulmen* were too cunning for him, having their ſqualid, torn Garments, quilted all over with Gold and precious Stones. Which occaſioned all People to ridicule the *Viceroy's* Eaſineſs, and to call him the Friend of the *Gibeonites*.

I ſhould appear too partial in reflecting ſatirically on this Prince, whoſe Generoſity deſerves Praiſe: Yet I cannot but ſmile at the Craft of the *Moors*, whereby they not only eſcaped paying the accuſtom'd Tribute of Paſſengers, but alſo blinded theſe *Infidels*, and took from them the Suſpicion of greater Riches; which if they had once known, perhaps not a *Moor* ſhould have carried a Piece of Money along with him into *Africk*.

This Paſſage ſeem'd worthy of thy Knowledge, ſince it in Part reſembles the famous Departure of the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt*, tho' it comes ſhort of the Robbery and Plunder which they committed on the Inhabitants the Day before they began their Journey. However, this Story may afford thee ſome Divertiſement.

As to the *Marſhal d' Ancre*, the Queen's Favourite in his Life and Death, he was compared to *Sejanus*, being qualified with the like Virtues and Vices, and having much the ſame Fortune; his Body after having been dragg'd about the Streets by the Rabble, was at laſt torn to Pieces.

If thou wouldſt know how the Duke of *Luines* obtain'd the *King's Favour*, it was by Ingratitude. For, when he and his Brother were firſt brought to Court, they were both ſo poor, that they had but one Cloak between them; and for that Reaſon could not go abroad together. Yet being recommended to the *King* by a certain Nobleman for excellent *Falconers* they were received into Favour. But they abuſed the Kindneſs of their Patron; and inſinuating malicious Things into the *King*'s Ear againſt the Nobleman and his Family, cauſed him to be baniſh'd from the Court. After which they managed all things.

Then ſucceeded Cardinal *Richlieu* in the chief Miniſtry; of whom I have ſaid a great deal in my former Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Porte*; and thou wilt find them in the *Regiſter*. I will now add, what I never mentioned before, that he was very ambitious to be thought a good Judge of *Verſe*. He gave to one Poet for a witty Conceit in his Coat of Arms, two thouſand *Sequins*, tho' 'twas but a *Verſe of ſeven words*. Another he promoted to an *Eccleſiaſtical Dignity* worth a Thouſand a Year for comparing him to the *Primum Mobile*. But he cauſed a third to be kick'd out of Doors for his Obſtinacy in denying to alter a word of his Poem which the Cardinal diſliked.

This Miniſter was very revengeful, and amongſt other Effects of his Temper, none was more taken notice of, or reflected on, than the Death of *Monſieur de Thou*, whom the Cardinal cut off for no other Reaſon, but becauſe his Father in a *General Hiſtory* which he wrote, had repreſented one of *Richlieu*'s Anceſtors under a very ignominious and abomina-

ble

ble Figure. That Hiſtorian was the renowned *Thuanus*, of whom I ſuppoſe thou haſt heard.

As to King *Lewis* XIII. himſelf, he was eſteem'd a great Diſſembler; accuſtomed to careſs thoſe with more than ordinary Endearments, whom he deſigned ſuddenly to ruin: Whence it grew to a Proverb in his Time at the *French Court*, when they ſaw any Nobleman ſmil'd on, to ſay, *His Buſineſs is done*. It cannot be denied that this Prince had a great Spirit, and ſome Wiſdom; yet he was obſerv'd to take Delight in many petty Actions unbecoming *Royal Majeſty*. He would ſpend much of his Time in Painting, and ſend for the moſt famous Maſters in that Art to view his Works. An equal Inclination he ſhewed to Muſick: And ſometimes he was ambitious to be thought a good Cook. Once he made a great Paſty with his own Hands, filling it with *Veniſon* only fit for the Mouths of *Infidels*, *viz.* The Fleſh of *Dogs*, *Wolves*, and *Foxes*, with other abominable *Animals*, of which it is not lawful for a *True Believer* to taſte. This he cauſed to be ſerved up to a Table at a Feaſt which he made to ſome of his Courtiers, who to honour the King's Handy-work, eat greedily of the horrid Diſh, and highly praiſed his Skill; whilſt he diverted himſelf with laughing at them. He had many other ſuch Freaks as theſe, which render'd him contemptible and ridiculous to the Grandees of his Kingdom. In a Word, he was more reverenced Abroad than at Home. And this was owing to the Conduct of Cardinal *Richlieu*, who was juſtly eſteem'd the very *Genius* of *France*.

Illuſtrious Miniſter, all that I have ſaid of this Monarch ſpeaks him but a Man: And no body is wiſe at all Times. But the Follies of Princes are more conſpicuous, than thoſe of meaner Perſons.

Paris, 15*th of the* 12*th Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed *in the Deſart.*

MAY the Angel of Peace pitch his Pavilion at the Entrance of that bleſſed Cave, where thou reſideſt. May thy Soul feel calm and undiſturbed Joys, and for ever repoſe in Divine Tranquillity; whilſt the reſt of the World are moleſted with perpetual Cares and Fears, Broils and Enmities; Paſſions within, and Furies without: In a word, whilſt they are always in danger of one another, of themſelves, and of the Elements which compound their Nature.

O Man, highly belov'd of God, Favourite of the Angels, Care of Heaven, and the ſingular Darling of Providence. The Palm of an Almighty Hand is extended under thee when thou ſitteſt down or walkeſt, always ready to ſnatch thee up from the Calamities which threaten this lower World, and lift thee to Paradiſe, where the Aſſembly of the Juſt wait for thy Preſence.

There has been an Earthquake lately in theſe Parts, which has put all *France* into a great Conſternation, aſtoniſhed every body, and increaſed the Thoughtfulneſs of the Wiſe. The firſt Effects of it were felt by the Inhabitants of the *Pyrenees*, which are certain Mountains dividing *France* and *Spain*. There it did great Miſchief; overwhelming ſome Medicinal Baths, many Houſes, and deſtroying hundreds of People. Only one Moſque or Church, which ſunk into the Caverns below, was thrown up again, and ſtands very firm, but in another Place. This is look'd upon as a great Miracle, eſpecially by the *French*, who, for ought I know, may cenſure partially, favouring their own Intereſt; in regard

regard this Church has been diſputed between them and the *Spaniards*, each Nation claiming Right to it, as ſtanding before exactly on the Frontier Line. But now their Quarrel is unconteſtably decided, for 'tis removed by this Convulſion of the Globe, near half a League from its former Situation, which is ſo far within the acknowledg'd Limits of *France*. This the *French* Prieſts magnify as an apparent Proof of the Juſtice of their Pretenſions, and the People ſeem very willing to believe it.

As for me, I have another Opinion of Earthquakes, and am perſuaded, that they are as natural as the Winds, which no Man knows how to draw into any Party or Faction, unleſs we believe the Stories of the *Lapland Witches*. I'm perſuaded that this Globe is much more ancient than the Generality of Mankind imagine it to be; that it has undergone various Changes by the Predominance of Fire and Water: And that it is now haſtening towards another Revolution. I believe the central Fire has eaten its Way almoſt to the Surface, and kindled all the Mines of Sulphur, and other inflamable Matter, which it meets with in its circular Aſcent. Theſe, corroding and daily conſuming their own Vaults, approaching alſo ſometimes too near the vaſt Receptacles of ſubterranean Waters which lie nearer the Surface, overheat thoſe Lakes; which being thus rarified into Vapours, and pent up in the Hollow of the Globe, ſtrive to break forth with immenſe Violence, which cauſes that Heaving and Rocking of the Superficies that ſo terrifies Mortals. But then the Cauſe is very deep and far from us. For where the Surface is ſhallow, in ſuch Paſſions of the Globe, the Earth commonly breaks and tumbles in, with whatſoever is upon it. Nay, whole Cities ſometimes have been thus ſwallowed up. And the Danger is eaſily foreknown by a ſhort Snatching and Trepidation of the Ground, Houſes, Trees, Men,

and every Thing within its Reach; for then the Convulſion is generally fatal. But where the Motion is heavy, grave and regular, 'tis a Sign that both the Source and the Danger of it are far off. And this is ſo much the more evident, by how much farther the Earthquake is felt above Ground. For the nearer any ſuch Paſſion happens to the Centre, it muſt be granted, that its Force is extended the wider on the Circumference. This depends on a Mathematical Demonſtration, and there needs no more be ſaid to thee who art conſummate in the *Sciences*.

What I eſteem a due Reflection on this is, That tho' there be no Peril in theſe remote Earthquakes, yet we know not how ſoon they will come nearer to us; neither can we be aſſured, where or when they happen, or how far they will reach. It follows therefore by a natural Conſequence, That ſince theſe Things are unavoidable, and all the Wit of Man cannot invent a Means to eſcape ſinking into the Bowels of the Earth where it breaks in, we ought to be careleſs and indifferent what Death we die, and only be ſolicitous to live like Men, that is, according to Reaſon. For whether our Souls ſurvive or no, 'twill be comfortable to expire in Peace, and full of our own Innocence.

Paris, *5th of the 12th Moon, of the Year* 1660.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. VI.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the venerable Mufti.

HERE is now like to be a great Change at this Court. Cardinal *Mazarini* is dead. He died at the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*, on the 9th of this *Moon*, having been ſick a long Time. There happen'd a great Fire at the *Louvre* (ſo they call the King's *Palace* in this City) about five Weeks ago, which obliged the Cardinal, who lodged there at that Time, to remove to his own Houſe. From

whence for the ſake of the Air, he was adviſed by his Phyſicians to go to the aforeſaid *Caſtle*. But all in vain: For Death, which finds Acceſs into the ſtrongeſt Fortreſſes, purſued him thither, and led him in Triumph to the Region of *Silence* and *Forgetfulneſs*, who made ſo great a Noiſe and Buſtle in this our *World*.

It is reported that a certain *Aſtrologer* foretold him he ſhould die in this *Moon*. But the Cardinal gave no Credit to him: Tho' one would think he had ſome Reaſon to believe him in this, for the ſake of a former Prediction of his, concerning the Duke of *Beaufort*. I have mentioned this Prince, and the Enmity that was between *Mazarini* and him, which occaſioned the Duke's Impriſonment in the Caſtle of the Wood of *Vinciennes*. During his Reſtraint, the forementioned *Aſtrologer* gave it out in *Paris*, That the Duke ſhould eſcape out of Priſon preciſely on ſuch a Day. The Cardinal being informed of this, waited till the Day came, deſigning to puniſh the *Aſtrologer* as a Cheat, or at leaſt to expoſe him for an ignorant Perſon. To which end he ſent for him, and upbraiding him with Preſumption and Folly, in that the Day was now come, and yet the Duke of *Beaufort* was ſtill a Priſoner, without any Hopes, or ſcarce a Poſſibility of eſcaping, order'd him to be ſent to the *Baſtile*. But the *Aſtrologer* addreſſing himſelf with much Submiſſion and Earneſtneſs, ſpoke to this Effect: *May it pleaſe your Eminence only to reſpite my Sentence till to-morrow, and then hang me if you do not find that I have ſpoke Truth. The Day which I foretold is come indeed, but it is not paſt. A Courier will ſoon convince you that I have not ſtudied this Science in vain.* The Cardinal moved with theſe Words, only confin'd the *Aſtrologer* in a Chamber of his own Palace. And the next Day he received an Expreſs, which gave him an Account of the Duke's Eſcape, and the Manner

Manner of it, *viz.* That on the Day before, he had let himſelf down by a Ladder of Ropes into the Caſtle Ditch, and was no more to be ſeen or heard of. Thus the *Aſtrologer* eſcap'd the *Cardinal*'s Revenge, and got much Fame at the Court, which was increas'd by the *Cardinal*'s Death, falling out exactly according to his Prediction.

This Miniſter was a very ſubtle Man; and *Cardinal Richlieu* us'd to ſay of him, *That if he were minded to put a Trick on the Devil, he would only ſet* Mazarini *to work.* Therefore he made him his Confident, inſtructed him in all Secrets of the *French Court*, the Art of Government, and on his Death-bed recommended him to the King, as the fitteſt Man to ſucceed him in the Management of the Publick. He was after the Death of *Lewis* XIII. at firſt oppoſed by ſeveral Grandees; but the *Queen*'s Authority, and that of the Prince of *Conde*, ſupported him: Whence aroſe a common Proverb in thoſe Days, *The Queen permits All, the Cardinal commands All, and the Prince puts all in Execution:* For this laſt had then the *Office* of *General.*

This Miniſter was not eſteem'd ſo covetous as his Predeceſſor; yet he heap'd up vaſt Treaſures; Part of which he beſtow'd in magnificent Buildings and Furniture, the reſt he ſent into *Italy* to his Father; who, aſtoniſh'd at the prodigious Quantities of Gold he receiv'd, us'd to ſay, *Sure it rains Money in* France. However he made himſelf odious to the Subjects of this Nation by his continual Oppreſſions; and they are glad he is gone.

'Tis a By-word at *Rome*, when any *Pope* dies, to ſay, *Now the Dog is dead, all his Malice is buried with him.* But I doubt it will not prove true in the Court of *France*, at this Juncture. For the *King* will either find a Miniſter equal in Subtilty to the deceas'd *Cardinal*, who ſhall ſupply his Place; or he will take the Adminiſtration of Affairs into his

own Hands. Be it which way it will, we are like to ſee the ſame Maxims purſu'd, ſo long as *Cardinal Richlieu*'s Memoirs are in Being, who firſt taught this Crown to underſtand its own Strength.

Paris, 14*th of the* 3*d Moon, of the Year* 1661.

LETTER II.

To the Vizir Azem *at the* Porte.

I Have ſent a Diſpatch to the *Mufti*, acquainting him with the Death of *Cardinal Mazarini*, Firſt Miniſter of State, and the greateſt Favourite that ever liv'd. Now I will inform thee of ſome Paſſages which I omitted in my Letter to that venerable Prelate. It is neceſſary for me thus to diſtribute my Intelligence, with a due Reſpect to the different Quality of my Superiors.

Thou, I ſuppoſe, wilt require ſome Account of his Diſpoſition and Morals, with ſuch a Character as may render this great Genius familiar to thy Knowledge.

He ſeem'd to place his chief Happineſs in aggrandizing his Maſter, whom he ſerv'd with a Zeal ſo pure and diſintereſted, a *Loyalty* ſo uncorruptible, and by ſuch *regular Methods* of Prudence and Policy; as if in his Days, nothing were to be counted Virtue or Vice, but what either favour'd or oppos'd the King of *France*'s Intereſt. He was of a happy Conſtitution for a Courtier, being by Nature *debonair*, complaiſant, affable, and of a ſweet Deportment. Yet Experience and Art taught him to improve theſe Advantages, to the Height of Diſſimulation. You ſhould ſee Courteſy and extra-

ordinary

ordinary Goodneſs flowing into every Feature of his Face; you ſhould hear Words breathing from his Mouth, like the ſoft Benedictions of an *Angel*. Yet at the ſame time, his Heart gave the Lye to both. He meant nothing leſs, than that a Man, ſhould find him as good as his Word. He was ever ready to promiſe any Thing that was demanded of him: But in Performance ſlow, and full of Excuſes; frugal of his Prince's Money, and liberal of his own: Magnificent in his Buildings, and the Furniture belonging to them; aiming in all Things to exceed other Men, his *Equals*, and in ſome to ſurpaſs, even mighty Princes, his Superiors. In a Word, he was accompliſh'd with all Qualifications requiſite in a fortunate Courtier and a good Stateſman.

Yet after all, this ſublime *Genius* yielded to *Death:* But not like common Mortals. He died altogether like *himſelf*, without ſo much as changing that ſettled Gravity, and ſerene Air of his Face, as had been remarkable during his Life. He made the King Heir of his Eſtate, and bequeath'd Abundance of Legacies.

To ſay all in brief: If he was Great in his *Life*, he was much more ſo in his *Death*; mingling his laſt Breath with the Sighs and Tears of the King, who lamented his Departure with the Mourning of a *Son* for a *Father*.

Paris, *26th of the 3d Moon, of the Year* 1661.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms, *at* Conſtantinople.

YEſterday a *Diſpatch* came to my Hand from a very remote Part of the Earth. Our Couſin *Iſouf* ſent it from *Aſtracan*, a famous City for *Traffick*, formerly belonging to the *Crim Tartars*, but now in the Poſſeſſion of the *Muſcovites*. He has been there a conſiderable Time, finding Profit by Merchandiſe: For there is a vaſt Reſort to that City from *China*, *Indoſtan*, *Perſia*, *Moſcovy*, and other *Provinces* of *Europe* and *Aſia*. The Roads to it, are daily covered with the Caravans of trading People. And the River *Volga* can hardly ſuſtain the innumerable Multitude of Veſſels that tranſport Paſſengers with their Goods backwards and forwards, between *Aſtracan*, and the *Regions* round about the *Caſpian Sea*, into which that mighty River diſcharges itſelf.

Iſouf is ingenious, and has pitch'd upon ſome advantagious Way of enriching himſelf, which tempts him to take up his Abode in that City, and there end his Travels; or at leaſt, he will repoſe himſelf there, till Fortune preſents him with a fairer Opportunity of increaſing his Wealth.

In the mean time, I perceive by his Letter, that he gets Money apace, lives very happily, and has the Wit to keep himſelf free from the Yoke of Marriage, which embarraſs'd him ſo much formerly. He ſoon put that troubleſome *Wife* out of his Mind, after he had divorc'd her; and he never fail'd to gratify himſelf with new Amours, where-ever he came in his Travels. He writes very comically and I can't forbear ſmiling, when he tells me, He has

has had as many *Concubines* as the *Grand Signior*. By which thou wilt perceive, that *Iſouf* is much addicted to Gallantry. He frankly confeſſes, that he firſt learned this Mode of loving at large in *Perſia*, eſpecially at *Iſpahan*; where he ſays, 'tis a Mark of Honour for a Man to be good at intriguing with the Ladies: And he is called a *Turk* by Way of Diſgrace, who frequents not every Evening the Gardens and Houſes of Pleaſure in the Suburbs. But he adds, that in *India* the Liberty of courting Women is much greater. And that the very Nature of that *Climate*, diſpoſes a Man to this ſoft Paſſion. In a word, our amorous Kinſman retains the ſame Humour ſtill.

Yet this does not hinder him from proſecuting his neceſſary Affairs with Diligence and Alacrity. He diſpatch'd a Buſineſs for me at *Archangel* in *Ruſſia*, and another at *Moſco*, very dexterouſly. Which convinces me, that he is not leſs ſedulous and careful in *Things* which concern himſelf. He ſays, the *Muſcovites* are the greateſt *Drunkards* in the *World*. Their chief and moſt beloved *Liquor* is, what the *French* call, *The Water of Life*. 'Tis a *Chymical Drink*, extracted from the Lees of *Wine*, or other ſtrong *Beverages:* Such as thou know'ſt is common among the *Greeks*, *Armenians* and *Franks*, in the *Levant*. When the *Muſcovites* are once got into a Houſe where this *Nectar* is ſold, and are a little warm'd and elevated with it, they will not depart till all their Money is gone: Nay, they will pawn their very Garments from their Backs in a Frolick, rather than want their Doſe of this inebriating Stuff, and go out ſtark naked in the coldeſt Weather, that is, fall aſleep in the open Streets, and yet are ne'er the worſe for it when they awake, but go to their daily Work with the greater Ardour. For, 'tis only the common People are guilty of this Extravagance. As for the Gentry

Gentry and Nobility, they are more close and reserv'd in their drunken Debauches.

The *Muscovites*, according to the Character he gives me of them, are a very rude and unpolish'd People; surly to one another, and extreamly rugged to Strangers. They despise all other Nations in the World, and say, 'tis impossible for any Man to go to Heaven who has not a *Muscovite* Soul in him. They profess the *Christian Religion*, and were formerly of the *Greek Church*; but now they have separated themselves, and set up a *Patriarch* of their own; to whom so great a Veneration is paid, that the Emperor himself holds his Stirrop when he mounts on Horseback.

Brother, I desire thee to speak advantagiously of *Isouf*, to the Illustrious *Kerkar Hassan*, and to the other *Bassa*'s of the Bench. He will be a serviceable Man to the *Grand Signior*, if encourag'd by some Place of Honour and Profit. I wish I could say the same of our *Cousin Solyman*. But he is too wise in his own Conceit.

Dear *Pesteli*, excuse my Abruptness; for my Hours are divided between the Service I owe to the *Sultan*, and the Affection I bear my Friends.

Paris, *7th of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1661.

LETTER IV.

To Orchan Cabet, *Student in the Sciences, and Pensioner to the* Sultan.

I Have heard of thy *Fame*, and the Manner of thy *Conversion* to the *Law* brought down from *Heaven:* How that from a *Christian Priest*, thou art become a Mussulman *Abdalla*, that is, a *Believer* and *Servant*

Servant of the True God. May thy Reward, both here and hereafter, be according to thy Integrity in this Change of Faith and Religion: For *Hypocrites* are neither acceptable to God nor Man; yet moſt Men are proſelyted for Intereſt, Fear, or other human Regards. And in the Senſe of the *Chriſtians* thou know'ſt a Renegado and a Villain are reciprocal Terms.

The inſupportable Miſeries of Servitude, tempt many to embrace Circumciſion, which at once ſets 'em free, and often puts them in a Condition to mend their Fortunes, and live more happily than they did, even before they were Captives: Whilſt Ambition and Avarice, are prevailing Motives with others in more proſperous Circumſtances to be of the *Grand Signior*'s Religion, that ſo they may riſe in his Favour, and obtain ſome conſiderable Preferment at the Court, or Office in the Army; like the ancient *Melchites* among the *Chriſtians*, who were ſo call'd, becauſe they always profeſs'd the Faith of the *Grecian* Emperors, without examining whether it was *Orthodox* or no. A ſort of religious *Paraſites*, who would be any Thing to ſerve their own Intereſt, and adore the *Devil* himſelf, provided their Sovereign ſhew'd 'em an Example.

Yet after all, there are ſome who change their Religion in pure Sincerity, only compell'd thereto by the Dint of exalted Reaſon, and Motives of Virtue. Such as theſe are thinking Men, Perſons of bold Spirits, who dare call in Queſtion the Tradition of their Fathers, examine the Principles in which they were educated, diſpute every Thing, and bring all to the Standard of natural Truth.

I rejoice to hear that thou art one of this Character, and not in the Number of Counterfeits or Bigots: For ſuch bring no Credit to the Religion they embrace, but rather a Scandal. Yet the Arms of

the

the munificent *Porte* are open to receive all who profeſs that GOD is one, and that *Mahomet* is his Apoſtle; leaving the Scrutiny of their Intention, to him who ſearches the Heart.

Thy Learning gives thee fair Opportunities of doing Good. Put it to a right Uſe. Convince the *Infidels*, whom thou haſt forſaken, of their Errors; confirm the true Believers in the Faith, without Blemiſh.

Do this by Diſcourſe, by Writing, and by thine own exemplary Life, which laſt will prevail above Ten thouſand eloquent Sermons.

In a word, ſhew thyſelf a true and faithful Follower of the Prophet on Earth, and God will tranſlate thee to his Company in Paradiſe; where *Moſes* will introduce thee, *Jeſus* will entertain thee with Joy, and all the 124000 Prophets will welcome thee to the Pleaſures which know no End.

Paris, *21ſt of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1661.

LETTER V.

To the Mufti.

WE are apt to admire ſome ſtrange Paſſages which we find recorded in ancient Hiſtory, and whoſe Truth is out of the Reach of any Mortal to prove: Yet we ſlight the Miracles which are before our Eyes, evident Matters of Fact, which no Body can contradict. Whence this ſhould proceed, I know not; unleſs it be from a natural Kind of Drowſineſs in the Soul, common to the greateſt Part of Men; like the Sleep of thoſe, who cannot ſo ſoon be awaken'd by the loudeſt Noiſes they are accuſtom'd

accuſtom'd to, as by the ſoft and ſtill *Idea*'s of a ſtrange *Dream:* So we regard not the Things to which we are daily habituated, tho' in themſelves never ſo prodigious; whilſt we ſtartle and are amazed at the moſt ordinary Relations of *Antiquity*, only becauſe they are novel to us, and we were not Eye-witneſſes of the Things themſelves.

I formerly ſent a *Letter* to *Cara Hali*, the *Sultan*'s *Phyſician*, wherein I mentioned ſeveral *Phyſicians* of *Arabia*, who in paſt Ages, were eminent for ſome remarkable Cures. But, I tell thee, not one of them could match the King of *France*'s Succeſs in curing an *Epidemical* Diſtemper, which they call the *KING*'s *EVIL*. The general *Symptoms* of this *Malady*, are certain Swellings in the Face, Neck, or other Parts of the Body; ſometimes accompany'd with Blindneſs, Deafneſs, Lameneſs, and other Imperfections. Thoſe who are troubled with this *Diſeaſe*, flock to the *King*'s Court at certain Seaſons of the Year, and being introduced into his Preſence, he only touches the Part affected with his Hand, and an infallible Cure *follows*.

They ſay, this Gift has been inherent in the *Kings* of *France* for many Generations: And the Prieſts magnify it as a great Miracle. But, I tell thee, all the Prodigy, in my Opinion, lies in the Strength of the People's Imagination, which thou know'ſt works half the Cure in many Diſtempers. The Prieſts ſtand by the King, whilſt he touches the Sick: They repeat their *Goſpel*, and uſe certain Prayers and Exorciſms, being veſted all in White like Magicians. Theſe *Ceremonies* are perform'd with Abundance of Gravity, which ſtrikes an Awe into the credulous Patients. And to render the Buſineſs yet more myſterious; whereas other Phyſicians take Money of the Sick, this Royal *Æſculapius* beſtows a Piece of Gold on every one whom he touches, which they are oblig'd to wear about their

Necks

Necks as long as they live. Now, whether the *Charm* lies in the *Gold*, or the *King*'s Touch, or the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Prieſts, or finally in the Patient's *Fancy*, it matters not much. This is certain, that thouſands who come to the King's Feet, very much diſorder'd by this Evil, find a ſenſible Alteration in their Bodies, before they depart from his Preſence; and in a few Hours or Days at moſt, are perfectly recover'd.

Perhaps, the Kings of *France* have ſome Magical or Phyſical Tincture in their Blood. Or, it may be, they have found out the Philoſopher's Stone, ſo much talk'd of; and deliver'd it down to their Poſterity, as a Part of the *Royal Inheritance*; which enables the preſent King to do ſo many prodigious Things both at home and abroad, in Peace and in War, beſides his Part in curing this Sickneſs. I am no *Roſicrucian*, nor very fond or credulous of Miracles; yet I often wonder at the Treaſures of this Monarch, which appear inexhauſtible. But the Ways of Kings are ſecret, and he of *France* is ſingular in his myſterious Methods of growing Rich and Great. Neither do all his magnificent Expences ſeem to diminiſh his Wealth. The King of *Sweden* has been his Penſioner ever ſince he began to reign: And Millions of *French* Gold, are diſperſed among the *German* Princes.

Theſe Things cauſe his Subjects to deſcant variouſly. But I refer them to thy oraculous Judgment, whoſe ſingle *Teſta* is of Ten thouſand Times more worth, than the *Decrees* of a *French* Parliament.

Paris, *3d of the 7th Moon, of the Year* 1661.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the* Vale *of* Sidon.

NOW I will vent holy Things, and what the Divinity ſhall inſpire. The World was in Weeds when *Hoſain* the Prophet was ſlain, and the Moon put on her Mourning Dreſs. The Timbrels of *Perſia*, *Arabia* and *Babylon*, were heard in the Dead of the Night: Their Sound reach'd to the *Third Heaven*: The *Shepherds* ran to the *Heights* of the *Earth*, to diſcover the Occaſion of ſo much Noiſe. The *Centinels* of *Forts* and *Caſtles* gave the Alarm, and the *Men* of *War* took hold of the Sword, the Bow, and the Spear. The *Tygris* overflow'd its Banks, and *Diarbekir* became a Lake. A dark Body of Clouds o'er-caſt the Sky, and pour'd forth Thunder, Lightning and Hail. Fire ran all along on the Sands of the Deſart, and the Air was all in a Flame. Horror poſſeſs'd the Minds of Mortals, and the Angels themſelves were uneaſy. The Beaſts of the Field ran into Dens and Caves, and the Dragons were touch'd with Remorſe: Only the more venomous *Kiſilbaſci* ſwell'd with Pride: The Poiſon of Murther and Hereſy had puff'd up their Souls: They and their Poſterity are accurs'd to this Day, and to the Hour of the irrevocable Sentence.

O *Santone*, great is thy Faith, in that thou haſt abandoned the Shadow of this World, and ſeparated thyſelf from the Contagion of Mortals. I revere the Majeſty of thy ſublime Soul, the Intellect ranging at Liberty. Thou daily gathereſt Flowers from the *Garden* of *Eden*, and being in the Body, enjoyeſt the Sweets of *Paradiſe*. Kings would lay down their Crowns to taſte of thy Pleaſures, did they

they but know them; and exchange all the Glory of Empires for one Moment of thy unſpeakable Bliſs. Thou Companion and Care of Angels, Darling of the Monarch Omnipotent!

Where-ever thou lieſt down, whether by Day or by Night, the Watchers above ſtand ready with *Umbrella*'s to ſkreen thee from the ſcorching Beams of the Sun, the chilling Darts of the Moon and Stars, and from all Injuries of Weather. The Elements go out of their Courſes to ſerve thee, and all Nature eſpouſes thy Intereſt.

The Merchant hires a thouſand Camels, and loads them with the choiceſt Riches of the *Levant*. He endures all the Fatigues of a long and dangerous Travel, thro' *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Perſia*; runs the riſque of Robbers, Diſeaſes, and ten thouſand Methods of Death: And after all his Hazards and Pains, is not half ſo happy, nor ſo rich as thou, who aboundeſt in every Thing, becauſe thou deſireſt nothing which thou haſt not, or that is unneceſſary. The Ploughmen labour for thee in the Field, and ſo do the Artificers in the City. The Noble and the Vulgar are thy *Purveyors*, and the greateſt *Sovereigns* pay Tribute to thee. Every Houſe is thy Home, and they count themſelves happy, under whoſe Roof thou vouchſafeſt to ſleep. They are really ſo; for Benediction accompanies the perfect Man in all his Ways, and the Favours of Heaven overtake them that ſhew Kindneſs to him. Thou art Lord of other Mens Eſtates, and every Man's Field is thy Inheritance. Thou enjoyeſt the Riches of this World, without being tainted with the Vices that attend 'em, and receiveſt immortal Aſſurances and Seals of the future Glory, in the Life which is to come. O happy Eſtate of the Righteous! O Life to be truly envied!

As for me, I'm like a *Galley-Slave*, chain'd down to the *Oar*, and forc'd to row inceſſantly whither the

the Maſter of the Veſſel commands. So I am oblig'd to obey the Dictates of my Superiors, whether there be Sin in the Caſe or no. I am faſten'd in the Cares of this vain World, and the more particular Anxieties of State. From all which thou art happily free.

Oh that it were lawful for me to ſhake off the fretting Yoke, and diſentangle myſelf from the Snares of human Policy! that I might live like the Men of the firſt Ages, who honour'd the Earth as their common Mother, and made no envious Incloſures! they ſported innocently on her fragrant Boſom, and never moleſted their kind Parent, by Cruelty to any of her Off-ſpring. They ſuck'd the Milk of her Breaſt: Her Veins ſtream'd with Wine and Honey. They banqueted on Variety of excellent Fruits; and no body thought of killing and eating his Fellow-Animal. The Birds could then range the Air without Fear of the Fowler; neither did any yawling Huntſman rouſe the timorous Hare from her Seat. The Roes and the Hinds could ſcamper at Pleaſure o'er the Plain, without being hatter'd to the Mountains and Rocks for Sanctuary; neither did any ſly Angler trepan the Fiſh of the Rivers. As for the Sea, 'twas then unknown; no Man, as yet, had ventur'd on that perfidious ELEMENT, or found out the Uſe of Ships. There was in thoſe Days no Foreign Commerce or Traffick, or any Need of it. Every Region ſupply'd its Inhabitants with what was uſeful and neceſſary: And thoſe temperate Mortals deſir'd no more. They liv'd without irregular Appetites, free from Ambition, Fraud, and Blood.

This is the Life ſo much deſir'd by me, and which thou actually enjoyeſt. God augment thy Felicities and Raptures, that thou mayeſt paſs from one Viſion and Extaſy to another, till *Gabriel* ſnatch thy

thy Soul away in a Divine Tranſport, beyond the Poſſibility of a Relapſe.

Holy *Santone*, whilſt thou art on Earth, pray for me; and when thou art among the Immortals, do me ſome Favours which may laſt for ever.

Paris, 26*th of the* 8*th Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

MY Buſineſs in this Place obliges me to keep Company with all ſorts of People. Hence I indifferently aſſociate myſelf with Stateſmen, Soldiers, Courtiers, Prieſts, Fidlers, Mechanicks, Seamen, or Perſons of any Profeſſion, from whom I can hope for any Improvement: For, there is hardly ſo deſpicable a Fellow in the World, who may not teach an inquiſitive Mind ſomething, to which it was a Stranger before.

Sometimes I converſe with *Painters*, whom I generally find to be Men of Wit and Senſe, but very lewd and diſſolute: However, they ſerve to divert my Melancholy, to which thou know'ſt I am much inclin'd. For they are the merrieſt Sparks in the World, abounding with ſmart Repartees, Jeſts and comical Stories, beſides a hundred mimical Tricks of good Buffoonry to make one laugh; that it is almoſt impoſſible to be ſad in their Company.

They are moſt of them bred in the Academy, or in Colleges and Schools where the Sciences are profeſs'd: It being in a manner neceſſary, that Men of this Trade ſhould have a Smack of all Sorts of *Learning*,

Learning, and eſpecially, that they ſhould be indifferent good *Hiſtorians*; they being many times deſir'd to repreſent Pieces of antique and modern Hiſtory, without a Pattern. They have a very facetious Way alſo of telling a Story to the Life, as well as of drawing it ſo in Picture. They would diſſolve the moſt ſtiff and moroſe *Hadgi* into Laughter and Jollity, to hear how gracefully they will ridicule the moſt ſerious Matters, and turn every Thing into *Burleſque*: For they are admirable *Satiriſts* by Nature.

Yet theſe are not all alike, but differ in their Tempers like other Men. Some of them are proud and ſtately, others fawning and abject: And all of them great *Humouriſts*.

It was an odd Whim of *Martin Heemſkirk*, a famous Painter, that was born at a Village of the ſame Name. He died in the Year of the *Chriſtians Hegira*, 1574. This Man had amaſs'd together in his Life-time a vaſt Quantity of Money; and having no Wife or Children, nor other Relations of his own to leave it to, he was reſolved to do ſomething, for which he might be talk'd of after his Death. I have heard of many dying Men, that have had one Caprice or other in making their Laſt *Will* and *Teſtament*: But thou wilt ſay this of *Martin*'s was ſingular. For, on his Death-Bed he bequeath'd all his Wealth to be diſtributed into equal *Dowries* or *Portions*, wherewith to marry a certain Number of Maids of *Heemſkirk*, his Birth-place, yearly, on this Condition, that the New-married Couple, with all the Wedding-Gueſts, ſhould dance on his *Grave*.

It is neceſſary for thee to know, that ſince his Death there has been a great Alteration of *Religion* in thoſe *Parts*: The Inhabitants, which in his time were *Roman Catholicks*, are now all *Proteſtants*. And at the Time of this Change or Reformation, as they

they call it, it was the general Practice of the *Proteſtants*, to demoliſh all *Images* and *Croſſes* where-ever they found 'em. Now, it was the Cuſtom of the *Roman Catholicks* to ſet up a *Croſs* at the End of every *Sepulchre* of the *Dead*. Yet, ſo great a Veneration have the *Heemſkirkers* for the Memory of this *Painter*, that whereas there is not a *Croſs* to be ſeen ſtanding in all the Country beſides; yet his, being of Braſs, remains untouch'd, as the only *Title* their *Daughters* can ſhew to his *Legacy*.

'Twas a more cruel and inhuman Caprice of an *Italian Painter* (I think his Name was *Giotto*) who deſigning to draw a *Crucifix* to the Life, wheedled a poor Man to ſuffer himſelf to be bound to a *Croſs* for an Hour, at the end of which he ſhould be releas'd again, and receive a conſiderable Gratuity for his Pains. But inſtead of this, as ſoon as he had him faſt on the *Croſs*, he ſtabb'd him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was eſteem'd the greateſt *Maſter* in all *Italy* at that Time. And having this Advantage, of a dead Man hanging on a *Croſs* before him, there's no Queſtion, but he made a matchleſs piece of Work on't.

As ſoon as he had finiſh'd his *Picture*, he carried it to the *Pope*, who was aſtoniſh'd as at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the exquiſiteneſs of the Features and Limbs, the languiſhing, pale Deadneſs of the Face, the unaffected Sinking of the Head: In a word, he had drawn to the Life, not only that Privation of Senſe, and Motion, which we call Death; but alſo the very Want of the leaſt vital Symptom.

This is better underſtood than expreſs'd. Every body knows that it is a Maſter-piece to repreſent a Paſſion, or a Thought, well and naturally. Much greater is it to deſcribe the total Abſence of theſe interior Faculties, ſo as to diſtinguiſh the Figure of a dead Man, from one that is only aſleep.

Yet

Yet all this, and much more, could the *Pope* diſcern in the admirable Draught which *Giotto* preſented him. And he liked it ſo well, that he reſolv'd to place it over the Altar of his own Chappel: For thou knoweſt this is the Practice of the *Nazarenes*, to adore Pictures and Images. *Giotto* told him, ſince he liked the Copy ſo well, he would ſhew him the Original if he pleaſed.

What doſt thou mean by the Original, ſaid the *Pope?* Wilt thou ſhew me *Jeſus Chriſt* on the *Croſs* in his own Perſon? No, replied *Giotto*, but I'll ſhew your Holineſs the Original from whence I drew this, if you will abſolve me from all puniſhment.

The good old Father ſuſpecting ſomething extraordinary by the Painter's thus capitulating with him, promiſed on his Word to pardon him. Which *Giotto* believing, immediately told him where it was: And attending him to the Place, as ſoon as they were enter'd, he drew a Curtain back, which hung before the dead Man on the Croſs, and told the *Pope* what he had done.

The Holy Father, extremely troubled at ſo inhumane and barbarous an Action, repealed his Promiſe, and told the Painter he ſhould ſurely be put to an exemplary Death.

Giotto ſeemingly reſigned to the Sentence pronounced upon him, only begg'd leave to finiſh the Picture before he died; which was granted him. In the mean while, a Guard was ſet upon him to prevent his Eſcape. As ſoon as the Pope had caus'd the Picture to be delivered into his Hands, he takes a Bruſh, and dipping it into a Sort of Stuff he had ready for that Purpoſe, daubs the Picture all over with it, ſo that nothing could now be ſeen of the Crucifix; but it was quite effac'd in all outward Appearance.

This made the Pope ſtark mad: He ſtamp'd, foam'd and rav'd like one in a Frenzy. He ſwore

the Painter ſhould ſuffer the moſt cruel Death that could be invented, unleſs he drew another full as good as the former; for if but the leaſt Grace was miſſing, he would not pardon him. But if he cou'd produce an exact Parallel, he would not only give him his Life, but an ample Reward in Money.

The Painter, as he had Reaſon, deſir'd this under the *Pope*'s Signet, that he might not be in Danger of a ſecond Repeal: Which was granted him. And then he took a wet Sponge, and wiped off all the Varniſh he had daub'd on the Picture. And the Crucifix appeared the ſame in all Reſpects as it was before.

The *Pope*, who looked upon this as a great Secret, being ignorant of the Arts which Painters uſe, was raviſh'd at the ſtrange Metamorphoſis. And to reward the Painter's treble Ingenuity, he abſolved him from all his Sins, and the Puniſhments due to them; ordering moreover his Steward to cover the Picture all over with Gold, as a farther Gratuity for the Painter. And, they ſay, this Crucifix is the Original by which the moſt famous Crucifixes in *Europe* are drawn.

I need make no other Reflection on this, than that as the ſuppoſed Murder of *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, is the Source of all the Chriſtians Devotion; ſo the real Homicide which this Painter committed, has made it more intenſe and fervent, by how much the Crucifixes drawn after this Pattern, excel all that were ſeen before them, in the tragical Portraiture of the martyr'd *Meſſias*.

And for this Reaſon it is, that Painters are in ſo great Eſteem among the *Italians*, becauſe they form the Gods which thoſe Infidels adore. It is no Wonder therefore, that the Chief Head of their Church, ſhould ſo eaſily abſolve Murder in a Painter, as a venial Sin, eſpecially when it is done in *Ordine ad Deum*, as the Jeſuits ſay, that is, to promote

mote God's Glory, as the Pope eaſily perſuaded himſelf this was; ſince *Idolatry* is the main Engine which ſupports the State and Grandeur of the *Roman Court*. And all the World knows, that Holy City is a Type of Heaven; or at leaſt the crafty Prieſts would fain repreſent it ſo.

My Friend, thou and I have ſeen enough of their Tricks and Holy Frauds in *Sicily*. Praiſe be to God, they had no Power to pervert us. Our Faith remains inviolate: We ſtill poſſeſs the Integrity of *Muſſulmans*, the native Attach we owe to the Prophet, who was ſent to exterminate *Idols*. In a Word, we adore none but one God, Creator of the Worlds. May that Incomprehenſible for ever keep us in the ſame Faith and Practice, till the Releaſe of our Souls.

Paris, 13*th of the* 9*th Moon,*
of the Year 1661.

LETTER VIII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad *an* Egyptian Knight.

THIS Court is now at *Fontainbleau*, and all ſeems to be diſſolved in Joy for the Birth of a *Dauphin*. The Queen was deliver'd of this young Prince on the firſt Day of this Moon. There's nothing but Feaſting, Dancing and Reveling on this Account, with Bonfires and congratulatory Addreſſes. Only the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother, has little Reaſon to be over-merry, ſince he was the next preſumptive Heir of the Crown, in caſe the King died without Iſſue Male: For the Laws of *France* exclude a Female from reigning. Yet, this Duke

diſſembles his inward Grief, for being thus put by his Hope, and appears as joyful as the Father himſelf. He hugs and admires the *Royal* Babe, wiſhing him Health and Long-life in a Compliment, whom he really could rather wiſh out of the World; or at leaſt that he had never come into it. So violent are the Temptations to a *Crown*, ſo ſtrong the Deſire of *Empire*, that the Nearneſs of Relation, which endears the reſt of Mortals one to another, eſtranges the Hearts of Princes from thoſe of their own Blood, if they ſtand in the Way of their Ambition. And I can aſſure thee, the *French* do not ſpare to ſay, the Duke of *Orleans* has enough of this Vice to attempt great Things, were not his *Genius* over-aw'd by the matchleſs Fortune and Spirit of his Brother.

Neither is the King himſelf inſenſible of this; remembring with what Warmth the Duke received the flattering Addreſſes of ſome Courtiers, during his Brother's dangerous Sickneſs, when the Phyſicians had well-nigh given him over for a dead Man.

I was acquainted with this Paſſage but lately, by *Oſmin* the Dwarf, who watches all the Motions of this Court. He tells me that the King being informed a Rumour was whiſpered among the *Grandees* of his Death, cauſed them all to be ſent for, and to paſs through his Chamber, whilſt the Curtains of his Bed were drawn open, that they might ſee their Sovereign alive, tho' in a bad State of Health. He ſays moreover, that the true Reaſon why ſeveral Lords of late have been removed from their Offices about the King, is becauſe he reſented ill the too early and paſſionate Court they made to the Duke of *Orleans*, on the Report of his Brother's Death. 'Tis natural to all Men to love themſelves, and to deſire the Diſpoſal of their own Affairs. No Man would be content to have his Eſtate given away

away by his Servants at their own Diſcretion. And Sovereign Monarchs are the moſt jealous of all Men in ſuch Caſes: Particularly, the King of *France* is known to be a Prince very ſenſible of his Honour, and ſoon touch'd in that Point, by the leaſt Appearance of Diſreſpect in his Subjects, and of Incroachment in his Neighbours.

As for the Duke of *Orleans*, he is a Prince of no great Character, either as a Soldier, or a Sateſman: Neither has he been much talked of in the World, till the Beginning of this Year, when he married an *Engliſh* Princeſs, by Name *Henrietta*, Daughter to the late *murder'd King* of that *Nation*.

We have had another Match here alſo, between the late Duke of *Orleans*'s Daughter, and the Prince of *Tuſcany*. Theſe Things occaſion various Diſcourſe among thoſe who pretend to weigh exactly the different Intereſts of *Chriſtian Courts*, eſpecially of ſuch as are concerned in the *New Alliances*. For, the greateſt Monarchs here in the *Weſt* marry only for Profit and Advantage, to fortify themſelves by a cloſer Union with the Houſe to which they are allied. Whereas our *Eaſtern* Princes only indulge their Paſſions in the Choice of their Wives; admitting none to their Embraces, but the moſt exquiſite Beauties that can be found. And where they once pitch their Fancy, they neither regard Riches, Honour, or any other Recommendation, ſave what their Love ſuggeſts; being themſelves inexhauſtible Fountains of Wealth, Nobility and good Fortune to all who have the Happineſs to be in their Favour.

They ſcorn to ſell themſelves, and proſtitute the Glory of their *Diadems* to a Foreign Prince, for the Sake of a little Gold, and much more Trouble with a proud Female, whom perhaps they never ſaw. Yet this is the common Practice among the Princes of the *Nazarene* Belief; who conſider not, that in-

ſtead of a Wife, a Partner of their Empire, and a Friend, they often entertain a Snake, a Traytor, an Enemy: Eſpecially if ſhe be a Woman of Wit and Intriegue, as moſt of them are. This made the now Queen-Mother, the Relict of *Lewis* XIII. ſuſpected by her Huſband; and the preſent Queen of *France* is under the like Circumſtances: And it will always be ſo, where Princes match themſelves after this Manner, and cannot debar their Wives from holding a ſecret Correſpondence with the Family from which they deſcend.

Aſſuredly, the *Ottoman* Politicks are the moſt refined and ſecure of any in the World; our Religion moſt holy, and our Morals moſt ſound. Which three are evident Signs, that God has raiſed up this ſacred Empire to ſubdue all the Nations on Earth, and bring 'em to the Faith of his Divine Unity.

Paris, *9th of the 11th Moon, of the Year* 1661.

LETTER IX.

To Cara Haly, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

I AM now in my Chamber by a glowing Fire, wanting nothing that can comfort a reaſonable Man: Whilſt I hear the Winds whiſtling, the Snow driving upon my Windows, and the hollow Voices of the Watch proclaiming a Night little leſs cold than that laſting one they feel in the Arctick Circle once a Year. Yet I wiſh myſelf in a Plain, or on the Top of ſome high Mountain, where I might feel Nature in the moſt rigid of all her Humours.

mours. I love Variety, and 'tis a Pain to be confined to Pleaſure itſelf, when 'tis all of one Kind, or what I am uſed to.

'Tis to thee, my dear *Haly*, I owe this Thought, when you told me once, as we were walking together in the *Cemetery* of *Sultan Solyman*'s *Moſque*, *That Man is made for all Things.*

I remember the Elegance and Force of Reaſon with which you explain'd your Sentiment, upon a Loſs which I had then ſuſtained by *Shipwreck*: comforting me with this Reflection, That all the Gains on Earth are only Burdens: All the Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, and whatſoever is deſired by Mortals, are but ſo many Clogs to tie us faſter to this little narrow Globe, which we are born to trample on as our Footſtool.

All this is true: But I conſider farther, that the Occurrences of this Life ought to be received with Indifference, and we ſhould be as chearful in a Priſon as in a Palace; becauſe nothing can happen to us, which was not decreed by Fate. Methinks I could go as freely to Torments in a juſt Cauſe, as to a ſumptuous Banquet. I could ſmile at the Malice of my Perſecutors, and triumph over the vain Executioners, when I ſee them ſweat at their inhuman Toil, and yet can never have their Wills of a Soul caſt into ſuch a Mould as mine, whatever they may do with my Body. Tho' they excruciate me with a thouſand Inventions of Cruelty, tho' they reduce me to Aſhes, yet they cannot rob me of my Reaſon. Neither Fire, nor Sword, nor Rack, nor any other Inſtrument of barbarous Rage, can hurt my Thoughts. I ſhall ſtill have the Power of Meditating, in ſpite of them all: And I eſteem that the ſpecifick Happineſs of a rational Creature. There's no ſuch Thing as Pleaſure or Pain, but what our Opinion makes ſo. I have try'd to handle Fire; I've graſped hot burning Coals in the Palm of my

Hand with which I now write. The devouring Element ſoon faſten'd on my Skin, and eat its Way through into my Fleſh, whilſt I was buſy in contemplating its Nature and Effects, without being concern'd in any Senſe of Pain. I kept a tight Rein, and curb'd my Soul. I held it within Compaſs, and would not ſuffer it to winch, or laſh, or flounce out of it ſelf, or deſcend into my Body, to reſcue the Part affected, or be concern'd at its Grievance. But when I reflected on the Inconveniences that might follow, and that it would hinder me from ſerving the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I threw the Coals away, well ſatisfy'd that I had made the Experiment without prejudicing my Reaſon, or falling into any Paſſion unbecoming a Man.

I take as much Pleaſure in Faſting, as in Eating or Drinking; in Labour as in Reſt; in Watching as in Sleep. There's no Exceſs or Contrariety in Nature, which does not afford me as much Delight as Mediocrity, or the Golden Mean itſelf. I find a Guſt in every Thing that happens to me. And this I take to be the proper Part of a *Muſſulman*, or of one reſign'd to God.

Yet this hinders me not from buſtling in the World, and proſecuting my Buſineſs with Alacrity and ſome Eagerneſs. We are born for Action, and not only for Thought. 'Tis a mix'd Life we are to lead on Earth. But when I fail of my End or deſir'd Succeſs in any Undertaking, I am not troubled, conſidering I was born to encounter Evil as well as Good in this mortal State.

In all that I have ſaid, I do not pretend to the celebrated *Apathy* of the *Stoicks*. I feel Pleaſure and Pain from the ſame Objects which thus affect other Men: but I feel 'em with Indifference, not ſuffering my Underſtanding and Judgment to participate with my Paſſion and Senſe.

I have

I have perceiv'd my ſelf ſometimes in *Agonies*, which I thought exactly anſwered the Character of thoſe which dying Perſons feel. And I believe they were in a Degree the very ſame: Yet I found no panick Fears upon me, no Dread of that amazing Change: But rather certain blooming Hopes, young, tender, ſpringing Joys, ariſing from the Thoughts of a new Life, the unavoidable Effect of that which we call Death, wherein I promiſed my ſelf the Pleaſure of freſh Enjoyments and Diverſions, to which I was wholly then a Stranger.

If thou thinkeſt this too extravagant, and that Death is not a proper Object of our Wiſhes, yet thou wilt at leaſt acknowledge, that it may furniſh us with ſufficient Arguments of Content and Acquieſcence, ſince no Man can avoid it, and it is ſure to entertain us with Novelties which we never were acquainted with before, which recommends it under a very deſirable Figure, becauſe human Nature perpetually covets new Things.

I have ſeen Perſons condemned to Death here in *Paris*, who have been offered Life on certain Conditions not agreeing with their Humour; yet have refuſed it, and rather choſe Death which they knew would free 'em at once from all their preſent Troubles. And thou know'ſt with what Reſignation our Greateſt *Baſſa's* ſubmit their Necks to the *Executioners*, when the *Grand Signior* thinks fit to call for their Lives. All that they reply to the *fatal Mandate*, is, *The Will of my Sovereign Lord be done.* They at once gather up all the Strength of their ſcattered Reaſon, and ſhrink their dilated *Souls* to a Point. Then with a redoubled Force, they ſhake off their Inclinations to Honours, Riches, and the Pleaſures of this Life, as a Man rouzes from a long Dream or Trance. With Smiles, and a profound Submiſſion they kiſs the *Royal Firme*, being awaken'd to the Thoughts of more Illuſtrious and Serene Joys than

this groſs Earth affords, even to the ineffable Pleaſures of *Eden*, the ſure Reward of thoſe that die in Obedience and Peace: Since they are to be eſteem'd Martyrs, as well as thoſe who meet Death in the Field of the ſacred Combat, in the War for our Holy Faith.

Oh! that it were my Lot thus to expire in Honour, to have my laſt Breath mixed with the devout Aſpirations and Suffrages of True Believers, that ſo my Example might edify others, and the publick Character of an untainted Loyalty might benefit myſelf: Whilſt Fame proclaimed it before my Arrival at the inviſible Regions, to prepare the Ghoſts of Juſt Men to bid me welcome, and give me a kind Reception, who am yet wholly a Stranger in thoſe Parts of the World: For Death itſelf cannot baniſh me out of the Univerſe. And there's my laſt Comfort.

Thou, my dear Phyſician, wilt conclude, I'm Melancholy by this kind of Diſcourſe. But I tell thee, 'tis only another Way of expreſſing the ſecret Pleaſure and Tranquillity of my Soul, which is more to be valu'd by him that enjoys it, than all the Laughter and extravagant Mirth in the World. Theſe only ruffle our Paſſions, and raiſe a Duſt in our Eyes: Whereas the other compoſe and purify our Reaſon, giving us a conſtant Proſpect of Things paſt, preſent, and to come. So that we can never be at a Loſs, but always ready equipped for the worſt Contingencies. *Hali*, Adieu.

Paris, 15*th of the* 12*th Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the ſame.

THE Court of *France* in all Things endeavours to imitate the ancient Grandeur of the *Roman* Emperors and their Policy. As they had their *Amphitheatres*, whereon were exhibited all Sorts of Shews and Spectacles to divert the People in Time of Peace; ſo have theſe their Theatres whereon, according to the more acceptable Mode of the preſent Age, are repreſented the various Kinds of Virtue and Vice; Mens Follies and Perfections; modern Humours, and the ancient Morality; Intrigues of Love, and of State; ſurprizing Actions of War and the ſubtle Overtures of Peace; the Tyranny of Sovereigns, and Rebellion of Subjects. In fine, what ſoever is treated of in Books, is here acted to the Life on the Stage, and with ſo much Advantage of Scenes, Interludes, Muſick, Dances, Language, Wit, Humour, and the like charming Circumſtances, that a Man at ſome Hours cannot better paſs away his Time, than in being preſent at theſe Entertainments. Where all that he has read, either in ancient or modern Hiſtory, deſerving Remark, ſhall be ſucceſſively preſented to his View, as efficaciouſly as if the Perſons were now living, and in preſence, whoſe Actions each Play deſcribes.

There you ſhall be introduced as it were, into the Court and Camp of the *Grand Cyrus:* You ſhall accompany *Alexander the Great* in his Expeditions through *Aſia:* You ſhall ſee him die of Poiſon at *Babylon*, and the *Macedonian Empire* cantonized among his Officers: You ſhall behold all the *Roman Cæſars* in their Riſe and Fall: With whatſoever Particularities were obſervable in this or any other renown'd Monarchy on Earth; not excluding the

laſt and moſt univerſal Empire of the *Ottomans*. For theſe *Infidels* preſume to act o'er again, the Part of *Tamerlane*, and lead about in Dramatick Triumph, the encaged, yet ſtill invincible *Bajazet*. In Habits, which only become the deſtin'd Conquerors of the World, theſe Slaves dare perſonate the Glorious *Solyman*, *Mahomet* the *Great*, the Victorious *Selim*, and even *Amurat* himſelf, the ſtouteſt Emperor that ever reigned: I mean, the Uncle of our preſent Sovereign.

Beſides true Hiſtory thus repreſented, the Spectators are ſometimes diverted with fabulous Entries of *Gods*, *Nymphs*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Muſes*, *Graces*, *Monſters*, and whatſoever we find in the ancient Poets.

There you ſhall ſee *Prometheus* fetching Fire from Heaven, to give Life to his Man of Clay; *Lycaon* transform'd into a Wolf, for his inhoſpitable Carriage to *Jupiter*; *Ganymede* ſnatched up into Heaven by an Eagle, and made *Jupiter*'s Cup-bearer, for his ſingular Beauty. It is pleaſant alſo to ſee *Phrixus*, with his Siſter *Helle*, ſwimming o'er the *Helleſpont* on the Back of a Ram, with a golden Fleece; whilſt ſhe for Fear, falls off, and is drowned: And from her Name *(Helle)* that Sea is ſuppoſed to be ſo called. In the mean while, *Phrixus* ſwims forward, and arrives at *Colchis*, where he ſacrifices the Ram, and hangs the golden Fleece up in the Temple; which was afterwards ſtole away by *Jaſon* and his *Argonauts*. It is equally diverting, to ſee the Artifice of the Scenes and Machines, which repreſent *Jupiter* transforming himſelf into a Shower of Gold, and ſo deſcending into *Danae*'s Lap, when he begets *Perſeus* on her, who ſubdued the *Gorgons*, and with *Meduſa*'s Head turned the *Cephen* Nobles into Statues: In a word, all the ingenious Fictions of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Ovid*, and the reſt of the *Greek* and *Roman* Poets, are here tranſlated, not ſo much from one Language to another, as from Words to Actions,

Actions, and from dead, inanimate Characters, to living Figures of the Things themſelves. For theſe Sort of Plays are acted by Men, Women, and Children, cull'd out and educated for that Purpoſe; and the Managers are at a vaſt Charge, for Variety of proper Scenes and Dreſſes for every Occaſion; each Actor being exactly apparel'd according to the different Quality of Perſons repreſented; and the Mode of the Age and Country wherein they lived.

Theſe Sort of Divertiſements are very agreeable both to the Court and City. The King takes great Delight in them, eſpecially in Ballets and Paſtorals, which conſiſt chiefly of good Songs and Dances, mixed with bold and uncouth Entries of Antiques, repreſenting Monſters and Devils, as the *Chriſtians* uſually deſcribe 'em.

But there was lately a Check given to their Sport, by an Accident which has ſurpriz'd all People that hear of it, and has puzzled the moſt intelligent Heads to give an Account of ſo ſtrange an Occurrence.

On the 19th of this Moon, the King and the whole Court were preſent at a Ballet, repreſenting the Grandeur of the *French* Monarchy. About the Middle of the Entertainment, there was an Antique Dance perform'd by twelve Maſqueraders, in the ſuppos'd Forms of *Dæmons*. But before they had advanc'd far in their Dance, they found an Interloper amongſt 'em, who by encreaſing the Number to Thirteen, put them quite out of their Meaſures: For they practiſe every Step and Motion beforehand, till they are perfect. Being abaſh'd therefore at the unavoidable Blunders the Thirteenth Antique made 'em commit, they ſtood ſtill like Fools, gazing at one another: None daring to unmaſk, or ſpeak a Word; for that would have put all the Spectators into a Diſorder and Confuſion.

Cardinal

Cardinal Mazarini (who was the chief Contriver of theſe Entertainments, to divert the King from more ſerious Thoughts) ſtood cloſe by the young Monarch, with the Scheme of the Ballet in his Hand. Knowing therefore that this Dance was to conſiſt but of Twelve Antiques, and taking Notice that there were actually Thirteen, at firſt imputed it to ſome Miſtake. But afterwards, when he perceived the Confuſion of the Dancers, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow Enquiry into the Cauſe of this Diſorder. To be brief, they convinc'd the *Cardinal*, that it could be no Error of theirs, by a Kind of Demonſtration, in that they had but twelve Antique Dreſſes of that Sort, which were made on purpoſe for this particular Ballet; whereas the thirteenth Dancer was diſguis'd after the ſame Manner. Therefore they concluded, that either the Devil or ſome body elſe, had put a Trick on them. That which made it ſeem the greater Myſtery was, that when they came behind the Scenes to uncaſe, and examine the Matter, they found but twelve Antiques, whereas on the Stage there were thirteen.

The preciſer Sort of Bigots gave it out for certain, That the Devil was amongſt 'em: Whilſt others more probably ſay, 'twas only ſome envious or ambitious Dancing-Maſter, who was either reſolv'd to be reveng'd for not being one of the Twelve, or deſign'd to ſhew his Parts *Incognito* againſt another Opportunity, and in the *Interim*, ſet the Court a wond'ring at his ſingular Skill and Dexterity: For it was obſerv'd, that one of the thirteen far ſurpaſs'd all the reſt, and did things to a Miracle.

Be it how it will, it has brought to Memory a Paſſage that happen'd on the like Occaſion at a Town not far from *Paris*, about eighteen Years ago, yet was not half ſo much talk'd of then, as 'tis now; which was the Reaſon, I took no Notice of

of it in any of my Letters. But now they are big with it: 'Tis the general Diſcourſe of all Companies who make Compariſons of that Event with this. Perhaps 'twill not be unpleaſant to thee to know it.

In the Year 1644, toward the latter End, a Company of *Stage-Players* were at a Place call'd *Vitry*, entertaining the People with *Comedies*; but there happen'd ſomething really tragical to one of the *Actors*. This Man was to perform the Part of one *Dead*, and then he was to revive again by *Magick*. He acted his Part too truly, and baffled the *Necromancer*'s Art. For when he touch'd him with his *Taliſman*, as the Rules of the *Play* requir'd, in order to his *Reſurrection*, the *inanimate Trunk* could not obey. The Man was *Dead* indeed.

Whether he overſtrain'd himſelf in imitating the ſilent, ſtill, and irrecoverable Privations of that paſſive State, and gave his ſlippery *Soul* a ſtrong Temptation, with a fair Opportunity to eſcape its Bonds; or whether *Heaven* had a *particular Hand* in ſo remarkable a *Cataſtrophe*, I will not preſume to divine. But this and the other Occurrence, has put the People quite out of Conceit with *Plays*.

Sage *Hali*, remember the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *'Tis not good to jeſt with God, Death, or the Devil. For the Firſt neither can, nor will be mock'd; the Second mocks all Men, one Time or other; and the Third puts an eternal Sarcaſm on thoſe that are too familiar with him.*

Paris, 30*th of the* 1*ſt Moon, of the Year* 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

GOD unravel my Soul, reverſe my Faculties, turn my Nature inſide out, make me a Monſter of a new Predicament, or annihilate me, which he pleaſes, if I am not true to my Truſt; yet the Miniſters of the *Port* ſuſpect me.

By the Thoughts of *Mahomet* our holy Lawgiver, whilſt he was climbing the boundleſs Heights of the Firmament, I've a Heart like the *Roman Curtius*, who bravely leap'd into the fathomleſs *Abyſs* to ſave his Country from Ruin. They miſtake *Mahmut*, who think he'll be pimp'd out of his Loyalty by Frowns or Smiles, Flatteries or Threats, Gold or Tortures. I'd run the Riſque of Damnation it ſelf to ſerve my Sovereign, or to do any thing becoming a Man of Honour. Yet my Superiors uſe me like a Villain or a Traytor. Their Letters are full of Reproaches and Threatnings, as if I were not worthy to live. 'Tis ſtrange to me whence all this Malice ſhould proceed; and that after I have done and ſuffer'd all that could be expected from a *Muſſulman* in my Poſt, to demonſtrate my incorruptible Fidelity to the *Grand Signior*, I ſhould ſtill be perſecuted as a *Tiafer*, and Enemy to the *Ottoman* Intereſt. I know not what to think of it.

If I have done any thing which deſerves Death or Impriſonment, why do they not ſend for me to *Conſtantinople*, and execute Juſtice on me? Or if I am not thought fit to continue any longer in this Poſt, why do they not call for my Commiſſion, and give it ſomebody better qualify'd? Either of theſe would be a merciful Proceeding, compar'd with the more cruel and ignominious Way they have invent-

ed

ed to murder me: For, now they put me to a lingring Death, by continually corroding and waſting the Peace of my Soul, which is my Life, with Contempts and Reproches.

I am not at all troubled when they tax me with Atheiſm, or ſay, I'm a *Kyſilbaſchi*, a *Libertine*, a *Chriſtian*, a *Heathen Philoſopher*; or when they are pleas'd to make a *Monſter* of me, a *Mungrel Gallimaufry*, a walking *Hotpotch*, compounded of *Jew Turk*, *Nazarene*, and *Epicure*. In loading me with theſe opprobrious Titles, they rank me with ſome of the greateſt Mortals, and engage even our *Holy Prophet* himſelf to eſpouſe my Cauſe, and vindicate my Reputation; ſince he is in theſe very Terms blaſphem'd by the Followers of *Jeſus:* Thoſe *Infidels* forgetting that their own *Meſſias* was after the like manner traduc'd by the *Jews*, who call'd him *Impoſtor*, *Magician*, *Heretick*, *Devil*, and I know not what. This has been the Lot of all holy Men and Prophets, to be envy'd and aſpers'd by the Grandees of the Nation and Age wherein they liv'd: Becauſe they boldly reprov'd their Vices, and taught them the ſincere Maxims of Virtue both by word and Example. And though I have not Vanity enough to liſt my ſelf in the Number of prophets, or perfect Men; yet I have reaſon to conclude, that all this Perſecution is rais'd againſt me, on the Account of the Liberty I take to reprehend the Errors and Failings of thoſe who are Slaves to the *Grand Signior* as well as I: Tho' I have been commanded to do this by the moſt Auguſt Miniſter of the Empire. But great Men in Power love not to be told of their Faults. They wou'd live Arbitrary as Sovereigns, without the leaſt Check or Controul. They will rather cheriſh a thouſand Flatterers and Sycophants than ſuffer one *Diogenes* to live.

But that which vexes me moſt is, that they glance upon me in ſome Expreſſions, as if I were

falſe

falſe to the Truſt which is repos'd in me. A Crime for which I ever had an invincible Abhorrence, and which wou'd ſooner tempt me a thouſand Times to die, than to be once guilty of it. Thou know'ſt my Temper, and I need ſay no more.

I ſhou'd have burſt with Grief and Indignation, had I not given my Reſentments this Vent, and that to a Friend who, by knowing my Affliction, takes one Half of it for his own Share, and ſo I'm eas'd.

Paris, *2d of the 4th Moon, of the Year* 1662.

LETTER XII.

To Ibrahim Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Preacher *to the* Seraglio.

THEY have a Proverb here in the *Weſt*, which ſays, *All is not Gold that Gliſters.* And 'tis frequently verify'd in their own Prieſts, who are generally the greateſt Hypocrites in the World.

I had not been long in this City, before I ſent a Letter to *Bedredin*, Superior of the *Derviſes* of *Cogni* in *Natolia*, whoſe Soul is now with GOD; wherein I gave him an Account of the Converſe I once had with a Jeſuit. For, pretending to be a Student and Retainer to the Clergy, I cou'd not avoid the Company of Eccleſiaſticks; beſides, it was my Intereſt to inſinuate into their Acquaintance; and to tell the Truth, I have made it a great Part of my Buſineſs to gain a Familiarity with Prieſts and Derviſes, ever ſince I came hither.

There was Abundance of Reaſon for this, on ſeveral Accounts. For I improv'd myſelf much by the Society of thoſe amongſt them that are learned; and

and I edify'd not a little by the very Ignorance and Follies of others. From ſome I ſqueez'd out Secrets of State, and the Deſigns of Cabals: By others I penetrated into the myſterious Vices of their own Order. In a word, all of them taught me ſomething or other which I knew not before; and I never had occaſion to repent of keeping them Company.

I contracted a particular Friendſhip with an honeſt Friar or two in this City, who were Perſons of Candor and Learning: But now they are dead. Beſides, I have had no ſmall Intimacy with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Succeſſor *Mazarini*. I tell thee, if I had not coveted the Friendſhip of theſe princely Prieſts, yet it had been impoſſible to eſcape their Knowledge, as obſcure a Figure as I make. For, it was their conſtant Practice, thus to ſeek out all the Strangers and Travellers in this City, under pretence of that great Regard they had for Men of Merit; but in reality, to pump out of them Foreign Secrets.

Cardinal Richlieu profeſs'd a great Kindneſs to me, becauſe I had been at *Conſtantinople*, and in other Parts of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions. He ſeem'd alſo to value me not a little for my Skill in interpreting *Greek*, *Sclavonick*, and other *Languages* of the *Eaſt*. What he thought of me in's Heart, I cannot divine; but I have reaſon to think, he ſuſpected me for a *Muſſulman*. And yet I wonder he never ſearch'd for the main Proof, the Mark of *Circumſion*. Perhaps, 'twas an Effect of his good Nature, as being loth to ruin me irrecoverably. But I had rather aſcribe it to Providence, which wou'd not ſuffer him, it may be, to make ſo fatal a Reflection: Yet, by his Order ſome Years ago, I was impriſon'd for ſix *Moons*. What the Meaning on't was, I could never dive into. But I had a ſhrewd Jealouſy of a certain *Tranſilvanian* Reſident

at

at this Court, who perhaps might do me ſome ill Offices. The World's like a Lottery, wherein we muſt expect to meet with many unlucky Chances.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt eaſily perceive, that altho' the Prieſts make a fair Semblance of Piety, Mortification, and other *Religious* Virtues, yet they are great Buſy-bodies, and wholly taken up in ſecular Affairs.

If this were the worſt Character they deſerve, they might paſs for very good Men, and neceſſary Inſtruments of the publick Welfare: Becauſe, they have the Tutelage and Guardianſhip of all Mens Conſciences; they form 'em in their Youth, and govern 'em in their ripeſt Years. Beſides, they have many Advantages of ſtudying the Politicks more than other Men, as being all educated in the *Academies*, where if they be not very dull, they cannot fail of becoming good Hiſtorians, and indifferent *Statesmen*. For their *Libraries* abound with all manner of *antient* and *modern Writers*, and their Converſation is generally refin'd and pregnant in Intrigues.

But they corrupt their Learning with falſe Maxims which they borrow from an intolerable Pride and Senſuality; perſuading themſelves, that they are as far above other Men, that is, the *Laity*, as thoſe are above the *Beaſts*; that GOD has beſtow'd on them a *Dignity* ſuperior to that of the greateſt Temporal Monarchs; and, in fine, that this *Earth* is a *Paradiſe*, and themſelves the Gods and Lords of it.

When I ſpeak at this *Rate* of the *Nazarene Prieſts*, underſtand me not without Reſtriction. There are ſome good and holy Men amongſt them, Perſons of unblemiſh'd Manners, and incorrupt Sincerity. But, theſe are very rare; and the *French Prieſts* are eſteem'd the moſt ſincere of any within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

As.

As for the *Italian* Clergy, they are meer Libertines; the moſt debauch'd and profligate Fellows in the World.

Adonai the *Jew*, a late private Agent of the *Grand Signior*, who had travell'd up and down thro' all *Italy*, and reſided a conſiderable Time in the chief Cities and Towns of Note, made many curious Obſervations and Remarks on the Lives of the Prieſts which he ſet down in his Journal. This I have by me now, it being ſent me, according to my Deſire, after his Death by *Zeidi Alamanzi*, his Succeſſor in that Station, who is at preſent at *Venice*.

I have perus'd this Relation my ſelf, with no ſmall Pleaſure; and believe 'twill not be unwelcome to thee, to give thee an Abſtract of what he ſays.

It is poſſible, he may exaggerate ſome Things, and deliver himſelf too partially in others, out of the natural and inherent Averſion the *Jews* have for the *Chriſtians*. But thou wilt find, that in the Main, he inſiſts only on ſuch Reflections as it becomes any Man to make, who has the leaſt Spark of common Morality and Reaſon.

In the firſt place, he finds Fault with the Eccleſiaſticks, in that they abſtain from Marriage themſelves, yet recommend that State to the Laity as a very holy Sacrament and Myſtery of Religion: whilſt they indulge themſelves at the ſame time in all manner of Laſciviouſneſs; wallowing in Fornication, Adultery, Inceſt, and Sodomy it ſelf. He ſays, there is hardly one Prieſt in Ten, who does not keep two or three Harlots; and the moſt recluſe Derviſes, are either Pimps to other Mens Luſts, or they indulge their own with the moſt infamous *Courtezans* and *Catamites*. Theſe Pretenders to Perfection and Sanctity, are often found Maſquerading and Revelling about the Streets in the Time of the *Carnaval*, with a Company of Whores

for

for their Attendants. Nay, all the Year round their Monasteries are no other than *Stews* or *Brothel-houses*. They introduce Women into their *Cells* in a *monastick* Habit, and so they pass for Men who come to visit them as Friends, Relations, or Travellers. These Ladies of Pleasure lie thus conceal'd for many Days and Nights together. And the *Superior* of the *Convent* winks at this for a little Money, being most commonly as bad as any of them.

These *Holy Fathers* go marching and slouching along the Streets, in the most mortify'd manner imaginable. You wou'd take 'em for perfect *Santones* and *Ideots*. Yet this is all but Mummery, whilst they are the most glozing *Hypocrites* in the World, meer *Devils* in a City, and abounding in wicked Thoughts and Practices.

Adonai tells a pleasant Story of a young Monastick of St. *Dominick*'s Order at *Rome*. This Monk was of noble Extraction, and his Parents were very rich and powerful in the City. On which Account he was indulg'd many Liberties deny'd to the rest of his religious Brethren. He was permitted to carry good Quantities of Gold and Silver about him, for his personal Expences; and to wear a *secular* Habit suitable to his Birth and Quality. But this Liberty had like to have prov'd fatal to him one Night during the *Carnaval*.

It was late, and very dark, when this religious Bully was beating the Streets, upon the Hunt for *Whores*; and *walking* under certain *Piazza*'s near the River *Tyber*, he was accosted by a Woman mask'd and in a very good Dress; who spoke to him frankly, asking him the way to *Il Rotundo*. This is the *Name* of a *Church* in *Rome*, dedicated to *All* the *Saints:* In the Time of the *Gentiles*, 'twas call'd *Pantheon*, or the *Temple* of all the *Gods*. The Monk being in one of his rambling Equipages, and his Inclinations equally bent on Pleasure; having also

alſo a hundred *Florins* about him; preſently made anſwer, He wou'd conduct her to the place ſhe enquired for. She, after ſome counterfeit Eſſays of a modeſt Repulſe, at lengh accepted his Offer: And by the way, he perſuaded her into a Tavern. The cunning Nymph manag'd her Buſineſs ſo well, that the Monk over-heated with Wine, and other coſtly Entertainments, grew ſo in Love with her, that he forgot ſhe was to go to the *Pantheon*, and offered to wait on her home. She accepted the Motion, and telling him her Houſe was ſeated on the Banks of the *Tyber*, they return'd the ſame way as they came.

When they arriv'd at the Piazza's, where they firſt met, three Perſons appear'd, muffled up in Cloaks: Two of which ſuddenly ſeiz'd the Monk, holding their ponyards at his Breaſt; whilſt the third diſcloſing the hidden Light of a dark Lanthorn, which he held in his Hand, faſten'd on the Lady, and made her unmaſk. As ſoon as he ſaw her Face, he ſtamp'd and rav'd, menac'd and ſwore he would be the Death of that Villain who had debauch'd his Wife. All this was but a fore-laid Deſign. In a word, after all the Parts of an abus'd, incens'd revengeful Huſband, acted to the Life, at laſt, through the Interceſſion of the two other Ruffians, and the Monk's penitent and ſubmiſſive Addreſs, it was concluded to ſpare his Life, and only ſtrip him naked; leaving him in that Condition to ſeek his Fortune among the Watch.

This was ſoon put in Execution, and the Freebooters, with all their Prey, ſecurely march'd off. The poor Monk, thus miſerably abandon'd, without Garments, Money, or any Thing to comfort him in this Calamity, or to bribe the Watch, gave himſelf over to Melancholy and Deſpair, in regard this Accident would bring an eternal Infamy on him, and he ſhould be no longer able to ſhew his Face

Face in *Rome*, the Seat of his Nativity; nor among any of his Kindred and Friends. Sometimes he thought to drown himſelf in the *Tyber*; or elſe to counterfeit a Phrenſy, and ſo run brawling, drivelling, and talking Nonſenſe thro' the Streets; hoping the reſt wou'd never be divulg'd.

Whilſt he was in theſe penſive Thoughts, irreſolute what to do, the *Watch* walking their Rounds, bolted upon him on a ſudden; and ſeeing a naked Man, at that Time of Night, in ſuch a ſolitary Place, at firſt were ſtartled, as tho' they had met a *Ghoſt*, but recollecting themſelves better, they boldly ſeiz'd his Perſon, and examin'd how he came in that Condition.

It was in vain for him to beg, intreat, and promiſe any Thing, if they wou'd not expoſe him to open Shame. This did but increaſe their Curioſity and Suſpicion. In a word, the Place of their Rendezvouz being very near the ſame Tavern where this unfortunate Monk had regal'd his Strumpet, they led him thither, and kept him Priſoner till the Morning. He that kept the Houſe remember'd his Face again, and knowing that the Governor of *Rome* had a ſecret Enmity againſt the Monk, and all his Race, ſent him private Intelligence of this Adventure, encouraging him to take this Opportunity of Revenge; hinting withal, that he need not take notice, that he knew the Monk, but only puniſh him as an ordinary Fellow, breaking the Laws of the City.

The Governor, being glad of this Occaſion, when the Monk was brought before him, order'd him to be whipp'd thro' the very Street where his Monaſtery ſtood. This was done accordingly; and as he paſs'd by the Gate, his Brethren, ſeeing him in that Condition, ruſh'd out, and reſcu'd him from the Executioner's Hands, breathing Revenge againſt the Governor, and all that were concern'd in putting

ting this Diſhonour on their Houſe, and the whole Order.

I muſt be forc'd to break off, before I have inform'd thee of half their Tricks, leſt I ſhould tire thee with the Length of my Letters. Beſides, it is neceſſary for me to conclude, unleſs I wou'd miſs my Opportunity: For the Poſt tarries for no Man.

Venerable *Hadgi*, live thou to enjoy the ſerene Pleaſures of Virtue and Innocence, and pray for *Mahmut* that he may never be ſtain'd with the Corruptions and Vices of *Infidels*, among whom he reſides.

Paris, 18*th of the* 5*th Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XIII.

To the Chiaus Baſſa.

THE *French King's Genius* ſeems altogether bent on martial and politick Affairs; and tho' he allows ſome Moments to his Love, yet the greateſt Part of his Time is conſecrated to the neceſſary Affairs of State, and to the Improvement of Military Diſcipline. This has been his Courſe ever ſince the Death of *Cardinal Mazarini*. That Miniſter, whilſt he was living, endeavour'd nothing ſo earneſtly as to divert the young Monarch from minding Buſineſs, by *Plays*, *Ballads*, and other ſoft Entertainments. But as ſoon as he was dead, the King began by degrees to forſake his youthful Recreations, and look into the Affairs of his Government.

The firſt bold Stroke of Regal Authority which he gave, was the ſuppreſſing the Superintendant of

the *Finances*, a very antient *Office* in *France*, but much abus'd of late by thoſe who have enjoy'd it. For, having the Management of the *Royal Revenues*, it has been found out, that they embezzell'd them to their own private Uſes, purchaſing Houſes, Caſtles, Towns, and the faireſt Eſtates in the *Kingdom* for them and their Poſterity.

The laſt in this *Office* was the *Sieur Fouquet*; who, beſides the Waſte he made of the *King's* Money in this Kind, was laying up an extraordinary Proviſion of Arms and Powder in *Belle Iſle*, a *Sea-Port* of *France:* Which gave the *King* ſo great a *Suſpicion* of his ill *Deſigns*, that he went in *Perſon* after him as far as *Nantes*; and being there farther informed of a private *Correſpondence* held between the *Sieur Fouquet*, and ſome *Malecontents* of *Cardinal de Retz*'s Party, he caus'd him to be arreſted, and ſent Priſoner to the *Wood* of *Vinciennes:* From whence he has ſince been brought to the *Baſtile*. This was done in the 9th *Moon* of the laſt Year, and was the Occaſion of erecting a new *Chamber* of *Juſtice*, to enquire into the Conduct of thoſe who were employ'd by *Fouquet* in the Management of the *Finances*.

The great Diſcoveries this *Chamber* has already made of the Cheats and Tricks practiſed by thoſe thro' whoſe Hands the *King*'s *Revenues* have paſs'd, will, 'tis thought, move the *King* to eſtabliſh it as a perpetual and *Sovereign Court* of *Inquiſition:* So that not the Value of an *Aſper* ſhall henceforth be paid out of the *Royal Treaſury*, without the Approbation of this *Chamber*. He has alſo retrenched many ſuperfluous *Offices* in his Houſhold, that he may the more eaſily ſupport the Charges of thoſe that are neceſſary.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Wiſdom of this Prince, when thou ſhalt know, that he truſts nothing abſolutely to his Miniſters, but pries into every

every Thing himſelf. He examines Matters of the ſmalleſt Moment, as narrowly as the moſt important Concerns. He makes daily Reformations among his domeſtick Servants, and new-models both the Army and the State. Which is alſo no ſmall Argument of his Courage, and the Greatneſs of his Spirit; in that he dares contradict the Methods of all his Progenitors; take the Frame of this mighty Government, as it were, to pieces; and having mended every thing that was amiſs, join it together again; but after a Pattern wholly depending on his own Judgment. This has aſtoniſh'd the greateſt Stateſmen of the Age, who conſider the Boldneſs of the Undertaking, and yet cannot find one falſe Step in his Meaſures. For, whereas formerly the Princes of the Blood, the Officers of the State, the Governors of Provinces, with other Grandees, having given frequent Trouble to the Kings of *France*, and not ſeldom rais'd Civil War when any thing diſguſted them (ſo great was their Power, and ſo ſmall their Dependence on the King:) This Monarch has by a happy Effect of his Judgment and Reſolution, given ſo dexterous a Turn to the whole Syſtem of the Publick, that the Princes find themſelves more aggrandiz'd than ever; the Officers of the Crown perceive their Dignity increas'd with new Luſtres, and the Governors of Provinces exerciſe a ſtronger Hand over their Subjects; yet all of them are reduc'd to an entire Dependence on the King himſelf, not being in a Capacity ever to rebel again. Which is eſteem'd a Miracle of Policy. As he has thus gain'd the Point of his Subjects at home, and eſtabliſh'd his Realm in the moſt perfect *Oeconomy* that can be imagin'd; ſo he has recovered a particular Honour abroad, that till this Time has been always diſputed between the Crowns of *France* and *Spain*.

It ſeems an Ambaſſador from *Sweden* arriv'd at the *Engliſh* Court in the 10th *Moon* of the laſt Year: The *French* Ambaſſador ſent his Coaches to honour the Publick Entry, as is uſual between Friends. But the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, deſigning to affront the *French*, ſent his Coaches alſo to attend the Ceremony, accompany'd by his own Servants, and a Rabble of idle Perſons whom he had hir'd on purpoſe. Theſe fell on the *French* as they were paſſing along the Street, kill'd ſeveral of them, and by Force ſtopp'd their Coaches, till thoſe of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador were got before 'em; the Pre-eminence of Place being the chief Thing aim'd at.

This was highly reſented at the *French* Court, and every body thought that a freſh War would break out again between the two Nations on this Account. The angry young Monarch commanded the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador reſident here to depart the Kingdom; and when another was ſent to ſupply his Place, the King forbad him to enter his Dominions. Complaints were made at *Madrid*, and all things tended to a Rupture. Till at length the King of *Spain* having promiſed to make Satisfaction, his Ambaſſador was receiv'd at this Court, who aſſured the King, That his Maſter diſavow'd the Action of his Miniſter in *England*, and had given expreſs Command to all his Ambaſſadors in foreign Courts, not to diſpute the Place with thoſe of *France*, but to yield it to the latter, where they ſhould both be preſent at the ſame Entry. This was declar'd in the Preſence of thirty Foreign Miniſters reſiding at this Court. Which has rais'd a vaſt Reputation to the King of *France* among all his Neighbours, and ſtruck the greater Reverence into his Subjects at home.

In a Word, he is look'd upon as the moſt fortunate Prince in *Chriſtendom*, and every State courts his Friendſhip. He gives the Law to the reſt of *Europe*,

Europe, yet remains himſelf Arbitrary and above Controul.

How long his Affairs will continue at this Height, is known only to GOD, who exalts and abaſes whom he pleaſes; who is the ſole Monarch of all Things, reigning for ever without the leaſt Shadow of Revolution or Change.

Paris, 12*th of the* 7*th Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

IT was late when I finiſh'd my other Letter, being the Hour of the Devil's Range, when the Infernal Spirits are permitted to air themſelves in this Upper World. Methoughts I heard the Clattering Echo of the Gates of Paradiſe, which are ſhut at that Seaſon to keep out the *Dæmons* from entering and diſturbing the Repoſe of the Bleſs'd. This made me conclude ſo abruptly, leſt ſome buſy Scribe of the Dark Regions, ſhould have inſerted Evil in my Letter whilſt I were aſleep. I recommended my ſelf to God, and went to Bed. After two Hours Reſt, awaking, I perceiv'd by the Crowing of the Cocks, that the Troops of Hell were retir'd to their Den, chas'd down by *Arcturus* and the Guardian Conſtellations of the South, and by the Angels of the ſecond Watch. Then I aroſe, and chearfully addreſs'd my ſelf to GOD, praiſing him for the ſucceſſive Benefits of Day and Night, and extolling his magnificent Works, with the exquiſite Order that he has eſtabliſh'd in the World. Remem-

bring alſo that I was a Man, and not born to ſleep, but to ſerve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I readily ſet Pen to Paper again, to give thee a farther Account of the *French* King and his Court, with ſuch Occurrences as have happen'd of late.

This Monarch is very ſingular in his Conduct and Manner of Life, not brooking to be confin'd to the Maxims of others; but ſquaring all his Actions by Rules of his own: Yet 'tis difficult to find a Fault in his Proceedings. He hears the Advice of his Counſellors and Friends; and when they have done, he convinces them in many things, that they are under a Miſtake; which makes them admire the Force of his Reaſon, and the Readineſs of his Wit, eſpecially when they ſee the Events anſwering Expectation.

Neither is he altogether ſo intent on State Matters, but that he ſometimes gives himſelf the Diverſion of a familiar Diſcourſe with the moſt ingenious Artiſts of all ſorts, who find themſelves much improv'd by the Quickneſs of his Invention, and the Solidity of his Judgment in the Mechanicks: For he is an excellent *Gun-Smith*, *Sword Cutler*, *Arrow-maker*, and every thing that becomes a King to profeſs.

He is a good Architect alſo, and takes vaſt Delight in Buildings, having laid the Foundations of ſeveral magnificent Structures, Palaces of a noble Deſign, and intended to outvy the moſt polite and glorious *Fabricks* of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*. For, I tell thee, this Monarch would not willingly come ſhort of any of the *Cæſars*.

At the Beginning of this Year, he aggrandiz'd his Court, by a Promotion of ſixty two Knights of the Holy Spirit. I have often mention'd this Order in my Letters to the Miniſters of the *Porte*; and thou that haſt been in *France* know'ſt, that 'tis the next Step to being made Peer of the Realm. I ſhall only inform

inform thee, that during the Ceremonies of this laſt Promotion, the Dukes of *Vendoſme* and *Longueville* had a Feud about the Precedency, which at laſt was adjuſted in favour of the former. In a word, the King declar'd the Houſe of *Vendoſme* to have a Right of Priority before all other Princes, and to ſucceed in the Throne itſelf, next after the Houſe of *Bourbon*.

This is look'd upon as a bold Effort of Royal Power, and has ſtartled all the Court. No leſs ſurprized were they to ſee the Duke of *Lorrain* reſign all his Eſtates to the King of *France*, reſerving only the Poſſeſſion of them during his Life.

And, now the King having weather'd the Point with all his Enemies, both Foreign and Domeſtick, ſtudies nothing more earneſtly, than to divert his Queen, and let his Subjects taſte the Sweets of Peace, the Effect of his matchleſs Fortune, to which even Crown'd Heads find themſelves compell'd to ſtoop and ſubmit.

On the 5*th* of the foregoing *Moon*, by his Appointment was held a *Tournament* or *Carouſel*, as the *French* call it. This is a ſort of Exerciſe on Horſeback, in Imitation of the antient Manner of fighting with Spear and Shield.

The Place where they ran was rail'd about, and magnificent *Choiſes* erected for the Queen and Ladies of the Court to ſit in, as Spectators. The Divertiſement was very pompous; and the King was one of the *Combatants*. The reſt were the Duke of *Orleans* the King's Brother, the Prince of *Conde*, the Duke of *Enguien* Son to the Prince, and the Duke of *Guize*. Each of theſe led a Troop of Horſe into the Field. That of the King's was habited after the Manner of the old *Roman* Knights. The Duke of *Orleans*'s made a Figure like the *Perſians*: The Prince of *Conde*'s repreſented the *Ottomans*: The Duke of *Enguien*'s Troops were in *Indian* Habits; and the Duke of *Guize*'s appear'd like the *Salvages* of

America. It wou'd be too tedious to deſcribe the particular Magnificence of each. Suffice it to ſay, that they were all prodigiouſly majeſtick and rich in their Equipage. The Courſes alſo they made, were brave and full of Gallantry. But the Prize, which was a Diamond of great Value, was adjuged to the Prince of *Condé* by the Queen-Mother.

One of the former Kings of *France* loſt his Life at this Royal Exerciſe, being run through the Eye into the Brain by the Spear of an *Engliſh* Knight then at the *French* Court, and one of the *Combatants:* For which reaſon, the following Kings of *France* forbore to expoſe themſelves to the like Danger: But this young *Mars* fears nothing, being as venturous and bold as was *Sultan Amurat*, the Trophies of whoſe victorious Combat with the *Perſian Challenger* at the Siege of *Babylon* hang up in the Treaſury to this Day, as Monuments of his invincible Courage and Strength. *Sultan Achmet* alſo took great Delight in throwing the Lance with his Courtiers in the *Atmeidan.* Theſe are Sports fit for Kings and great Generals. And ſome of the *Roman Cæſars* themſelves would play the *Gladiators.*

It is not lawful for me to cenſure or reflect on the Actions of my Sovereign. But I will tell thee what the *French* ſay of him by way of Contempt; *That he never combated in his own Perſon with any Thing but timorous Hares and Hinds.* It makes me bluſh to hear the great Emperor of the *Eaſt* thus blaſphem'd by the prophane Mouths of *Infidels.* And it were to be wiſh'd, he would do ſome ſurprizing Action, to raiſe himſelf another Character. I ſay no more, but recommend thee to GOD and the White Angel.

Paris, 12*th of the* 7*th Moon,*
of the Year 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *at* Venice.

THOU haſt obliged me beyond Expectation, in that ample Hiſtory of thy Life, which thy Letter contains. I eſteem thee not the worſe becauſe thou wert born of Chriſtian Parents, but rather put the higher Value on thy Merit, in that being bred in Superſtition and Error, thou haſt voluntarily embraced the Truth, without any Proſpect of advancing thy Intereſt.

When a Man of a noble Stock, born to Riches and Honours, bred in Softneſs and Delights, and actually poſſeſſed of a fair Eſtate, ſhall thus abandon his Country, his Relations, Friends, and Acquaintance, with all his native Rights and Enjoyments, purely for the Love of GOD, reſigning himſelf wholly to the Will of Deſtiny, and the Conduct of Providence, without conſulting his own Eaſe and Delight in this World; 'tis an evident Sign of a faithful Heart, and that his Integrity is without Stain.

All this, and much more, it ſeems, thou haſt done, and therefore thou canſt not fail of being happy in this World, and in Paradiſe.

I am extremely pleaſed in reading the various Adventures of thy Youth, thy early Inclinations to viſit foreign Countries, and thy actual Travels through *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa*. This is the only Way to learn true and compleat Wiſdom. For, a Man edifies a thouſand Times more by his own perſonal Experience of Things, than by all the moſt elegant Deſcriptions that can be made by others. Beſides the Advantage of becoming expert in the

ſeveral Languages and Dialects of the Earth; which he can never learn ſo perfectly in Books, as by converſing with the Natives of each Country through which he paſſes.

Beyond all this, there is an infinite Pleaſure in ſeeing the Variety of Objects, which every where expoſe themſelves to a Traveller's Eye. There is nothing more delightful to human Nature, than to try all Things. Man is cloy'd with what is too familiar to him. The moſt magnificent Palace would appear like a Priſon to him that were always confin'd to it. The greateſt Fields and moſt ſhady Groves would afford us no Refreſhment, if we had not Liberty to ſtraggle out of them when we pleaſed. Man is naturally wild as other Animals, and 'tis as bad as Death to be reſtrain'd of his Freedom. I had rather at certain Seaſons range a Wilderneſs, all over-run with Weeds and Briars, than in the moſt regular and fragrant Garden in the World. I would willingly chuſe the Fatigue of climbing up a high, ſteep, craggy Mountain, for the Sake of a new and larger Proſpect, before the Eaſe of walking always in a low Valley, or even Plain, though graced with never ſo many inviting Objects, which muſt always be the ſame: So fulſome are the very Pleaſures we are daily accuſtomed to.

I doubt not but that it was very agreeable to thee in thy Journies, when every Remove thou madeſt from Stage to Stage, promis'd thee ſomething novel and freſh. A Man in ſuch Caſes is apt to think the Sun himſelf new, who has ſhined upon him from his Nativity: The Air, the Earth and Waters appear not the ſame Elements, in different Places; or if our Reaſon convinces us their Nature is not changed, yet we look upon them as *Maſquerades*, every Day in a new Dreſs; eſpecially when we go from one Region and Climate to another, the Strangeneſs of the Diſguiſe is heighten'd. So Infinite

finite a Variety preſents it itſelf to thoſe who travel.

But nothing affords a Man greater Delight, than to be familiarly acquainted with the different Habits, Laws, Cuſtoms, Manners, and Religions of Mortals like himſelf. To ſee them in one Part of the World adoring the Sun, becauſe he ſhines on them but once a Year, whilſt all the reſt of the Time they are ſhut up in continual Darkneſs, very near being ſtarved with Cold, and making hard Shifts to live; in another to behold them grimacing, and hear them curſing that glorious Planet, becauſe he is always too near 'em, rendring their Countries barren, drying up their Water, and ſcorching their Perſons almoſt to Death; muſt needs be delightful to a contemplative Man. And for ought we know, the Laughter of *Democritus* might be the Reſult of as good Thoughts as *Heraclitus*'s Tears. Who would not ſmile to ſee ſome paying divine Honours to the Scare-crow of the Garden, to a Tree, a Hog, a Dog, or any Thing they firſt caſt their Eyes on in the Morning, as they do in *Lapland?* And yet who can forbear to weep, when he ſees Men profeſſing to believe the Laws of *Moſes*, and the *Meſſias*, (who both preach up the Divine Unity) pretending to the pureſt Religion in the World, and bred in the Study of the Sciences, worſhip Stocks and Stones, Pictures and Images, Nails, Rags, Bones, Hairs, Bits of old Wood, or any Thing that their cunning Prieſts impoſe upon them as adorable.

Happy art thou, *Zeidi*, who art freed from theſe Superſtitions of the *Nazarenes*; and thrice happy, in that thou haſt changed them for the Faith unblemiſh'd, the Doctrines of Truth and Reaſon, the practices of ſincere Morality and Virtue. Thou haſt not ſhun'd a Rock, to fall into a Quick-ſand, nor abandoned *Idolatry*, to ſink into Atheiſm: but thou haſt eſcap'd from narrow Gulphs and Streights,

into a free and open Sea; from the dark Fogs and Miſts of frozen Chriſtianity, to the bright Empire of the *Oſmans*, the ſerene Company of *True Believers*, where Charity and Zeal are in their genuine and primitive Warmth.

Since the Time that thou firſt liftedſt up thy Finger to Heaven, and madeſt a Confeſſion of One GOD, and *Mahomet* his Apoſtle, none of the *Imaums* or *Mollahs* have ever attempted to circumvent thy Reaſon with feigned Miracles, fooliſh Pilgrimages, Tales of Old Women, Fictions of Poets, or any holy Frauds. Thou perceiveſt nothing but downright Integrity in the Converſation of the Faithful. Whereas the Chriſtians, whom thou haſt juſtly deſerted, have a thouſand Windings and Turnings, Foldings and Intricacies, in their Doctrines and Lives. So that it is almoſt as eaſy for a blind Man to walk from *Paris* to *Conſtantinople*, as for theſe *Infidels* to grope out the Way to Paradiſe, through ſo many *Meanders* and *Mazes:* They are involved in a perfect Circle of Error and Vice.

Praiſe be to GOD who planted the Moon in the Heavens, and cauſes the Stars to dart their refreſhing Rays by Night; thou art happily delivered out of their Snares. Let not thy Reſidence now among them, ever tempt thee to return to the religious Vanities of holy Trifles, which have once made thee ſick at the Heart. Remember, that thou beareſt in thy Body the Mark of a *True Believer*, the Seal of a great Sacrament, the Character of a profound Myſtery, Circumciſion, the Emblem of Purity, by which thou art more enabled, than by the Blood of the *Polonian* Lord, thy Father, which ſtreams in thy veins. But now thou art incorporated into the Society and Lineage of *Ibrahim*, the illuſtrious Patriarch and Friend of GOD. Conſider that thou art as it were ingrafted into the glorious Stock of the *Iſmaelites*, born

born to ſubdue all Things, and in the determined Time, to poſſeſs the Empire of the Univerſe. Thou haſt the Honour alſo to ſerve the *Grand Signior, Lord of the Climates and Seas, majeſtick Heir of the* Ottoman *Houſe, Shadow of God on Earth.*

Hold faſt therefore the Profeſſion of an unblameable *Faith*; and whatever Temptation thou mayeſt meet with, keep thy Mind always fixed on the unſeen Joys of *Paradiſe*, the Crown of juſt and faithful Men, the Reward of ſuch as adhere to GOD and his Prophet without flinching.

Mahmut ſalutes thee in Imagination, with a parting Kiſs, and an affectionate Squeeze of the Hand, which thou knoweſt was, in all Ages, a Token of hearty Good-will and Friendſhip.

Paris, 15*th of the* 9*th Moon,*
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

THERE is like to be a Breach between this Court and that of *Rome*, if the Pope does not condeſcend to the Demands of the *French* King, who ſtiles himſelf the Eldeſt Son of the Church, and therefore highly reſents an Indignity that has been done him of late, in the Perſon of the Duke of *Crequi*, his Ambaſſador at the *Roman* Court.

It ſeems, the Pope's Guards on the 20th of the 8th Moon, made an Attempt on the Life of this Miniſter and on his Wife: They alſo put barbarous Abuſes on all the *French* that were in that City: Inſomuch, as the Duke and Ducheſs of *Crequi* were oblig'd to quit *Rome* privately, and retire into *Tuſcany*; being adviſed

adviſed to take this Courſe, by all the Cardinals and other Grandees that are Friends to *France*.

The King received News of this by an Expreſs which came from the Duke of *Chequi* on the 11th of the 9th Moon. And he was paſſionately touch'd at ſo ſacrilegious an Injury, whereby he is not only wrong'd himſelf, but the Law of Nations is violated in a moſt notorious Manner.

Wherefore to ſhew his Reſentment, on the ſame Day that the Courier came from *Rome*, the King ordered the Lieutenant of his Guards to tell the Pope's Nuncio at this Court, That he muſt forthwith depart the Kingdom under the Conduct of thirty Horſe. This was performed accordingly; and the Nuncio was hurried away immediately, without ſuffering him to ſpeak with any Perſon living, ſave thoſe who were to accompany him to the Frontiers: And this Order was publickly proclaimed in *Paris*. The King alſo wrote to the Pope, demanding Satisfaction for ſo horrible an Outrage; and cauſed Diſpatches to be ſent to all the Cardinals in *Rome*, adviſing them to contribute what lay in their Powers, towards a good Underſtanding between the Pope and him, proteſting that otherwiſe the Calamities which might follow, were not to be laid to his Charge. This is a modeſt way of threatning, uſed by Chriſtian Princes, who do not always ſpeak in Thunder, like our Eaſtern Monarchs when they menace War.

I relate this as a Thing, which tho' it appear of ſmall Moment at the Beginning, yet its Conſequences may be great and extenſive, if the *French* King and the Pope ſhould come to an open Rupture. All the Princes in *Europe* would find themſelves engag'd on one Side or other. And we *Muſſulmans* might live to ſee the whole State of *Chriſtendom* disjointed, alienated, and embroil'd in Wars among themſelves, whereby they would lay their Countries naked

ked and open to the invincible Arms of the *Ottomans*, a Lineage of high Renown, and deſtin'd to ſubdue all Things.

But 'tis thought the Holy Father at *Rome* will not farther provoke ſo daring and powerful a Monarch as him of *France*, by juſtifying the Inſolences of his *Janizaries*, who proceeded to that Height of Fury, as to diſcharge Guns into the Windows of the *French* Ambaſſador, killed ſeveral of his Retinue, and aſſaſſinated the Ducheſs of *Crequi* in her Coach, as ſhe paſſed along the Streets.

Illuſtrious Miniſter, theſe are Violations not practiſed by the moſt barbarous Savages. And 'tis an evident Sign of decaying Empire, where the Publick Faith is thus perfidiouſly broke. God infatuates the *Infidels*, that he may ſpeedily bring 'em to Ruin. Whereas he daily enlightens the juſt Followers of the Prophet, and directs them into the Ways of Proſperity and Peace.

Paris, 3*d of the* 11*th Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVII.

To Mohammed, *the illuſtrious* Eremite *of* Mount Uriel *in* Arabia.

IN the Name of GOD, benign and merciful, I approach the Reſidence of great Sanctimony, the tremendous Solitude, the Cave bleſſed by frequent Viſitations of Angels, and by the former Preſence of the moſt Sublime among Mortals, *Mahomet* the Legate of the Eternal, the Plenipotentiary of *Alla*, King of Heaven and Earth. *Alla!* There is but one! Whoſe Name reſounds through all the *Orbs* Above, when

when pronounced by the faithful Adorers of the Divine Unity on Earth: And the Echo thereof, from the adamantine Gates of Paradiſe, reaches the Abyſs of Hell, ſtriking the infernal Spirits with Horror and Aſtoniſhment. They tremble at the Sound of the dreadful Word, which chains them up in their Priſons of Darkneſs. Whereas had they Faith, they would rather rejoice, believing that the ſame Word will one Day releaſe them from their Torments. For ſuch is the Clemency of the Omnipotent, as our holy Doctors teach.

O *Mohammed*, Friend of the Moſt High, and Tenant to his Prophet; I have experienced, that it is good and wholſome to begin every thing we do or ſay, in the Name of GOD. Whoſoever does otherwiſe either fails in the Progreſs, or the End of his Deſign, and remains in Confuſion. *Tagot* creeps into his Enterprize, and through Malice ſpoils it, robbing a Man of his Crown: or *Negidher*, the Spirit of Envy, winds himſelf in, and intangles it: or *Ablis*, the Dæmon of Melancholy, caſts a Damp on it, and bereaves the Undertaker of his Joy. Such is the Fate of thoſe who through Profaneneſs, Sloth, or Contempt, forget to pay the due Veneration we owe to the Author and Source of Providence, and good Succeſs.

Let us not therefore think the Time miſs-ſpent, which is taken up in the Praiſes of Him who has neither Beginning nor End, Father of all the Generations in this viſible World, and that other which is concealed from Mortals. He is the Governor of our Lives, and our ſole Patron in all Neceſſities. Let us extol and magnify his Attributes without End.

I am by Nature contemplative, and thoughtful; but I muſt needs acknowledge, That I owe to my Education among the *Muſſulmans* the Force of my Faith and Religion. The various Turns of Fortune and Experience, which I have had in the World,

could never yet blot out the Impreſſions of my early Years, or diminiſh the Reverence I have for our Holy Prophets. I often revolve in my Mind the Series of paſt Ages, and the Hiſtories of former Times; the Origin of Nations, and the various Laws, Religions, Wars, and Changes. I traverſe the different *Epocha's* of the Poſterity of *Ibrahim* and the Gentiles, comparing the Date of *Iſrael's* Tranſmigration out of *Egypt*, with the Years of *Nabonaſſar* and the *Olympiads*. In all of them I find great Obſcurity, Contradiction, and Doubtfulneſs, which puts me upon examining the Records of *Egypt* and the *Aſſyrians*. The Antiquity of both is very great, and yet it comes far ſhort of the *Chineſe* Chronology, and that of the *Indian Bramins*.

When I have tir'd my Soul with a vain Search of that which can never be diſcover'd; when I conſider the Probability of an univerſal Deluge in the Time of *Noah*, and the Arguments which almoſt demonſtrate the contrary, comparing this with the Flood of *Deucalion*, and that other of *Ogyges*: In a word, when I reflect on the numberleſs Incongruities that are found in the Regiſters of paſt Ages, I cannot but conclude, there is as much Reaſon for me to believe, That GOD has determinately thus darkened the Knowledge of Mortals, as that he confounded their Language at *Babel*, according to the celebrated Relation of *Moſes*. Whence it will be but loſt Labour for us who live in theſe latter Times, to ſeek for any Aſſurance or Certainty of the Truth in Matters of ſo remote and early a Date.

Wherefore leaving every Nation to their own Traditions, the *Jews* to the *Manuſcripts* of *Moſes* and their *Rabbi's*; the *Gentiles* to the *Fragments* of *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Theophraſtus*, and other *Sages of Egypt*, *Phœnicia* and *Greece*; I, for my part, acquieſce to the Volume of Majeſty,

Majeſty, the great *Alcoran*; and to the Writings of our Holy Doctors, *Arabians*, the Sons of *Iſmael*; not puzzling myſelf with endleſs Diſputes and Queſtions; not cenſuring others who worſhip God after their own Way, and the Documents of their Fathers; but firmly believing, that he who ſerves God according to the Dictates of his Reaſon; who is juſt to Men and Beaſts, and in all Things conſerves an innocent Purity of Life; is as acceptable to the Great Creator, and Impartial Judge of the Univerſe, as he that has had the Happineſs to be inſtructed in the poſitive Injunctions of Heaven, the reveal'd Will of the Omnipotent. And this I take to be the Senſe of our Holy Lawgiver, of the *Meſſias* and of all the Prophets in general.

Doubtleſs, that ſuperlatively Merciful and Indulgent, connives at the Frailties of Mortals; he pities the invincible Ignorances of ſome, and the fatal Neceſſities of others. He knows the infinite Variety of our bodily Conſtitutions, and the equally different Bent of our Souls. He conſiders the Force of the Elements and Climates wherein we live, and the unconquerable Influence of the Stars under which we were born. The whole Syſtem of human Nature with its moſt hidden Circumſtances, is expos'd to the Eyes of him who ſees all Things. He is no Stranger to the Anatomy of his own Works. Therefore he requires no more of Men, than can be expected from the Faculties with which he has endu'd them. Neither will he damn any Man for an involuntary Evil.

O *Mohammed*, this is my Faith, my Hope, and my Confidence. Otherwiſe I ſhould deſpair every Moment. If I am guilty of Error and Preſumption, correct me in thy Wiſdom. For, before thee, I am but as an *Idiot*.

Paris, *22d of the 12th Moon, of the Year* 1662.

LETTER

LETTER I.

To Haſnadar-Baſſi, *chief Treaſurer to his* Highneſs.

THE *French* have newly felt the Motions of a Joy, whoſe Birth and Growth was like that of a Muſhrome, ſudden and ſwift, the Product of a very little Time, and which ended in Mourning and Tears. The Moon of *November* beheld a Daughter born to the Queen of *France*: But that Planet had hardly carried the News thro' all the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and commanded the Stars of *France* to celebrate a *Dunalma*; before ſhe was oblig'd to be the Meſſenger of more ſad Tidings, and to proclaim the Death of this young Princeſs, to the Conſtellations that aſſiſted at her *Birth*.

In a word, ſhe was born on the 18*th* of the 11*th Moon*, and died on the 30*th* of the 12*th*. It looks as if ſhe only came into the World to be a Witneſs of the Concluſion of the Peace between her Father *Lewis* XIV. and her Grandfather *Philip* the King of *Spain*; and ſo return to the Region of ſeparate Souls.

This Peace was in General Terms ſign'd and ſeal'd long ago, but there remain'd ſome Difficulties in adjuſting the Limits of the *French* Conqueſts, which were referr'd to the Management of Commiſſioners on both Sides: And theſe, after they had debated the Matter for the Space of two Years, at St. *Omars*, *Arras*, and *Metz*, at length finiſh'd the Negotiation on the 25*th* of the 11*th Moon* of the laſt Year. Which was juſt ſeven Days after the Nativity of the *French* Princeſs.

This Royal Infant alſo liv'd to ſee *Dunkirk*, one of the ſtrongeſt Sea-Ports in the World, re-deliver'd to her Father by the *Engliſh*, in whoſe Hands it had

had been ever ſince 'twas firſt taken from the *Spaniards*. The King took Poſſeſſion of this important Place in his own Perſon, entring the Town on the 2d of the laſt *Moon*.

'Tis look'd upon as a grand Overſight in the *Engliſh*, thus tamely to part with a Fortreſs which is inexpugnable by Land, and commands the Northern Seas. But Money over-rules all our Conſiderations. And, it ſeems, the *Engliſh* Court had Occaſion for Gold.

There is lately a good Underſtanding eſtabliſh'd between this King and the Emperor of *Germany*. They often write friendly Letters one to another, and ſeem to be perfectly reconcil'd. To ſpeak the Truth, this may be call'd the pacifick Year among the Inhabitants of *Europe:* For, excepting ſome Skirmiſhes and Bravado's of War between the *Spaniards* and the *Portugueze*, all the reſt of *Chriſtendom* is in Peace. And the *Portugueze* have ſo ſtrengthen'd themſelves by marrying their *Infanta* to the *Engliſh* King, that what thro' his Aſſiſtance and the Aid of *France*, they have almoſt reduc'd *Spain* to a Neceſſity of making Peace.

Thou wilt ſay the *Portugueze* have over-reach'd the *Engliſh* in the Dowry they give with their *Infanta*. This is only the Town of *Tangier* in *Barbary*. A Place which will coſt them far more to defend againſt the *Moors* than it is really worth. For, thoſe bold *Africans* will perpetually aſſault the Town, and oblige the King of *England* to maintain a vaſt Garriſon in it, beſides a Multitude of other Expences. This makes the *Portugueze* ſecretly ſmile, to find themſelves handſomely rid of two great and burthenſome Charges, a Daughter of the Royal Blood, and an old Fortreſs of no Uſe or Service, ſave only to diminiſh the Publick Treaſure, and make away with ſome Thouſands of Men every Year.

Illu-

Illuſtrious Grandee, 'tis no ſmall Encouragement to the poor exil'd *Mahmut*, that tho' he be malign'd, ſlander'd, and perſecuted by his Enemies, yet he ſtill finds Protection and Friendſhip from the principal Miniſters. And that inſtead of Checks and Reproaches, to which I was formerly accuſtomed, my Salary is now augmented to the Proportion of my neceſſary Expences; Money is ſent me with a liberal Hand, and my Slanderers are put to Silence and Shame.

Thou mayeſt acquaint the *Divan*, that there is now at this Court the eldeſt Son to the King of *Denmark*. What his Buſineſs is, People conjecture variouſly. Some ſay, 'tis Love; others affirm, 'twas only the Deſire of ſeeing Foreign Courts drew this Prince from his native Country.

Thou mayeſt alſo inform them, that the Duke of *Savoy* has married a Princeſs of the Blood Royal, they call her *Mademoiſelle de Valois*. *Eliachim* the *Jew* lies dangerouſly ſick of a Fever.

As for me, who never had my perfect Health ſince I came to *Paris*, yet I retain a ſound Mind, and a Heart inviolably devoted to the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*: Whom GOD long preſerve on the Throne of the *Ottomans*.

Paris, 10*th of the* 1*ſt Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE is a Man come to this City, a *Calabrian* by Birth, and of all Countries by Education: For he has been a Traveller from his Infancy, if what

what he relates of himſelf be true. He ſpeaks all or moſt of the Languages of *Europe* very fluently, and is reſorted to by People of divers Countries, under the Character of a Fortune-Teller and Phyſician. He performs both Parts to the Admiration of all that have been with him.

The Princes and Nobles of *France* viſit him daily, and ſo do Perſons of meaner Birth. They diſcover to him their ſecret Maladies, and this *Apollo* ſeldom fails of Succeſs in curing them. He beſtows ten Hours a Day in freely converſing with People of all Ranks and Qualities; healing the Diſeaſes of ſome, and telling to others their future Deſtinies.

I went to his Chamber one Day, not to learn my Fate (for I have little Faith in modern Prophets or Aſtrologers; nor to be cur'd of any Diſtemper, having no Eſteem for Quacks and Empiricks; beſides, I was in good Health at that Time) but Curioſity was the only Motive which led me thither, that I might improve myſelf in other Reſpects by this Stranger's Company, and learn ſomething which I knew not before of foreign Courts, whereby I might become more ſerviceable to the *Grand Signior* in this Station, and farther unravel the Secrets of Chriſtian Princes. For ſo it often falls out, that a Man reaps ſome conſiderable Advantage from the Society of Travellers and Men of Experience: And I had good Reaſon to hope for ſome Profit by this Man's Acquaintance, who is thought worthy to be courted by the *Grandees* of *France*.

Wherefore I addreſs'd myſelf to him with Abundance of Ceremony and Regard; uſing alſo as much Diſſimulation as I thought neceſſary to conceal myſelf and the Deſign I had in coveting his Friendſhip. I ſeem'd a great Admirer of judicial Aſtrology, and told him I was very ambitious to learn the Rudiments of that Science from him, having heard his

his Skill highly commended not only by vulgar Fame, but by the Mouths of Men of Senſe and Quality, who gave him a fair Character. I ſaid a great deal more to inſinuate my ſelf into his good Opinion. But there being Company with him, he returned my Compliments with much Civility, and deſir'd me to come to him at a more convenient Seaſon, and to leave my Name, that he might order his Servants to give me a kind Reception at any time, if he himſelf ſhould be out of the way, becauſe it was common to ſend many from the Door, without introducing 'em. I told him my Name was *Titus* of *Moldavia*, and that my Buſineſs at *Paris* was to ſtudy in the *Academy*, in order to my Preferment in the Church. When he had taken this down in Writing, with the Hour and Minute of the Day, after the Manner of Aſtrologers, he begg'd me to excuſe the Neceſſity he was under of returning to his Company; and ſo I took my leave.

Not many Days after, I went to him again, full of Hopes that I ſhould benefit much by his Company. But as ſoon as he ſaw me, he ſurpriz'd me with this Language:

Sir, You have ventur'd much in coming to me; For now 'tis in my Power to diſcover you and your Buſineſs in this City. But if I ſhould betray any Man, my Gift would be taken from me. I am neither a Follower *of* Moſes, Jeſus, *or* Mahomet, *nor of any* Sect *that is now extant on Earth: But I adore the* Spirit *and* Soul *of the* Univerſe, *which is Eternal and Infinite. Therefore I hate no Man for his* Religion, *let it be what it will.* And *you that are not what you ſeem to be, ſhall receive no more Hurt from me in this Place than the* Coadjutor *of* Paris: *For I am of no* Party *or* Faction. *All Men are equally my Friends, who do me no Wrong, and every Place is my Home.*

Thou

Thou may'ſt imagine that I was in no ſmall Aſtoniſhment at this Diſcourſe. But recollecting my Spirits, and conſidering it had always been my Opinion, That theſe Fortune-Tellers deal by Confederacy; and ſuſpecting that my Name being known to him ſo long before, it was not difficult for him to inform himſelf ſomething of me; or that ſome Body of his Acquaintance who knew me, had ſeen me go in and out from him, and ſo told him ſome of my Circumſtances. I made a Shew of going away diſſatify'd, ſaying, *It will be but loſt Time to hearken any longer to you; For I perceive you know nothing of me, in telling me I'm not the Man I ſeem to be.* *No*, reply'd he, with an obliging Kind of Earneſtneſs, *you are an* Arabian, *and ſerve ſome Eaſtern Prince incognito.* Then he went on, and told me in a few Words ſome former Paſſages of my Life. He hinted at the Dangers I had been in, during my Reſidence at *Paris*; mention'd my Captivity at *Palermo* and the Re-encounter I had with my old *Sicilian* Maſter. To be brief, he told me ſo many other Things which I knew to be true of my ſelf, that I grew very uneaſy in his Company, and yet durſt not depart from him of a ſudden, or ſhew any Diſcontent. But muſtering together all the Diſſimulation and Artifice I could, I turn'd the Diſcourſe to other Subjects; ſeeming very importunate to learn *Aſtrology* of him, and promiſing him a large Gratuity, if he would teach me, I fairly took Leave, reſolving, if poſſible, never to ſee him more.

Never was a Man in greater Anxiety than I was when I came Home to my Chamber, and ponder'd what had paſs'd between this Stranger and me. I am not credulous of Miracles, Prophecies, or pretended Revelations. Yet I proteſt ſolemnly, I could not forbear thinking he was endu'd with an extraordinary Faculty of divining, or at leaſt that he was an excellent *Aſtrologer*. Nay, to this day I know not

not well what to conclude of him. He may, for ought I know, be a *Dæmon* incarnate; or perhaps he is a Magician. Sometimes I think one thing, and ſometimes another. If he performs theſe prophetick Parts by Confederacy, ſtill I'm at a loſs how he ſhould come to know ſo much of me, who always thought my ſelf the privateſt Man in *Paris*, and have neglected no Methods that were proper to render me ſuch in truth. Then I ſuſpect my old *Sicilian* Maſter is one of this Man's Correſpondents, and has told him ſome of my Circumſtances: For I have no Reaſon to be jealous of *Eliachim* the *Jew*. It muſt be ſome ſuch Way, or elſe he is more than a Man, that can thus readily penetrate into the Secrets of a Stranger.

Sage *Kaimachan*, I pray God defend thee from the Snares of Counterfeits and falſe Pretenders.

Paris, 13*th of the* 10*th Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XX.

To the Captain Baſſa.

WHAT I am going to relate wou'd ſeem incredible to my ſelf, and for that Reaſon I wou'd not give it any Room in a Letter to all the diſcerning Miniſters of the *Porte*, were it not confirm'd by Letters from ſeveral Merchants in the *North Parts* of *Holland*, to their Correſpondents in this City. And they all agree, That on the 9th Day of the Moon of *November*, a ſtrange Man was ſeen to float on the Sea near the Shore, being ſupported by a Piece of Timber, on which he ſate with a Bottle of ſtrong Waters in his Hand. Thoſe

who firſt beheld this Spectacle, were fiſhing in a ſmall Boat; and judging him to be the Relick of ſome Shipwreck (for there had been violent Tempeſts in thoſe Seas about that time) made up to him, and took him into their Skiff. He expreſs'd his Gratitude for this Kindneſs in the beſt Manner he cou'd, (for no body underſtood his Language.) And when he was come aſhore, he fell on his Knees; and having lift up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, he proſtrated himſelf, and kiſs'd the Earth. His Garments were made of the Skins of Fiſhes, the Hair of his Head of a flaxen Colour, and he ſeem'd not to be faint for want of Suſtenance: Which made every one conclude, that he had kept up his Spirits with that chymical Liquor in the Bottle, which was near half emptied.

As ſoon as he ſaw the riſing Moon, he fell on his Face, and mutter'd certain barbarous Words, knocking his Forehead againſt the Ground: Then he roſe and danc'd after a wild Manner, ſinging pretty natural Airs; and at every Stop, with his right Hand extended, pointed to that Planet, expreſſing both in Tone and Actions much Devotion and Love.

Many learned Men were ſent for, to conſider of this Stranger, and if poſſible, by Signs or other Means, to diſcover from whence he came, and what Fate or Accidents had thus abandon'd him to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, to the Extremity of Hunger, Cold and Watching; and to the devouring Jaws of Sea-Monſters. But all their Efforts were unſucceſsful; they ſpoke to him in ſeveral Languages, he anſwer'd them, but ſtill in a Dialect different from any of theirs, and altogether unknown. He ſeem'd to utter his Words in a Tone between whiſtling and ſinging; which made ſome conclude he was a *Chineſe*, becauſe that People pronounce many of their Letters after the ſame man-

manner. So do the Inhabitants of *Tunquin* and *Malabar*, with other Kingdoms in the Eaſt of *Aſia*; and Letters with them are as ſignificant as Words with the *Europeans*. They ſhew'd him Globes and Maps of the World, done by ſeveral Hands, and in various Languages, with particular Charts of all the maritime Regions on Earth. But to no other purpoſe than to excite his Devotion afreſh to the Moon, whoſe Reſemblance he ſaw on ſome of thoſe Papers. He would ſmile at that Sight, kiſs his Forefinger, and with a religious Complaiſance touch the Figure of that Planet: Then ſeeming to be in a wonderful good-Humour, he would turn round and fall a dancing, with his Arms ſtretch'd and turn'd in the ſame Poſture as thoſe who uſe Caſtagnets, or Cymbals. Singing all the while a ſort of inarticulate Sounds, but ſurprizingly muſical and ſweet. So that no body knew what to make of him.

He appear'd very temperate, modeſt, and reſign'd, refuſing no Meats or Drinks that were offer'd him, yet neither eat nor drank to exceſs: Neither was he diſcontented at his Lodging, or any other Uſage; tho' they tried to vex him ſeveral ways, that they might ſee how he would vent his Paſſion. But he ſmiled at all, and ſubmitted patiently to every thing they impoſed on him.

One thing was obſervable, that where-ever he ſaw any Water, he would run to it immediately, and waſh himſelf, as well as he could in thoſe Circumſtances, never forgetting to ſprinkle ſome toward that Part of the Heaven where the Moon was viſible. And when they led him into the Fields or Gardens, he would crop the Graſs and Flowers, and with a compoſed Look wou'd throw them up in the Air, adding ſuch religious Geſtures as convinc'd every one, that he did it in Honour of ſome Power above. Various were the Conjectures of Men

about him; ſome were of one Opinion, and others of a quite different. No body could poſitively conclude any thing. Neither is it poſſible, as I'm inform'd, for the wiſeſt Men in thoſe Parts to find out this Myſtery.

Perhaps he's ſuch another as *Imaum Rapibabet*, a *Perſian* Writer, mentions, who in the Year of the *Hegira* 502, was taken up by a Merchant-Ship of *India*, in the Streights of *Babel Mandel*, pretending to be dumb, but capable of hearing, writing, and expreſſing himſelf ſeveral other Ways, if any body could have underſtoood his Language. At laſt he was found to be an *Ethiopian* Slave, run away from his Maſter; an ingenious Fellow, and one that ſpoke all the Languages of thoſe Parts; and therefore that he might be admir'd, would be ſure to write in a Character of his own Invention, which the greateſt Sages could not read.

Mighty *Baſſa*, thou encountereſt on that Element with ſtrange Monſters, and Creatures under no Name or Predicament that is known; yet none ſo terrible and dangerous as Cheats and Impoſtors. From which I pray Heaven defend thee and me: For they infeſt both the Sea and Land.

Paris, 17*th of the* 2*d Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THE Term of our long mutual Silence, enjoyn'd us by our Superiors, is now happily expir'd; and we have with good Succeſs manag'd our ſepa-

rate

rate Parts, without holding any Correſpondence together. This was only a Trial of our Fidelity, Conduct, and Obedience; Or perhaps 'twas no more than a Caprice of Policy, or a vain Whim of State For 'tis uſual with great Men, thus to practiſe Experiments on thoſe whom they deſign to employ in the moſt important Affairs. Whatever it be, we have acquitted ourſelves like truſty Slaves; and that's enough for us.

This comes to thy Hand by an *Armenian* Merchant, one in whom I confide. Here are abundance of that Nation in *Paris*, and other Parts of *France*. They travel up and down from one Country and City to another, under the Pretext of *Trading*; but are really *Spies*, ſent from the Princes of the *Eaſt*, to obſerve the Counſels of theſe *Weſtern* Courts, the Deſigns of *Nazarene* Monarchs, and to take an exact Eſtimate of the Strengh and Riches of theſe *Infidels*. For, tho' they outwardly profeſs themſelves to be Followers of *Jeſus*, yet in their Hearts they believe the *Alcoran*, and honour *Mahomet* our *holy Lawgiver*.

There is a Kind of *Magick* in Truth, which forcibly carries the Mind along with it. Men readily embrace the Dictates of ſincere Reaſon, yet thoſe of thy Nation are obſtinate, and ſhut their Eyes wilfully againſt the very Light of Nature. You over-value your ſelves and your *Lineage*, becauſe you are the Poſterity of *Iſaac*, the Son of *Sarah*, the Free-woman and Wife of *Ibrahim*; reproaching us, that we are the Off-ſpring of *Iſmael* the Son of *Hagar*, a Concubine and Slave. You conſider not that *Iſmael* was the *Eldeſt Son* of that glorious *Patriarch*; and that by the Law *of Moſes* it is enacted, That the *Firſt-born* Son ſhall inherit his Father's *Patrimony*, tho' he were the Son of a baſe abject Slave, or hated Concubine. Did *Moſes* make a Law contrary to that of his Fathers: Or, cou'd

Ibrahim the Beloved of GOD, do any thing contrary to the Divine Will? How then cou'd he be guilty of diſinheriting *Iſmael* his eldeſt Son, the Flower of his Strength, and firſt Fruit of his Vigor? Doubtleſs the Majeſty and Light of God which paſſed from *Adam* to *Seth*, *Enoch*, *Noah*, and *Ibrahim*, reſted alſo on *Iſmael*, Heir apparent of the Divine Promiſes, Father of many Princes and noble Nations.

Let thoſe therefore of thy Nation ceaſe to boaſt of their Pedigree, and exalt themſelves above the victorious and triumphant *Iſmaelites*, Children of a high Stock, a Race wherein ſhines forth the Luſtre of the ancient Renown, and the Right of Primogeniture: A Lineage of illuſtrious Honour, multiplied as the Leaves of the Trees, numerous as the Stars of Heaven, proſperous in all things, by the ſpecial Benediction of GOD. Whereas thou know'ſt, the *Iſraelites* never made any great Figure on Earth, and are now reputed no better than Vagabonds throughout the World.

Your *Rabbi*'s Reply to this, by owning that our Father *Iſmael* was indeed a great Prince, but that he was withal a wild and ſalvage Man, who ſupported his Nobility and Grandeur by Rapine and Blood, dwelling altogether in Deſarts and unfrequented Places; robbing the Caravans of Merchants and Travellers; oppreſſing the Poor, and murdering the Innocent. In fine, they give this Character of him, *That his Hand was againſt every Man, and every Man's Hand againſt him.*

To this Accuſation they alſo add another, That the Princes of the *Eaſt* who deſcend from *Iſmael* have all along, even to this Day, eſtabliſhed their Thrones in Cruelty, Maſſacres, and Parricides; Fathers bereaving their Children of the Lives they gave 'em, and Children putting their Parents to Death; Brothers murdering Brothers, and ſacrificing their neareſt Relations to the Maxims of a barbarous

barbarous Policy, the reſtleſs Suſpicions of State. And that all this is more eſpecially manifeſt in the ſublime Houſe of the invincible *Ottomans*.

Theſe are the Charges of *Hebrew* Spight, the Slanders which your Doctors caſt on the Progeny of *Ibrahim*, even on *Iſmael* and his Children, to this Day. But I would have thee, *Nathan*, reflect impartially on Things, and ſuffer not thy Judgment to be impoſed on by the Sophiſtry of your *Scribes*. Look back to the *Primitive Times* of *Iſrael*, examine the written Law, the Records of *Moſes* and the Seniors. There thou wilt meet with frequent Examples of thoſe very Crimes which you lay to our Charge; true Parallels of the ſuppoſed Tyranny and inhuman Actions, with which you tax the unblemiſh'd *Iſmaelites*.

Did not your Father *Jacob* ſupplant his own eldeſt Brother *Eſau?* Did he not cheat his Uncle *Laban* of his Sheep? What was wanting to him of *Iſmael*'s Valour and Fierceneſs, he ſupplied with a Fox-like Craft and Subtilty. Yet how often did he plunder the Children of *Hamor*; and boaſted afterwards of the Preys he had taken from them with his Bow and Spear?

When your Fathers came out of *Egypt*, what a Carnage did *Moſes* their Leader commit, when he commanded the Sons of *Levi* to ariſe with their Swords in their Hands, and every Man to kill his Brother, his Friend, and his Neighbour; ſo that there fell that Day, at the Foot of Mount *Sinai*, Three and Twenty Thouſand Men; Yet for the Sake of this deteſtable Tragedy he bleſſed 'em, ſaying, *You have conſecrated your Hands this Day in Blood, every Man in the Blood of his Neighbour*. Behold the Original of your Prieſthood, which is the *higheſt Rank* of Nobility among the *Jews*.

Remember how your Fathers almoſt cut off the whole Race of *Benjamin*, ſo that there were not above ſix hundred Men of that Tribe left alive. Forget not alſo, how *Abimelech* of the Tribe of *Manaſſe* got the Sovereignty by maſſacring ſeventy of his own Brothers on one Stone. Your own Records ſay, That GOD gave you Kings in his Wrath, among whom there was not one who was not a Man of Blood. And in the whole Catalogue you can ſcarce find four who were not tainted with Sacrilege, Idolatry, and other enormous Vices.

In a word, *Nathan*, both the Sons of *Iſmael* and *Iſaac* were but Men; and if thou haſt nothing elſe to object againſt the former, but what thou muſt confeſs the latter was equally guilty of, I adviſe thee henceforth to lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth, and ceaſe to ſpeak Evil of thoſe againſt whom no Man can ſharpen his Tongue or Pen and proſper.

Paris, *22d of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1663.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

I Concluded my other Letter ſomething imperfectly, and ſhort of my Deſign; being interrupted by a ſudden Deluge of Humours overflowing my Eyes, accompanied with a Tempeſt in my Head, which at once took from me the Power of thinking regularly, and of ſeeing how to write. I am often ſubject to theſe Weakneſſes of late, and to many other Maladies. My Body ſenſibly decays; Age and Care, Watching and Sickneſs, with a thouſand Caſualties

ſualties beſide, have almoſt diſſolv'd this congeal'd Medly of the Elements. Methinks, I am now no more than a poor Skeleton, to which Nature and Fortune have left a dry wither'd Skin, for Modeſty's ſake, to cover its Nakedneſs; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries; ſhrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muſcles, and Cartilages, to tack this Machine of Bones together, and keep it in Motion. In a word, I ſeem to my ſelf to be only a *Hobgoblin* or Ghoſt in diſguiſe; I cannot ſay incarnate, (for I've loſt all my Fleſh) but only bag'd or clouted up in the moſt contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Relicks of Mortality, like a *Maudlin* or *Scarecrow*, I hang together by Geometry.

Yet, ſuch as I am at theſe Years, I ſtill poſſeſs at certain Seaſons more ſerene and vigorous Thoughts, than in the Days of my Youth, when I was full of Marrow and good Blood. I can feel my Soul ſometimes fluttering her Wings, and briſkly ſhaking off the heavy ſlimy Clogs of Earth, of Sleep, and of enchanted Life, or living Death. She ſtruts and plumes herſelf, ſhe mounts aloft and glides in happy, tho' but momentary Foretaſtes of eternal Bliſs. And then lur'd down again by Charms of her accuſtom'd Eaſe and Pleaſure in the Fleſh, ſhe comes to Hand at call, and being hoodwink'd from the radiant Light of Heaven, ſhe tamely perches on the meaneſt ſenſual Appetite, which eaſily conveys her to her wonted Darkneſs. This is the changeable State of Mortals, and we muſt not expect a fixed Condition on this ſide the Sepulchre, the Noble and the Vulgar are equally liable to theſe Inconſtancies of Spirit; neither can the more exalted State of Sovereign Monarchs, priviledge them from the common Frailties of Mankind. They are no otherwiſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meaneſt of their Slaves, than only by the Vaſtneſs of their Poſſeſſions, their numerous Retinue,

their unlimited Power, and the vain Pageantry of external Honour.

If we examine the Origin of Nobility, and Royal Grandeur; if we trace the Genealogies of Princes and Potentates up to their Fountain, we ſhall find the firſt Fathers of theſe noiſy Pedigrees to be cruel Butchers of Men, Oppreſſors, Tyrants, perfidious Truce-breakers, Robbers, and Parricides. In a word, the moſt primitive Nobility was no other than potent Wickedneſs, or dignified Impiety. And all the ſucceſſive Continuations of it by Inheritance, Election, or otherwiſe, even to theſe Modern Times, are but ſo many Traducts of exorbitant Power and Honour, acquir'd and propagated by the moſt enormous Vices, by Practices unworthy of Men, and of which the Authors themſelves are always aſham'd. Therefore they cover their unjuſt Encroachments and Invaſions, with the ſpecious Pretexts of Juſtice and Virtue, calling that Conqueſt, which is no other than downright Robbery, and profeſſing themſelves Patrons of Mens Liberties and Rights, Religion and Laws, whilſt in Effect they are the greateſt Oppreſſors, Hypocrites, Atheiſts, and Out-laws in the World.

This is not only true in the Race of *Iſmael* and *Iſaac*, of whom I made mention in my other Letter, but in all the Families which have ever made any eminent Figure and Noiſe in the World.

What were the four renown'd Monarchies, but ſo many Empires of *Banditti*, Governments of *Freebooters*, *Pyrates*, and *Licens'd Thieves?* As *Diomedes* told *Alexander the Great*, *I*, ſays he, *becauſe I play the private* Corſair, *and cruize up and down the Seas with one ſingle Ship, am accus'd as a* Pyrate: *Thou that doſt the ſame thing with a mighty Fleet, art call'd an* Emperor. *If thou wert alone, and a Captive, as I am, they would eſteem thee no better than a* Thief: *And were I at the Head of a numerous Army, as thou art, I*

ſhou'd

ſhou'd be reverenced as an Emperor. *For as to the Juſtice of our Cauſe, there is no other Difference but this, That thou doſt more Miſchief than I. Misfortune has compell'd me to be a* Thief; *whereas nothing but an intolerable Pride, and inſatiable Avarice, puts thee upon the ſame Courſe of Life. If Fortune would prove more favourable to me, perhaps I might become better: Whereas, thy continual Succeſſes make thee but the worſe. Alexander* admiring the Boldneſs of the Man, and the Reſoluteneſs of his Spirit, gave him a Command in his Army, that ſo he might rob and plunder from thenceforth by Authority.

But I ſhould have begun higher in Antiquity with the Empire of the *Aſſyrians*, founded by *Ninus*, in the Blood and Slaughter, Ruin and Deſtruction of all his Neighbours, and increas'd after the ſame Methods by his Wife *Semiramis*, who begging of her Huſband, that ſhe might reign for five Days, and he granting her Requeſt, ſhe put on the Royal Ornaments, and ſitting on the Throne of uncontroulable Majeſty, commanded the Guards to degrade and kill her Huſband. Which being done, ſhe ſucceeded in the Empire, adding *Ethiopia* to her other Dominions, carrying a War into *India*, and encompaſſing *Babylon* with a magnificent Wall; at laſt ſhe was kill'd by her Son *Ninyas*. Thus was the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy eſtabliſh'd in Regicides, Maſſacres, and Carnage. And by the ſame Methods 'twas tranſlated by *Arbactus* to the *Medes*; he having caus'd *Sardanapalus*, the laſt and moſt effeminate of all the *Aſſyrian* Kings, to die in the midſt of his Concubines. Thus was Treachery and Murther handed down with the Sovereign Power; till at length *Cyrus* the *Perſian*, transferr'd them to this Country; whoſe Son, *Cambyſes*, rais'd the ſecond univerſal Monarchy, on the additional Ruins of many other Kingdoms, cementing it with the Blood of his Brother and his Son. Yet, after all, it was tranſlated

to the *Macedonians*, by *Alexander the Great*, not without an equal Guilt of Parricide, and other exorbitant Vices. From whom at laſt it devolv'd to the *Romans*.

What need I mention the ſcandalous Birth of *Romulus* and *Remus*, the Twin-Sons of an inceſtuous *Veſtal?* Or, their debauch'd Education under a common Proſtitute, fabulouſly veil'd by the *Roman* Hiſtorians, under the Title of a *Wolf*, to render the Origin of their Empire miraculous? Why ſhould I recount the horrid Fratricide committed by *Romulus* on *Remus* his Brother; or the celebrated Rape of *Sabine* Wives, Virgins, and Widows? It will ſeem invidious, to call to mind the deteſtable Murther of *Titus Tatius*, the good old Captain of the *Sabines*, with many other barbarous Maſſacres. Yet, theſe enormous Crimes were the Foundations of the *Romans* Grandeur and Nobility, ſo formidable afterwards to the whole Earth. And the Superſtructure was anſwerable, through all the various Changes and Revolutions of Government, even to the Reign of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, under whom *Rome* gain'd the Title of the *fourth univerſal Monarchy*.

This Emperor, tho' he was eſteem'd the moſt merciful and juſt Prince on Earth, yet he eſtabliſh'd his Throne in the Blood of his Kindred, ſacrificing the Children of his Uncle to the Ends of State: And that he might not deviate from the Royal Ingratitude of other Princes, he barbarouſly extinguiſh'd the Off-ſpring of his Father's Brother, who had adopted him to the Inheritance of the imperial Dignity, ſcorning by an unkingly Tenderneſs, to ſpare the glorious Names of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, to whom he was ſo nearly related, and who had inveſted him with the Power of being ſo inhuman.

I will

I will not make thee ſick by rehearſing the abominable Lives and wicked Actions of the *Nero's*, *Domitian's*, *Caligula's*, *Heliogabalus's*, *Galienus's*, and the reſt of thoſe Royal Monſters. Hiſtory itſelf bluſhes to recite ſuch Prodigies of Impiety, and their very Names are odious to all Generations.

If we paſs from theſe mighty Empires to Kingdoms of leſs Note, we ſhall ſtill trace the Footſteps of the ſame Vices. Both ancient and modern Records are full of theſe Tragedies. The original Kingdom of the *Greeks* took its Riſe from the Parricide of *Dardanus*; and the female Empire of the *Amazons*, began in the barbarous Maſſacre of their Huſbands. All Ages and Nations afford us Examples of this Nature; and the higheſt Honours, Dignities and Commands, were ever acquir'd and maintain'd by the higheſt Injuſtice.

Therefore, honeſt *Nathan*, let thou and I never envy the Nobles and Grandees of the Earth; but contented in our humble Poſts, ſitting under the *Umbrella's* of a happy Obſcurity, let us ſerve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity, and a Zeal void of Injuſtice.

Paris, *22d of the 2d Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XXIII.

To Codarafrad Cheik, *a* Man *of the* Law.

THou wilt approve the Sentence that was yeſterday executed on a *Frenchman* in this City, who ſaid he was the Son of GOD, and had perſuaded a great many poor ignorant People to believe him. He was burnt alive for his Blaſphemy, and his Aſhes

kick'd

kick'd into a Ditch. Had he been convicted of this horrid Impiety in any of the Grand Signior's Dominions, he had undergone the like, or a more terrible Puniſhment: For the *Alcoran* expreſsly ſays, *That* God *has neither Wife, Son, Daughter, or Companion: And that thoſe ſhall ſuffer eternal Pains, who teach any ſuch Doctrine.* Doubtleſs there is but one God, and the *Eternal Unity* cannot be divided, or multiply'd, to make more Gods in Fraction, or procreate an Off-ſpring of diminutive Deities. He, the Father of all Things, dwells in eternal Solitude, and from an infinite Retirement, beholds the various Generations of the Univerſe; they are all equally his Off-ſpring, and 'tis Blaſphemy to affirm he has a Son, or a Daughter, or a Companion like unto himſelf. For he is uncreated, unbegotten, and entire: Sole Poſſeſſor of his own Glory, without Rival or Competitor. There was none before him, neither ſhall there be any after him. He is without *Beginning* or *End.*

But theſe Infidels harbour ſtrange Opinions about a Trinity of Gods, and follow the Doctrines of *Hermes, Triſmegiſtus, Plato, Plotinus,* and other *Pagan Philoſophers,* who aſſerted a *Triad* in the Deity; and on that Baſis, founded all the Polytheiſm of the *Gentiles.* Hence *Pythagoras* drew his *Tetragrammaton,* by playing the chymical Arithmetician, and extracting a Quaternity out of *Three.* But the Poets, not puzzling their Heads with the Myſteries of theſe Divine and unintelligible Numbers, deliver'd their Theology in plain, groſs Fictions, ſuitable to the Capacities of the Vulgar: One midwifing a Goddeſs out of *Jupiter*'s Brains: Another ſtarting a God from his Thigh. But this ſilly Fellow could not derive his Pedigree ſo near as from a little Toe of the Divinity. Therefore, he was deſervedly reduc'd to his firſt Atoms, and ſpurn'd out of the World.

The

The *French* have various Kinds of Puniſhments for Malefactors, but none more terrible than breaking on the Wheel. This is inflicted only on notorious Criminals, and the Manner is thus: The Party condemn'd is faſten'd to a Wheel, with his Arms and Legs extended to their full Length and Wideneſs. Then comes the Executioner, and with an Iron Bar breaks one Bone after another, till the miſerable Wretch is in the Agonies of Death, and ſo he is left to expire in unutterable Torments: For, ſome Men of ſtrong Conſtitutions, will retain Life in this Condition for twelve or more Hours together.

Honourable *Codarafrad*, tho' the Executions of the Eaſt are more ſwift and ſurprizing, than thoſe in the Weſt; yet they are not comparable to them for Cruelty: The worſt Death being but a Minute's Pain.

Sage *Cheik*, I reverence thy accompliſh'd Knowledge in the Laws of Equity and Juſtice.

Paris, 15*th of the* 3*d Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

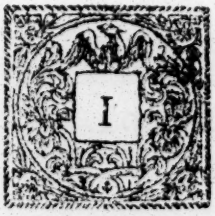
A SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. VI.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Solyman *his* Couſin, *at* Chalcedon.



Commend thee for removing thus from Place to Place; and could wiſh that thou would'ſt not only exchange thy Reſidence thro' all the Cities ſeated on the *Boſphorus*, *Propontis*, *Euxine* Sea, and the *Helleſpont*, but viſit by Turns all the famous Marts in the World.

Praiſe be to God, we are not born in *Muſcovy*, *Ruſſia*, *China*, or under the narrow-ſoul'd Governments of *Lycurgus*, *Plato*, and ſuch kind of jealous Law-givers;

givers; where it would be leſs Puniſhment, than the Loſs of one's Eyes, Ears, and Feet, if not of Life itſelf, to travel out of his native Country, or for a Stranger to come in, excepting Foreign Ambaſſadors and Agents, who in *China* are forced to travel with their Faces veil'd or muffled from the Confines to the Court, leſt they ſhould ſpy the Diſadvantages of the Country.

Doubtleſs this is repugnant to the Law of Nature and Nations, an Oppreſſion of Humanity, and directly oppoſite to the Purpoſe of GOD, when he deſign'd and made us for ſociable Creatures: For, the whole Earth is but as one Country or Province, common to Men and Beaſts. 'Tis our Element, and therefore we ought to be free in it, to range where we pleaſe, as the Fowls do in the Air, and the Fiſh in the Sea, without any Law, Reſtraint, or Injury. Such a Thought as this, made *Socrates*, when he was aſk'd, *What Countryman he was?* anſwer, *I am a Native of the Univerſe, and therefore free to live where I will.*

Thou know'it our Couſin *Iſouf* has travell'd over all *Aſia* and *Africk*, with ſome Parts of *Europe*. My Brother *Peſteli Hali*, has alſo viſited many Regions in the Eaſt. Both of them have improv'd their Eſtates and Fortunes in the World, the one at *Aſtracan*, the other at *Conſtantinople*. Follow their Steps, and thou may'ſt have thy Heart's Content. Go, and obſerve the different Manners of Men, their various Cuſtoms, Laws and Religions. Survey the *Mountains*, *Vallies*, *Deſarts*, *Rivers*, *Lakes*, *Seas*, *Cities*, *Caſtles*, *Palaces*, and all the other deſirable Objects, which embelliſh this Globe.

But beware of the Infirmity of moſt Travellers, who, *Camelion*-like, change their Humour and Manners as the Regions vary thro' which they paſs: Meer Mimicks, Buffoons and Apes, who place their Excellency in imitating every Thing they ſee, or meet

meet with. Thus degenerating from themſelves; inſtead of improving their Minds in true Science and Wiſdom, and hardening their Bodies to endure patiently the Injuries of the Elements, with all the Fatigues and Contingencies of human Life, which are the chief Ends of travelling, next to that of learning how to ſerve our Sovereign and our Country in a more refined Manner.

Solyman, never think that thou wilt deſerve the Character of a prudent Traveller, if at thy Return thou canſt only boaſt of ſtrange and incredible things thou haſt ſeen, tell monſtrous Romances, and Fictions more fabulous than thoſe of the *Gentile* Poets. Aim at ſolid Knowledge, and the Improvements of a rational Creature. As thou goeſt out a *Muſſulman*, ſo return; but with all the Advantages that may recommend thee for a Perſon accompliſh'd in *Hiſtory*, *Morals*, *Politicks*, and *Divine Philoſophy*.

If thou dareſt not undertake a Ramble at large, go to thy Couſin *Iſouf* at *Aſtracan*, where he is ſettled in a Way of Traffick and Merchandize. Take thy Voyage by the *Black Sea*, and the *Palus Mæotis*. Caſt thy Eyes on the antient Kingdom of *Colchis*, as thou ſaileſt by her Shores; conſider the Temper of the *Mingrelians*, *Circaſſians*, and *Tartars*, with the reſt of the People through whoſe Territories thou wilt paſs. And when thou arriveſt at *Aſtracan*, tell my Couſin *Iſouf*, that I wiſh'd thee to take this Courſe: He will reſpect thee for thy Uncle's Recommendation. Shew him this Letter, and let his own Eyes ſee the Hand-writing of *Mahmut*, the aged, weather-beaten Slave of the Earth's Great Sovereign; the old, grey, griſled Watchman of the Sublime *Porte*, which is the Refuge of Mortals. He will find many Opportunities to advance thee. But I adviſe thee to wean thy ſelf from all Fondneſs, Inconſtancy, and Diſcontent. Be true to thy Truſt,

ſedu-

ſedulous and active, patient and reſign'd. Take all things as they come from Deſtiny, without being peeviſh or fretful.

So may God bleſs thee, and give thee the Riches of the Earth, and the ſweet Influences of Heaven; make thee happy here and hereafter. Finally, may thy Reſt be on high in Paradiſe.

Paris, *1ſt of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1663.

LETTER II.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

THere is no doubt, but when thou waſt in the *Indies*, the Names of Sultan *Dara*, *Sujah*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Morad Batche*, were not leſs known to thee, than that of their Father *Cha Iehan*, the *Grand Mogul*. Thy Buſineſs as well as Curioſity, call'd thee often to the Court, where thou haſt heard the Characters of theſe young Princes, whoſe early Years furniſh'd the World with Matter of Noiſe and great Expectations, and gave the old Monarch that begat 'em Trouble and Care enough to keep them in Order, and prevent their Machinations againſt one another as well as againſt himſelf. For in thoſe Days he ſaw his Family divided into Factions, and a Royal Envy mix'd with Ambition, whetting Brothers and Siſters againſt each other, who by Nature were made for the Offices of reciprocal Love.

Surely, 'tis but a glorious Infelicity for Children to be thus born Candidates of a Crown, when each

is

is oblig'd by a Principle of Self Preſervation, to purſue his Claim, in a Method wholly repugnant to Humanity, and the Affection that is due to thoſe of the ſame Blood: When ſhaking off all Tenderneſs and Compaſſion, the Sons of one Mother muſt ſheath their Swords in each others Bowels, to prevent their own Fate; and raviſh a Crown by Force, to ſave their Lives.

Yet this is the Misfortune of all the *Eaſtern* Courts, that they cannot ſee a Prince aſcend the Throne without the Slaughter of his Brethren, and all that can be ſuſpected to pretend, or ſtand in Competition with him for the Sovereignty.

However, it muſt be confeſs'd that the *Indian* Policy in this Point is far more generous than that of the *Ottomans* or *Perſians*; who either immediately after their Poſſeſſion of the Throne, murder in cold Blood all the reſt of their Lineage; or at leaſt impriſon them in ſome dark Dungeon during their Lives, and not ſeldom put out their Eyes. And this is owing to the Diſadvantage the unhappy Children of our Monarchs lie under, in that from their Infancy they are confin'd to the *Seraglio*, and educated under the Tutelage of Women and Eunuchs, even during the whole Life of their Father; ſo that he who is advanc'd to the Throne, has all the reſt in his Cuſtody the firſt Hour of his Reign.

Whereas, in *Indoſtan* the Princes of the Blood are committed to able and learned Tutors, and as they grow in Years, increaſing alſo in Knowledge, Wiſdom and Courage, they are diſpoſed of, every one ſuitable to his Capacity. Some being made Miniſters of State, others Generals of Armies, or Governors of Provinces: Whereby each is put in a Condition to make Parties for himſelf, among the Grandees and thoſe of inferior Degree, and to fortify his Intereſt in Court and City, Country and Camp. Thus an open Field is left for all to try

their

their Wit and Courage in, for the Sake of Inheritance; and 'tis more equal to let them nobly ſkirmiſh for a Crown, and make a warlike Lottery for Life or Death, than ſet up one with the Advantage and Character of a Butcher, and turn the *Seraill'* to a *Shambles*, always polluted with *Royal innocent Blood*.

But every State purſues its own Maxims; and there are not wanting Men of the Law, who juſtify this inhuman Conduct of our Sultans, as the only Means to prevent publick Diſtractions and civil Wars; which always happen where there are many Pretenders to the Imperial Dignity; as it lately fell out in the *Indies*.

I need not acquaint thee with what particular Dignities and Commands the *Great Mogul* inveſted his four Sons. Thou could'ſt ſufficiently inform thy ſelf of theſe things when thou waſt at *Dehli*, the Capital City of *Indoſtan*. Neither need I ſay any thing of *Rauchenara Begum*, or his Siſter *Saheb*, the two Daughters of *Cha Iehan*. Thou haſt been there in Perſon; know'ſt more of theſe things than I, who am oblig'd to the Merchants and Travellers for all my Intelligence of the *Indian* Affairs.

But I can certify thee of ſomething which has been tranſacted there ſince thy Return to *Conſtantinople*; the Fame whereof perhaps is not yet arriv'd to the Imperial City.

Know then, that in the Year 1655, a Rumour being ſpread abroad through the Provinces of *India*, that *Cha Iehan* was dead, each of his four Sons began to lay about him for the Crown. They did all that is uſual in ſuch Caſes for ambitious Perſons to do, by courting the *Omrahs* and *Rajahs* with large Preſents and larger Promiſes, by obliging the Soldiery with immenſe Largeſſes; in a word, by rouzing up the Friendſhip and Integrity of their Adherents, and by winning over Strangers to their diffe-

rent

rent Parties, with whatſoever elſe was thought neceſſary to carry on a proſperous War againſt one another: For the innate Deſire of reigning had equally poſſeſs'd them all. But Deſtiny, which appoints and conſummates human Events, had reſerv'd the Crown for *Aurengzebe*, who ſurpaſs'd all the reſt in Policy and Diſſimulation.

With profound Craft this Prince over-reach'd his younger Brother *Morad Batche*, and put him in Chains in the midſt of *Morad*'s own Army; pacifying the Officers with Bribes, and the common Soldiers with Increaſe of their Pay, whilſt he ſent their General away Priſoner to one of his ſtrongeſt Caſtles. This was the firſt conſiderable Stroke he gave toward the gaining a Crown. For now he was not only rid of one Competitor, and the moſt dangerous of all the reſt, but alſo became Maſter of his Army and all his Treaſure; which being join'd to his own, put him in a Condition to purſue his good Fortune with Succeſs. Yet the War laſted almoſt ſix Years; his Brother Sultan *Sujah* keeping him in play on the Side of *Bengal*, and Sultan *Dara* near the Capital Cities of *Agra* and *Dehly*.

But at laſt they were both forced to yield to the Fortune of *Aurengzebe*. In fine, he was eſtabliſh'd and now ſits on the Throne of his Fathers; whilſt they fell Sacrifices to the Jealouſy and Revenge of their victorious Brother; being, as I am inform'd, taken Priſoners, and afterwards poiſoned, or hurried out of the World ſome other Way.

Thus paſſes away human Glory like a Cloud driven before the Wind; or like the Smoak of a Fire, which looks bright and gay for a while, crackles and gives Heat to all that are near it, but is either ſuddenly quench'd with Water, or evaporates into Air, and is no more remember'd.

Dear *Peſteli*, conſider that this Earth is not our native Country: We are Foreigners here below; let

let us improve our ſelves, by every thing we encounter, in Knowledge and Virtue, without learning the Vanity and Vices of Mortals.

Paris, *4th of the 6th Moon, of the Year* 1663.

LETTER III.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

HERE is great Rejoycing for the Converſion of a certain Proteſtant Prince to the Faith of the *Roman* Church. They call him the Duke of *Mecklembourgh*. He is ſaid to ſpring from an ancient Race of Kings among the *Vandals*. This Court careſſes him in an extraordinary Manner, as they uſually do all Proſelytes of his high Quality; as for poor and vulgar Converts, they ſerve only to become the Prieſts Slaves and Aſſes.

The King, who is ſtiled *The eldeſt Son of the Church*, and therefore ought to appear a living Demonſtration of her boaſted Virtues, has been very liberal of his Favours to the new Devotee, creating him *Knight of the Holy Spirit*, which is the moſt ſublime Degree of Honour in this Kingdom, next to that of being made Peer of the Realm.

Couriers arrive one at the Heels of another from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who is cruiſing about on the *Mediterranean*. But I cannot get a Sight of any of them, nor learn what their Expreſſes contain. The Courtiers and Stateſmen here are the very Whirlpools of Intelligence. Whatever News is communicated to them, is ſwallow'd up and loſt for ever in profound Silence. They receive all, but return none

none again. However, People take the Liberty to gueſs every Man according to his Reaſon or Fancy. Some ſay, the Duke of *Beaufort* has engaged with a Fleet of *Algerines*, and driven them into their Harbour with great Loſs on their Side, and Triumph on his. Others laugh at this as only a Court Romance, who ſtrive to prepoſſeſs the Nation with proſperous Stories of the King's Arms, both by Sea and Land. Whilſt a third Sort affirm, That thoſe Diſpatches come not from the Duke of *Beaufort*; who, they ſay, is dead, being kill'd by a Cannon-Bullet, in an Encounter with the *Corſairs* of *Barbary*: But, that they are ſent from the next chief Officers in the *Thoulon* Fleet, to give the King an Account of his Death, and receive new Orders.

In the mean while, we are wholly taken up here at preſent with the Reception of the *Swiſs* Ambaſſadors. They made their publick Entry into *Paris* yeſterday, after they had been magnificently entertain'd at the *Caſtle of the Wood*. A thouſand Chariots accompanied them through the Streets of *Paris*. They are brave jolly Perſons, Sons of *Bacchus*, and Hirelings to *Mars*, ſtout in a Wine-Cellar, and no Cowards in the Field.

Courteous *Baſſa*, Thou ſeeſt I do not forget my Friends, but ſend to all by Turns, the Advices that come to my Hands. I wiſh thou would'ſt favour me with a ſhort Sketch of thy Pleaſure with the *Grand Signior*, in the neighbouring Plains of *Adrianople*.

Paris, 10*th of the* 11*th Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

'TIS hard to determine whether the *French* King excels moſt in *Martial* Affairs, or in thoſe of *State*. He is good at both. His Counſels are wiſe, and his Actions great. A Man both in Body and Mind form'd for Empire: And out-ſtripping his Years in all things ſave the Affairs of Love. Theſe indeed he purſues with youthful Vigour and Paſſion, being by Nature very amorous, and eſteem'd the handſomeſt Prince of this Age, by thoſe who conſider a regular Shape, graceful Features, and a majeſtick Awfulneſs in the Face, as the principal Ingredients in a maſculine Beauty.

'Tis certain, he's very acceptable to the Ladies, who are the moſt competent Judges in this Caſe. And they value him ſo much the more, becauſe his Love never abates the due Sentiments a Monarch ought to have of his Glory. For he gratifies both Paſſions, without ſuffering them to interfere, managing his ſofteſt Intrigues with ſuch exquiſite Prudence, as he ſtill comes off a *Hero*.

He has had many a Miſtreſs, and 'tis a manifeſt Diſcovery of his Wit, that he never faſten'd his Affections on any that deſerv'd not the ſame Character. She that has the greateſt Share in his Heart at preſent, is call'd the *Ducheſs* of *Vaujour*; a Woman rais'd to that Title by the King's Bounty for the ſake of his Love. She has a refin'd Wit, and that's all can be ſaid in her Praiſe. For, as to her Body, 'twould hardly tempt an indifferent *Painter* to employ his Skill, unleſs it were, in deſcribing what the *Taylor* endeavours to hide, and

that's a Deformity much like mine, a remarkable Bunch in the Back, yet this great Monarch loves her paſſionately, and will not be eaſily croſs'd in his Amours.

The Queen and his Mother have endeavour'd by divers Methods to reclaim him; but all prove ineffectual. A while ago they ſet his Confeſſor to work, who, with abundance of unſeaſonable Gravity, repreſented to the young invincible Monarch, the ill Conſequences of unlawful Love (for theſe Infidels eſteem none Lawful, but what is beſtow'd only on one Wife.) He ſaid all that was proper for a *Jeſuit* to urge on ſuch an Occaſion, and a great deal more; threatning the Royal Lover with ſevere Penance, and I know not what. Impatient of this Diſcourſe from a Subject, yet reſpecting the Character he bore as a Prieſt, the King with a reſerv'd Countenance, thank'd him for his pious Counſel, telling him withal, that for the future he diſcharg'd him from his Service, being reſolv'd to obey the old Canons of the Church, and confeſs to none but the Prieſt of the Pariſh. Thus the poor *Jeſuit* was diſcarded, and beſides the King's Diſpleaſure, he has drawn upon himſelf the Cenſures and Curſes of his whole Order, for diſobliging ſo potent a Monarch, only to pleaſe two peeviſh Women.

Illuſtrious Miniſter, Kings are as Gods on Earth, and they eſteem it a Profanation of their Divinity, when their Actions are too narrowly ſcann'd by their Subjects.

Paris, *7th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

THE News which thy Letter imparts, would affect me with incredible Delight, were ſuch a thing poſſible to come to paſs. It is a long time ſince I have been weary of dwelling in *Paris*, and of converſing only with Infidels. There is a perfect Antipathy between their Humours and mine. And 'tis no ſmall Violence a Man does to his Nature in ſuch a Caſe, when all his Actions and Words are counterfeited. This goes mightily againſt the Grain. But I have thought nothing too much to do or ſuffer for our great Maſter's Intereſt: And I'm ſtill of the ſame Reſolution. Yet Nature itſelf abhors Force and Reſtraint. Therefore 'twould be a vaſt Comfort to be recall'd from this diſagreeable Station, and plac'd in ſome other Poſt, where I might ſerve GOD and the *Grand Signior* with more Eaſe.

Beſides, I have met with nothing but Perſecutions and Reproaches from ſome at the *Seraglio*, ever ſince I came to this City; as I have often hinted in my Diſpatches to the *Grandees*, and particularly once to the noble *Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa*, our Countryman and Friend. Wherein I alſo implor'd his Favour and Interceſſion, that I might have Leave to retire into *Arabia*, and ſpend the reſt of my Days in the Place where I firſt drew my Breath; or at leaſt, that I might be permitted to return to *Conſtantinople*, and give an Account of my Agency in theſe Parts, tho' it were to the Loſs of my Head, if I deſerv'd it.

I perceive that generous *Baſſa* took Compaſſion on my Sufferings, and has done his utmoſt to relieve me. 'Tis to him I owe the Propoſal that was made

in the *Divan*, of ſending me to the Court of the *Grand Mogul*, there to negotiate ſome private Affairs of Importance for the *Sultan*.

There is nothing that I have had a greater Paſſion for theſe many Years, than the Happineſs of viſiting thoſe remote Parts of the Earth, ſo venerable for the Antiquity of their Inhabitants, and the Excellency of their Laws, Cuſtoms, Religion, and Government; I mean, the *Gentile Indians*, and not the *Race* of the *Moguls*, who came out of *Tartary*, and are but of yeſterday, in compariſon with the *Aboriginal* People whoſe Genealogies and Poſſeſſions of that *Country* ſtretch beyond all the *Records* in the *World* beſide.

Ever ſince I read the *Journal* of thy Travels in the *Eaſt*, I was inflam'd with an ardent Deſire to ſee that renown'd *Nation*, to converſe with the *Bramins* and pry into the Myſteries of their unknown Wiſdom which occaſions ſo much Diſcourſe in the *World*.

I know not what ails me, but I promiſe my ſelf more Satisfaction from their *Books*, were I capable of underſtanding the *Language* in which they are writ, or from the Lips of thoſe *Prieſts* who have 'em in their Cuſtody; than from all the *Prophets* and *Sages* in the *World*. I fancy I ſhould find ſomething prodigiouſly ſtrange and amazing in their *Hiſtory*, yet ſquaring with human Reaſon, and Probability of Truth. I ſhou'd meet with Arguments which I cannot yet ſtart, to prove the *Eternity* of the *World*; Arguments clear and demonſtrative: Such as wou'd eſtabliſh this *Doctrine*, againſt all Objections that have or can be made to the contrary.

The *Idea* which I already entertain of ſo unmeaſurable a Duration, is only founded on my own natural Thoughts, and ſupported by the concurrent Opinion of ſeveral antient *Philoſophers*. But I ſhou'd hope to ſee it diſcover'd by theſe *Indian Records*, to be a Truth as bright as the Sun, and fix'd as the Center of the Earth.

There

There is another thing, for which I mightily admire the *Indians*; and wherein I endeavour to imitate them to the utmoſt of my Power: That is, the Juſtice and Tenderneſs they ſhew towards the Beaſts. 'Tis a thing which needs a conſiderable Expiation, if by Chance they kill any living Creature: But, if they do it wilfully, out of cruel Wantonneſs or Malice, and not in their own Defence, 'tis puniſh'd with Death, no leſs than if they had murther'd a Man. No Care of Health, or Fear of Diſſolution by Sickneſs, can tempt one of the *Brachman Race*, to taſte a Bit of Fleſh: Much leſs cou'd they be induced by the meer Pleaſure of their Appetites, to commit that which they eſteem ſo enormous a Sin, and the very Fountain of all other Vices. They count it the greateſt Injuſtice that can be, to ſuſtain their own Lives by the Death of any of their Fellow-Animals; and they eſteem it a Puſillanimity unbecoming a Man, when he dares not venture his Life on the Fruits of the Earth, and the Milk of Cattle, which he may enjoy in Innocence, and Nature affords him more than enough, of all ſorts of lawful Nouriſhment.

This religious Abſtinence, is the Mother of Heroic Virtues; and thoſe who practiſe it inviolably, are always in a State to contemn the World, Death, and all momentary Things. Hence it is, that the *Indians* go to the *Inviſible World* as chearfully, as they wou'd take a Journey to *China*, and *Perſia*, *Turky*, or any other Part of the Earth. For they eſteem *Death* no other than a Setting-out, or Voyage of the *Soul* to a more agreeable Region.

But, I need not inſiſt ſo much on theſe Things to thee, who haſt been among them, and art familiarly acquainted with their *Genius* and Inclination. I ſlide into this Diſcourſe inſenſibly, by the Pleaſure I take in thinking of theſe People and their admirable Virtues, as a Man falls in Love with a

beautiful Woman, by attentively gazing on her, and many times forgets himſelf and the Buſineſs he was about, commits Errors and Indecencies, and thro' the Confuſion of his Spirits, is quite loſt, like one in a Wood.

To return therefore to my Purpoſe: A Journey to the *Indies* would be very pleaſant to me on ſeveral other Accounts. The very Stars of my Nativity inclin'd me to travel, and from my Cradle in my Father's Houſe, I was tranſported to *Conſtantinople*, many hundreds of Leagues from the Place of my Birth. Thou know'ſt what a Roamer I've been ſince that time: And I can aſſure thee, I retain the ſame Diſpoſition ſtill. But there's no Country under the Moon which I wiſh to ſee with greater Earneſtneſs, than *Indoſtan*, the very Name whereof ſounds almoſt as ſweet as that of Paradiſe. Doubtleſs, 'tis the *Eden* of the Earth in many reſpects. And the Inhabitants believe there was no better for the Original Parents of Mankind to dwell in, ranking the Hiſtory of *Moſes* on that Subject in the Number of celebrated Fables. I approve not this Cenſure of the *Indians*; yet I tell thee as a *Muſſulman*, I dare ſay, the myſterious Writings of *Moſes* are quite miſunderſtood by the greateſt part of Mankind. Neither can any two of his Interpreters agree exactly, which was the particular Situation of Paradiſe. Some plant that Garden in *Meſopotamia*, others in *Paleſtine*; and a third Sort affirm, 'twas in *Egypt*: This Man will have it in *Aſia*, that in *Africa*. They are divided in their Opinions. And I might as well ſay, 'twas under the *Red Sea* between them both; and bring as many *Cabaliſtick* Proofs to defend it. But, it ſignifies nothing to us, let it be where 'twill. Every Place is a Paradiſe, which a Man fancies to be ſo; and nothing can beat me off from the Conceit I have of the *Indies*.

Beſides, I ſhou'd take a vaſt Delight in my Journey thither; whether I went by the Way of the *Black*

Black Sea, and ſo through the ancient Kingdoms of *Colchis*, *Georgia*, and *Cathay*, coaſting along the Foot of Mount *Taurus:* Or, by the more common Road, through *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Perſia*. Either Way wou'd afford Matter of Thought to a contemplative Man, whilſt in ſome Places he beholds the Ruins of famous Cities; and his Eyes revel on the Spoils of Time, of Fire, of War, or of Earthquakes. In others, he beholds whole Provinces laid waſte, and diſpeopled, only meeting here and there a few Cots, Herds, or Tents of *Arabs*, *Tartars*, or *Circaſſian* Herdſmen; who ſtraggle up and down the pleaſant Fields of *Aſia*, to pick and chuſe convenient Paſtures for their Cattle.

How pleaſant would it be to travel through my own Country, and behold the Tents of the Sons of *Iſmael*, ſpread o'er the Plains of the vaſt and horrible Deſart? To meet with *Emirs* and *Sheghs* of *Arabia*, with their Flocks and Herds, ſummering it up and down, and frolicking from Mountain to Valley at their Pleaſure.

From this to paſs to another Variety in *Perſia*, wou'd be equally diverting. What kind of Thoughts ſhould I have whilſt on my Bed, within the Walls of *Bagdat*, the Stage of ſo many great and renown'd Actions mention'd in antient Hiſtory! I ſhould call to mind *Semiramis*, the Foundreſs of that noble City, and all her Wars with the *Indians* and other Nations of the Eaſt. I ſhould reflect on her Policy, and the Weakneſs of her Son *Ninyas*. I ſhould conſider the various Tranſlations of the *Eaſtern Empire*; the alternate Fates of the *Medes*, *Aſſyrians*, *Babylonians*, and *Perſians*. And from thence I ſhould naturally fall upon the Conqueſt of *Alexander the Great*; the Riſe of the *Macedonian* Empire; the Death of that mighty *Hero* in *Babylon*, and the cantonizing the Empire among his chief Officers. Such Memoirs as theſe, would waken my Thoughts of the Vanity of all hu-

man Affairs, as it does at this time: And particularly I reflect on my Folly, in ſetting my Heart ſo much on travelling to a Country, which I am never like to ſee.

For, alas, my dear Brother, I am not able to endure at this Age the Hardſhips of ſo long a Journey, as I could in my Youth. Much Sickneſs has impair'd the Strength of my Conſtitution. I am grown as tender as an Infant. The leaſt Puff of Wind is ready to blow out the Flame of Life. And whereas formerly, neither Heat nor Cold, Hunger nor Thirſt, Labour or Watching could hurt me; now my Health receives Damage from every one of theſe. I could not poſſibly out-live the Fatigue and Pain of travelling two or three Days together without a Drop of Water to refreſh my panting Soul. An habitual Fever has made me the thirſtieſt Man in the World. Then I am not able to bear the ſcorching Heat of the Sun, to which a Traveller in thoſe Parts is neceſſarily expoſed. I ſhould daily diſſolve like Wax, or rather exhale in Smoke, in the midſt of ſo many Fervors. In a word, my Body is ſo infirm, that I am very ſure to die, before I can get half way to *Indoſtan*, let me take the neareſt Road I can.

Yet, if the *Miniſters* of the *Porte* ſhall think fit to ſend me, I am reſign'd. For I take no farther Care of my Life, than as I may be ſerviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

I intend to write to our illuſtrious Friend about it. In the mean time do thou for me, what the Prudence of a Man, and the Affection of a Brother ſhall ſuggeſt, as moſt conducing to the Intereſt of our Sovereign, and our own Honour, which we ought to prefer to our Lives.

Our Mother is in Health, and ſalutes thee with a tender Embrace.

Paris, *9th of the 3d Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THIS Court of late makes a double Figure; the one of real Sorrow for the Ducheſs of *Savoy*'s Death, who was of the Blood Royal of *France*; the other of counterfeit Mourning for the Death of *Carolus Joſephus*, Brother to the *German* Emperor. For they inwardly rejoyce at this latter, and wiſh the whole Houſe of *Auſtria* were laid in their Graves: That Family being the only Obſtacle to the Grandeur at which the *French* Monarchy aſpires; the only Rub which Cardinal *Richlieu* and his Succeſſor *Mazarini* found in their Way, when they ſought to exalt the *Bourbons* to the Empire of the *Weſt*.

The Riſe and Fall of Kingdoms, the various Changes of Government, the alternate Fate of Nations, are Themes worthy of a *Muſſulman*'s Thoughts; conſidering that the victorious and happy *Oſmans* at this Day poſſeſs the Territories of ancient Renown, the Provinces and Dominions which formerly made the greateſt Figure and Noiſe in the World.

What is now become of the moſt famous Monarchies of *Babylon*, *Perſia*, *Aſſyria*, *Macedon*, *Greece*, and *Rome*? Look for the myſterious and learned Kingdom of *Egypt*; the religious State of the *Jews*; the moſt ancient Kingdoms of the *Sicyonians* and *Argives*; the Commonwealths of *Lacedæmon* and *Athens*; with many other Countries mentioned in the Records of Time, and we ſhall find them all ſwallowed up in the univerſal Empire of the *Ottomans*.

The Hiſtory of *Beſus*, and how he got the Sovereignty by Hunting; of *Ninus* his Son, who firſt taught the World the Methods of *Idolatry*; of *Semiramis*, *Nynias*, *Sardanapalus*, *Arbaces*, *Belochus*, and

the reſt of thoſe *Aſſyrian* Monarchs, ſound now like an antiquated Tale or Dream. Neither is there any more Life at this time in the *Babylonian* and *Perſian* Regiſters. The mighty Acts of the *Nebuchadnezzars*, *Cyrus's*, and the reſt of thoſe renown'd Conquerors, now ſerve but as Foils to ſet off the more glorious Enterprizes and Succeſſes of our immortal Sultans.

'Tis true, the *Perſians* at this Day retain ſome Fragments of that once vaſt and formidable *Eaſtern* Empire. And the *Germans* have a Shadow of the ancient Imperial Majeſty of the *Romans*. But both the one and the other are grown effeminate and weak; they have loſt the Virtue, the Power, and Fortune of their Predeceſſors.

Thou haſt travell'd over all the Dominions of the *Sophi*, and been an Eye-witneſs of the *Perſian* Luxury, Libertiniſm, and Nakedneſs. Thou haſt ſeen the Off-ſpring of heroick Sages transform'd to Swine, Dogs, Aſſes, and other contemptible Brutes, as if they'd drank of *Circe's* Cup. So fatal is it to decline from the Way of Virtue; nay, ſo impoſſible even to ſtand ſtill in that ſacred Path, without being violently pull'd backward. In a word, thou art ſo thoroughly acquainted with the preſent State of *Perſia*, and all its Cirumſtances, that I ſhould appear too officious in pretending to deſcribe, either the Country, or the People that inhabit there.

But as to *Europe* thou profeſſeſt thy ſelf a Stranger and haſt commanded me to characterize this Quarter of the World: Wherein *Germany* makes the moſt majeſtick Figure by Land, *England* and *Holland* by Sea: *Spain* boaſts of her Gold; whilſt *France* treaſures it up to pay her Armies, to keep foreign Kings in Penſion, to build mighty Fleets and magnificent Palaces; to corrupt the *German* Princes, and make 'em Pimps to her Ambition, Inſtruments of her deſign'd Grandeur, which is no leſs than the *Weſtern* Empire.

As

As for the Duke of *Savoy* he is a mere *Tennis-Ball*, or a *Shuttle-Cock*, bandied to and fro between the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

The *Swiſſes* are poor and mercenary. They cannot ſtay at home, unleſs they could banquet on the Turfs and Stones: For all the Fleſh, Fruit, and Corn in the Land, is not half enough to keep them alive, and they have little or no Money but what they get abroad. This makes 'em all Travellers, and moſt of them take up the Trade of War. They ſerve the *Pope*, the *French* King, and many other Princes for Pay: And where they once engage they are very true to their Truſt. But, I can tell thee, they would be unwilling to fight for the *Grand Signior*, unleſs he would allow 'em plenty of Wine, which thou know'ſt is contrary to the Diſcipline of the *Muſſulman*'s Armies; and theſe *Swiſſes* are the profeſſed Adorers of *Bacchus*.

The *Hollanders* are induſtrious and rich; they mind nothing but Merchandizing and Mechanicks. They would fain engroſs the Trade of the *Indies* and the *Levant* to themſelves. They traffick that they may be in a Condition to fight, and they fight to eſtabliſh their Commerce; having no Senſe of Honour, but only of Profit. If they attempt any Conqueſt, or make an Invaſion, it muſt be in *America*, or ſome other remote Country; for they are only upon the defenſive among their Neighbours, not daring to be the firſt Aggreſſors in a War: In a word, they're like a Neſt of Piſmires, that trudge up and down continually to get Proviſion, but ſting and bite thoſe under whoſe Protection they live, if they have an Opportunity.

'Tis thought the Prince of *Orange*, who deſcends from an illuſtrious Stock, will e're long reduce thoſe Republicans to another Form of Government. The *French* ſtyle him the *Head* and *Heart* of the *United States*, and theſe, thou know'ſt, command the *Hands* and *Feet*.

Germany is counted the Bulwark of *Chriſtendom* againſt the mighty Power of the *Ottomans* and *Tartars*. But in my Opinion, one of our Ambaſſadors at the Emperor's Court gave a truer Deſcription of it, when he compar'd *Germany* to a great Monſter with many Heads and Tales, which having a Deſire to break thro' a certain quick-ſet Fence or Hedge, and each particular Head making way where it could beſt, among the leſs entangled Branches, were all caught in ſo many different Nooſes, by the Interpoſition of ſtrong Trees, and ſo the Monſter was forc'd to retire with Shame and Loſs: Whereas, he ſaid, the *Oſman* Empire was like an Animal with one Head and many Tails, and that one Head not encountering the like Difficulties, eaſily paſs'd thro', being follow'd by the Tails with one Conſent, as the untwiſted Ends of a ten-ſtring'd Cord paſs thro' a Ring or Hole, when the united Part has led them the Way.

I ſhould have mention'd *Italy*, *Poland*, *Denmark*, *Muſcovy*, and other Regions of *Europe*, but it would be too tedious for one Letter, which I ſhould neither have Time to write, nor thou Patience to read at once.

Therefore, I deſire thee to accept of this only as a rough Draught, an imperfect ſketch of ſome Parts of the *Weſt*. But in my future Diſpatches I will imitate the Painters, and endeavour to draw each Member and Lineament of the great Body to the Life, as near as I can diſcern 'em by the Lights I have in *Paris*.

Paris, 10*th of the* 4*th Moon,*
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

MAY GOD multiply his Bleſſings on thee, and cauſe thy Heart to ſparkle with freſh Lights, and new Joys, like the Sky-Rockets on a *Dunalma*, (or *Royal Holiday*.) Accept alſo a ſmall Preſent, not worth an Inventory, (conſiſting only of a few Pictures, Looking-glaſſes, Watches, and other Manufactures of *France*) from the Hands of *Mahmut*, thy Countryman, Son of thy Father's Neighbour, and a voluntary Slave of thoſe who ſerve thee, if I had the Honour of an Opportunity.

Neither the Gift, nor he that offers it, is worthy of Eſteem. But thou haſt Condeſcenſion enough to look on both with the Eye of a noble *Arab*, who knows how to value the Sincerity of any Man's Devoir and Affection, which way ſoever he expreſſes it.

I can never forget the former Diſcoveries of thy Friendſhip to my Brother *Peſteli* and me, and in general to all thoſe of our Houſe; which ſtill encourages me to expect greater Kindneſſes; nay, in a manner, aſſures me of them: Becauſe I know the Nature of true Generoſity is ſuch, that where it once begins to faſten on an Object, it never ceaſes to communicate its Favours, till damn'd Perfidy gives a Check to the Current. And may he be damn'd that then has the Impudence to aſk for any more.

But, Praiſe be to God, my Caſe is otherwiſe; I am not in the Number of the ungrateful and treacherous: And therefore with Boldneſs I preſume once more to addreſs to the Duſt of thy Feet, illuſtrious *Baſſa*, begging thy Patronage and Shelter from the Perſecution of my Enemies, whoſe whole Endeavour is to ruin me.

Thou

Thou know'ſt I came to *Paris* in the Year 1637 of the Chriſtian *Hegira*. The Sun had then reviſited the Sign he was in at my Nativity, juſt the eight and twentieth Time. I was a mere Youngſter in the World. However, my Superiors thought me fit for this Employment. How I have acquitted myſelf in it ever ſince, I leave to themſelves to judge: Yet, for Faſhion's ſake, they will be always a finding Faults. One Sycophant or other is perpetually railing againſt me, when they find any of the *Vizier's*, and other *Grandees* in an Humour to hearken to them. I fancy 'tis for want of Diſcourſe. When they have nothing elſe to talk of, then they fall a cenſuring of poor *Mahmut*, who undergoes more Fatigues than a hundred thouſand ſuch * *Thlguch* as they. I can't imagine what they aim at; unleſs it be, that they would have me turn *Chriſtian*, and enter myſelf into ſome Monaſtery.

* *This Word* Thlguch *was left ſo in the* Italian, *and the* Engliſh *Tranſlater knows not what to make of it.*

Suffer me, my noble Friend, to tell thee, that a Man cannot want for Temptations to ſuch a Change of his Faith, without being confin'd to a recluſe Life. He may be a *Friar* or a *Libertine*, a *Prieſt* or a *Layman*, a *Zealot* or an *Hypocrite*, a *Chimney-ſweeper* or an *Abbot*, which he pleaſes, according as he is qualified. And I can aſſure thee, he that would be a good Man, which is beyond all the reſt, has Incentives enough among the *Profeſſors* of the *Nazarene* Worſhip, tho' the greateſt Part are wicked.

As for me, I never thought that true Religion conſiſted in empty Names and Titles, in Forms and Ceremonies, in Parties and Factions, or in any thing but in a Life conform to Reaſon, and to the Will of God.

They take me here at *Paris* for a *Moldavian* Rambler, that has read ſomething more than the *Pariſh-Clerks*.

Clerks. And becauſe they know I underſtand *Greek*, *Sclavonian*, and two or three Languages more, they would fain make me a Prieſt, Doctor, Orator, or any thing that I would accept of, to ſerve an Intereſt. And I am compell'd to uſe either a downright Humility, or a forc'd Pride, that I may handſomely evade their Courtſhip; Convincing 'em ſometimes that I am not fit for ſuch Dignities; at other Seaſons telling 'em I am above *Inferior Orders*, and that nothing leſs than an Archbiſhop's Pall, or a Cardinal's Hat will ſatisfy my Ambition.

Thus I really diſſemble, and jeſt my ſelf in earneſt out of ample Eſtates, to ſerve God, his Prophet, and the Grand Signior: Yet am traduc'd at the Seraglio for a Hypocrite, an Infidel, and God knows what.

Here's honeſt *Eliachim* the *Jew* undergoes the ſame Fate; whilſt thoſe of his own Party, eſpecially the *Rabbi's*, proclaim him every where for a Chriſtian, and the *Nazarenes* point at him as a *Turk*. Only my Landlord where I before lodg'd, who is an honeſt old drunken *Fleming*, takes *Eliachim* for a Saint, and ſwears he will have him canoniz'd after his Death: And all this for no other Reaſon, but becauſe *Eliachim* treats him now and then with a Bottle of Wine: So partial are all Men to their own Humours and Intereſts. But the Truth on't is, *Eliachim*'s an excellent Counterfeit, and my Landlord is not the only Man who has this Veneration for him. He paſſes for a very good Catholick, and a holy Man among a great many others. His Looks are ſo demure, his Mien ſo compos'd, and he has ſuch godly Diſcourſe with him, about the Sacraments, Indulgences, Miracles, and Graces of the Church, when he is in Company with Chriſtians, that he would deceive the *Spaniſh* Inquiſition, and cheat the Devil himſelf.

Such is the Violence we are forc'd to uſe to our ſelves, who live in theſe hazardous Stations. And

yet no body conſiders us, or regards our Zeal for the *Grand Signior*. Our Reputation, Liberty, and Lives are precarious. We are not only in perpetual Danger of the Revenge of the *Nazarenes* who are our real Enemies; but alſo expos'd to the Envy, Malice, and Perſecution of thoſe who ought to be our Friends.

I have often complain'd of the malicious Calumnies thrown on me by *Icingi Cap-Oglani*, and his Aſſociates: And the Miniſters were pleas'd to receive my Apologies, But now I ſuſpect greater Treachery. I ſent an Account to the *Reis Effendi* ſome Years ago, how I was dogg'd up and down the Streets of *Paris*, by a Fellow whom I knew not, and what Apprehenſions that put me upon. I will acquaint thee farther, that being afraid of an Aſſaſſin in the dark, I arm'd my Breaſt with a Quire of Paper, which is known to be Dagger Proof. I was not at all miſtaken in my Gueſs: For the laſt Night, as I was returning Home to my Lodging, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, I receiv'd a Stab in my aforeſaid Breaſt-Plate, right againſt my Heart. It was not ſo dark but I could perceive the Perſon who gave me this Blow; and ſelf-preſervation taught me immediately to ſeize on him, and grapple as cloſe as I could, extending his Arms with mine at a good Diſtance from our Bodies. I am but little and ſhort, yet I have a ſtrong Spring with my Body when I am once rouz'd, as thou wilt imagine I was now. Beſides, I have generally a certain Preſence of Mind in time of Danger, which fails not to prompt me with the readieſt and moſt proper Courſe to eſcape. In a word, I wreſted the Ponyard out of the Ruffian's Hand, and ſtabb'd him dead with it, not thinking it ſafe to make a Noiſe, but chuſing rather to die if my Strengh fail'd me, than by crying out for Help, run the Riſque of worſe Conſequences: For I had

long

long expected ſome ſuch Attempt as this upon my Life, from my Enemies at the *Porte*. And concluding this Fellow to be one employ'd by them for that Purpoſe, I thought it no Prudence to have him ſeiz'd by the *Watch*, and puniſh'd by the *Law*, leſt he ſhould in Revenge diſcover me and my Buſineſs to theſe *Infidels*. Therefore I play'd the *Executioner* my ſelf, and ſent him out of hand to another World to prevent his telling Tales in this. Thou wilt ſay there was no Injuſtice in this, ſince it was in my own Defence, and to ſave the Honour of my *Sovereign*. As he fell, he utter'd theſe Words in a faint broken Tone, *Mahmut, my Death will be reveng'd before long, and you cannot eſcape the Trap that is laid for you.* Then he expir'd.

This made me preſently conclude, that he was employ'd by ſomebody at the *Porte:* For how elſe ſhould he know my true Name? But upon ſecond Thoughts, I cannot be certain, but that he was ſet at Work by my old *Sicilian Maſter*, ſince he knew my Name alſo. However, I have great Reaſon to ſuſpect the Former; becauſe, it is not probable that the *Infidel* would take ſo chargeable and troubleſome a Method to murder me. Neither had he Provocation enough. Beſides, for ought I know, he may be dead. *God* only is acquainted with the Truth. However, to prevent future Aſſaults of this Nature, and a great many other Inconveniencies, I have remov'd my ſelf to a new *Lodging*, in the moſt obſcure Corner of the City, and very remote from the Place where I liv'd before, being reſolv'd alſo not to frequent the *Court*, nor any publick Places, as I have done formerly, but to take other Meaſures for Intelligence.

What I deſire of thee is, to repreſent my Caſe favourably to the *Divan*, that they may approve of my Conduct. Do alſo whatever elſe thou judgeſt the Part of a Countryman and a Friend.

As

As for the Event, I patiently wait the Appointments of Deſtiny. For 'tis in vain to be too ſollicitous.

Adieu, High-born *Kerker*, and forget not *Mahmut* in his Diſtreſs. For, that is the Time wherein true Friendſhip is tried.

Paris, *17th of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER VIII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew *at* Vienna.

BE not diſhearten'd at the Troubles which thou encountereſt in this World of Lotteries. But, remember the Adage of thy Rabbi's, *That EVIL which is Old at Night, is yet the Off-ſpring of every Morning*. The Ages are meaſur'd exactly, and our Hours are checquer'd with equal Mixtures of Happineſs and Misfortune. We are not born to our own Deſires. And as not a Man of us can remember how he was form'd in the Womb, ſo have we no Reaſon to repine at what happens to us ſince we came out of it. Whatever Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs took care of us then, and afterwards inſpir'd our Mothers and Nurſes with Tenderneſs, and a thouſand Degrees of Patience beyond what is recorded of *Job*, the ſame will provide for us to Eternity.

The Deſire of Knowledge kill'd *Adam*, and the ſame Luſt, propagated with his Seed, deſtroys all his Poſterity. We can never be ſatisfy'd in our Confinement to this World, and therefore we flounce and flutter on all Sides, like Fiſh or Birds in a Net, to find a Way out: Whilſt we do but entangle ourſelves the faſter, render our Reſtraint more uneaſy,

and

and delay the Poſſibility of our Releaſe. Whereas Patience would ſoon ſet us free, and rank us among the Immortals. One thinks to eſcape by high-drinking; another by Fevers of Love or Glory; and a Third conceits he ſhall by his Gold, be able to bribe the Watch, who guard the laſt Paſſes of this Life, and perſuade them to let him ſcamper ſafe to Paradiſe. Alas! alas! all this is but the Sophiſtry of our Paſſions. 'Tis in vain to think of haſt'ning or retarding our Fate; our Time is ſet, though we know not the Period. Reſignation is our beſt Leſſon, and Prudence the next.

Perhaps thou wilt call this a Sermon, rather than a Letter. But I adviſe thee to read it with the Eyes of a *Stoick*; that is, whether it pleaſes thee or not, regard it no farther than it agrees with Reaſon. I would fain aſk of the Man who expects to have his Will accompliſh'd in this Life, whether he can prevail upon the Sun to riſe any Morning within the *Arctick Circle*, or the Moon to deſcend ſome Night, and ſweep the Snow off from the Top of Mount *Athos*. So inexorable is our Deſtiny, ſo unalterable the Decrees of Fate.

Be not troubled therefore at any thing; but remember, that thou art a Part of the Univerſe, and that nothing can betide thee, which is not for the Good of the whole.

What I have ſaid, is to arm thee againſt all the Contingencies which may aſſault thee unawares, ruſhing upon thee on a ſudden from behind the Veil, which covers all the Deſigns of Providence and Nature, Deſtiny and Chance.

I myſelf have lately experienced, that it is good to be thus prepar'd for future Events, having narrowly eſcap'd Death by a little timely Forecaſt.

It is not neceſſary for thee at this Time to know all the Circumſtances of my Danger. Suffice it to ſay, That I was aſſaſſinated in the dark, kill'd him

that

that deſigned to be my Murderer, and am now forced to remove my Habitation.

Eliachim thy Brother in *Iſrael* will be at *Vienna* within fourteen Days. He will give thee a farther Account of all Things which it behoves thee to know; with freſh Inſtructions concerning my *new Lodgings*, and the Method we muſt obſerve for the future in conveying Letters. We cannot be too cautious in the *Grand Signior*'s Buſineſs.

As for our own Lives, let us imagine they were only ſent to ſerve him, on whoſe Life ſo many Millions of Lives depend.

Paris, 18*th of the* 5*th Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *at* Venice.

I AM oblig'd to ſend Circular Letters at this time to all the Slaves of the *Grand Signior*, who have Buſineſs with me at *Paris*; to inform them, that upon a very important Emergency, I am forc'd to change my *Lodgings*. I have already ſent away *Diſpatches* to *Conſtantinople* and *Vienna* on this Account to prevent the Errors they might commit in addreſſing their Letters. For the ſame Reaſon, I now write to thee; thou need'ſt not enquire after the Occaſion of this Conduct; nor wonder at any thing that happens to us extraordinary in theſe hazardous *Poſts*. We muſt expect to encounter with Rubs and Obſtacles in ſerving our *Great Maſter*. If theſe Difficulties have but their proper Effect, which is to whet our Inventions, increaſe our Diligence, and confirm us in our Zeal; all ſhall go well.

The

The Soul of Man never diſplays her Faculties and Perfections with greater Luſtre, than when ſhe is environ'd with Perils. Theſe are the Trials of Fortitude, Prudence, Juſtice, and all the Virtues. He that ſinks under Misfortunes, and croſs Events, has either no Soul, or 'tis aſleep.

Courage then, Fellow-Slave, and let thy Heart beat a continual Alarm. Be not diſmay'd at any Thing, nor let Self-Love bereave thee of thy Honour: But go on in thy Duty, and truſt thy *Soul* to *God*.

Thou liveſt in a City where Virtue and Vice are in Emulation, ſtill ſtriving to ſurpaſs each other: There are not more wicked People in the World than *Venice* affords, nor yet more pious and good. Follow thou the beſt *Patterns*, and be happy. But do nothing by bare Imitation; for that's the right Way to become a Hypocrite. Let all thy Actions proceed from vital Principles of Reaſon and Generoſity in thyſelf, and when thou ſeeſt rare Examples, let 'em ſerve only to awaken and rouze thy innate Virtue.

Send me no Letters till thou haſt receiv'd freſh Orders from the *Porte*. They will furniſh thee with all neceſſary Inſtructions. After that, let me hear from thee as often as thou wilt. Thy Diſpatches will be always welcome. Let them contain Matter of Intelligence chiefly, and that of the freſheſt Date. Penetrate into the Councils of the *Republick* where thou reſideſt. Inſinuate thyſelf with the *Senators* and *Grandees*. Dive into their Hearts, and unlock their Secrets. Communicate nothing but the Truth to the *Miniſters* of the *Porte*, or to me. If thou canſt diſcover their Inclinations to a *Peace*, or their abſolute Need of it, thou wilt do an acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*, and to the whole *Empire* of the *Faithful*: For then we bring them to our own Terms.

Zeidi,

Zeide, to *God* I recommend thee, desiring him to preserve thee from *Wine*, *Women*, and *Cards*, which are the three capital Temptations of *Venice*.

Paris, 1*st of the* 6*th Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER X.

To Murat Bassa.

I Cannot easily divine the Reasons why I am so much neglected by the Ministers of the *Porte*. Above four Years have passed away, wherein many notable Events have happened; yet no Body thought it worth his Labour to inform *Mahmut* of any Thing. So that all the Notices I could gain of remote Transactions, are owing either to the publick News of *Europe*, or at best to some particular Letters of Merchants residing in this City, with whom I conserve an Intimacy, for the Sake of Intelligence, and for other Causes.

Thus I should have been in Ignorance to this Day, what Issue the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*'s Rebellion had, were it not for an accidental Interview I lately had of some *French* Travellers, who came from *Constantinople*. These inform'd me of the sudden Fate of that *Bassa*, when he was at the Height of all his Grandeur, within a few Days March of the Imperial City, at the Head of a potent Army, and just upon the Point of Accommodation with the Grand Signior. They much extol his Bravery and Resolution: For the *French* are naturally Lovers of such as dare boldly oppose their Sovereign. They equally condemn the sly Perfidiousness of *Mortaza Bassa*, to whose safe Conduct the *Generous Rebel* trusted his

his Life, and by that Eaſineſs loſt it. Yet they applaud *Mortaza*'s Loyalty, Courage, and Wiſdom, with the eminent Services he afterwards did the *Empire*, in leading the Army againſt *Ragotſki*, Prince of *Tranſilvania*, which at length lifted him to the Government of *Babylon*.

All theſe things had been hid from me, were not the *Nazarenes* my Intelligencers. Nor ſhould I have known how the Rebellion was carried on after his Death by his revengeful Nephew, by the Son of *Cheuſaien Baſſa*, by a *Bey* of *Egypt*, and other Malecontents. Yet ſuch Paſſages are fit for a Man in my Poſt to be acquainted with, that he may have a clear Idea of his Maſter's Circumſtances, and ſo apply himſelf more effectually to ſerve him.

It had not been amiſs, if I had receiv'd timely Intelligence of the Death of Prince *Ragotſki*, in regard there was always a private Correſpondence between him and this Court. Which ceaſing by his Death, it had been worth my Pains to obſerve, whether it would be continu'd by his Succeſſor, or what other Meaſures they would take.

'Tis true, I was acquainted with this, but not by the Miniſters of the *Porte*. I heard alſo of all the following Commotions in *Tranſylvania*, occaſion'd by the different Factions of *Michael Apaſi* and *Kemini Janos*, the two rival Princes. I was not ſorry for this News, knowing that the Diviſions of the *Nazarenes* ſtrengthen the Unity and Force of the *Muſſulman* Empire. I was likewiſe inform'd of the Fate of *Mortaza*, *Baſſa* of *Babylon*, who fell a Victim to the *Grand Vizier*'s Jealouſy; with many other Paſſages. But neither from the *Porte*, nor from any other Hands could I learn the leaſt Intelligence of the *Venetian* War, and what Progreſs our Arms have made in *Candia*, *Dalmatia*, and the other Dominions of the Republick. Which makes me conclude, that either the Grand Signior's Reſidence at *Adria-*

Adrianople, abated his Inclinations to martial Affairs, which is also the common Opinion of the *Christians* here in the *West*; or that the War in *Hungary* for a while superseded all other Designs.

However it be, 'tis certain the Successes of the *Ottoman* Arms in taking *Newhawsel*, *Leventz*, *Novigrod*, and other Places of Strength, with the terrible Incursions of the *Tartars* through *Moravia* and *Austria*, put the whole *German Empire* into a great Consternation. *Ambassadors* are sent from the *Imperial Court* to all the *Christian* Princes, imploring their Assistance in this general Danger of *Europe*.

Here is one arriv'd at this *Court*, whom they call Count *Strozzi*, a Person of good Address, and Master of much Eloquence. He has prevail'd on the *French* King to maintain, at his own Charge, Six Thousand Horse and Foot, to serve against the victorious *Osmans*. A great many Persons of *Quality* have listed themselves as Voluntiers; and the meaner Sort talk of nothing but marching to *Constantinople*, and driving the *Turks* back to *Scythia*, from whence they first came.

Courteous *Bassa*, thou wilt laugh at the Vanity of these *Infidels*; who consider not that by the *Grace* of *God*, and *Miracles* of his *Prophet*, our *Emperor* is the King of all the Kings on the Earth, the Mightiest of the Mighty Ones; the *Phœnix* of Honour, Power, and unparallel'd Majesty; Brother and Companion of the Sun, Moon and Stars; a Prince of a mysterious and sublime Lineage, in whom are center'd all Glory and Excellency; the Shadow of *God* on Earth!

The Breath of *Fame* goes before the Van-Courier of his Armies, purifying all Places, and filling them with Veneration and Terror. The Dust that is raised by his Heroick Cavalry, passing thro' the Air, causes Trembling and Astonishment in the Hearts

Hearts of the *Chriſtians*. The *Infidels* fall before the fatal Scymetars of *True Believers*.

May the *Angel* of the *Houſe* of *Iſmael* continue to proſper the *Holy Off-ſpring*, to extend their Conqueſts, and propagate the *Faith* unblemiſh'd; that the Names of *Alla* and *Mahomet* may be heard in all Climates, and from the utmoſt Borders of the Earth.

Paris, *5th of the 6th Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XI.

To Iſouf, *his Kinſman, a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

I Have often wonder'd, why, among the reſt of the Nations in *Chriſtendom*, thou wouldſt not beſtow the leaſt tranſient Viſit on *Spain*. But upon more mature Conſideration, I find thou art a Man of Judgment in Travelling. That Country lies under a very ill Character, for the Penury of all things neceſſary to ſuſtain the Lives of the Natives; and by Conſequence, 'tis not to be thought they can ſpare much for Strangers. A very inhoſpitable Region, abounding in Beggars, Thieves, and Drones: Full of Wine and Gold, yet barren in Corn and rich People.

Thou wilt not think this a Paradox, when thou ſhalt conſider, that the *Spaniards* have all their Corn from *France*, *Germany*, or *Sicily*: And that for this and other Reaſons, *Spain* is but like a Sieve, through which the immenſe Treaſures of *Peru* and *Mexico* are drain'd into other Countries.

You may travel ſome Days together in *Spain*, without ſeeing any thing ſave the dry Face of a Deſart. And if you chance to meet with a Houſe, wherein you may ſhelter your ſelf and your Horſe,

expect no better than a *Ramezan* Entertainment. For you muſt faſt all Day, and think your ſelf much reſpected if you can get a few Onions, or other Roots and Herbs, with a Morſel of Bread and Fleſh at Night, to keep you from being ſenſible that you are actually ſtarving.

Then the Inhabitants are the proudeſt People on Earth. You ſhall meet with none but Kings, Princes, Viceroys, or at leaſt Men that conceit themſelves ſuch. They are alſo mercileſs in their Revenge; cruel, obdurate, covetous, moroſe and inexorable. In a word, *Spain* is the *Jeſuits* Paradiſe, the *Jews* Purgatory, and the Hell of *Women*.

I therefore commend thy Fortune, or thy Prudence rather, which would not ſuffer thee to fall into the Hands of thoſe *Barbarians*; nor think it worth thy Pains to breathe an Air infected with ſo many Vices. Thou haſt paſſed thro' many more inviting Provinces, and art at laſt happily ſeated to thy Mind. Improve thy Opportunities in doing Good.

I ſent a Letter to our Couſin *Solyman*, adviſing him to give thee a Viſit. If he comes, receive him kindly, and perform the Part of a Kinſman; put all Expences to my Account, and remember that no Man is born for himſelf.

Paris, *6th of the 7th Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XII.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

ALL *Europe* is alarm'd with the mighty Preparations which our invincible Sovereign is making to invade the *German* Empire. Great is their Conſter-

Conſternation and Fear, and *Couriers* are every where running up and down from one *Kingdom* and *Court* to another, to remonſtrate the common Danger and beg Aſſiſtance. Every body appears zealous in a Cauſe which concerns all *Chriſtendom*; and the *French* King has lent the *Emperor* 8000 Men.

The Duke of *Beaufort* is alſo gone with a Squadron of Ships to encounter the *Corſairs* of *Algiers*, and other Dominions of *Barbary*.

The *Pope* has ſent to the *Emperor*'s Aſſiſtance ſix thouſand Foot and two thouſand Horſe. And the reſt of the *Emperor*'s *Allies* are raiſing Levies for him as faſt as they can: It being current News, that the *Grand Signior* in Perſon is at the Head of two hundred thouſand Men, entering into *Hungary* as a *Conqueror:* That he has taken above forty Towns, ruin'd all the Country where he paſſed through, and that in a little Time he will be at the Walls of *Vienna*.

In the mean time, this *Court* appears inſenſible of the general Danger which threatens *Chriſtendom*. They are altogether taken up in *Ballads*, *Plays*, and *Feaſting*; minding their own Intereſt more than that of their Neighbours, and reveling as if the King of *France* was *ſole Monarch* of the *World*.

Here is arriv'd a *Legate* from *Rome* to compoſe the Differences between the *Pope* and this Crown. His Name is Cardinal *Chiſi*. He is receiv'd with unparallel'd Magnificence, as if he were an *Angel* from *Heaven*; for the *French* King loves to ſhew his Grandeur on ſuch Occaſions. Beſides, all the *Nations* which are in the *Communion* of the *Latin Church*, have an unreſerv'd Veneration for the *Roman Mufti*, whom they eſteem the *Succeſſor* of *Peter* the *Prince* of the *Apoſtles*.

This young *Monarch* has a large Soul. The whole World ſeems too little to ſatisfy his Ambition. He lays the Foundation of Deſigns, greater than thoſe

of *Alexander* the *Conqueror* of *Aſia*. He heaps up Money at a prodigious Rate, raiſes vaſt Armies, builds magnificent Palaces, keeps *Kings* in *Penſion*, ſupports many Princes of *Germany*; and in a word, commands more of them, than does the *Emperor* himſelf, who is their lawful Sovereign.

Yet after all, I cannot perceive that he loſes any Degree of that Reſpect which he owes, and which his *Predeceſſors* have always paid to the *Grand Signior*, who is the undeniable *Arbiter* of the *whole World*.

God grant our *Sovereign* long Life, perpetual Victories, and a good Stomach to his Meat, which the King of *France* wants to the Accompliſhment of his Happineſs; for at preſent he feeds like a Sparrow.

Paris, 19*th of the* 8*th Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THOU wilt perceive the vaſt Reſpect I have for thee by my frequent Diſpatches. Thy Commands are to me as the Laws and Sanctions of the *Ottoman* Empire, which I will never violate. I am no Flatterer; witneſs my Letters to ſome of the *Grandees*, wherein I have not ſpar'd to reprove their Vices, Errors, and Male-Adminiſtration. If a *Baſſa* has been unjuſt, ſeditious, or engag'd in rebellious Practices; if he has prov'd an Extortioner, a Drunkard, or a Tyrant, he has not eſcap'd without a due Reprimand. I have been bold in correcting, adviſing, and giving Counſel to the greateſt Miniſters in the Empire. And this was a Province appointed me by the *Flower* of *ſublime Glory*, the *Phœnix*

nix of *Honour*, *ſole Favourite* and *Truſtee* of the *Grand Signior*, the *Vizir Azem*, in whoſe Cuſtody were the Seals of *Imperial Secrets*, *Majeſtick Decrees* and *Royal Edicts*; who being the *Primum Mobile* of the refulgent *Muſſulman* State, gave Life, Activity, and Order, to all the *Inferior Orbs*, *Springs*, and *Inſtruments* of *Government*.

I receiv'd this Command many Years ago, and he that gave it me is gone to the *World of Spirits*. Yet the Injunction remains in Force, being ſtamp'd with the myſterious Signet, the *Character* of *ſupreme* and *immutable Authority*. In Obedience to which I have never warp'd or ſtinch'd from the Duty enjoin'd me. And to demonſtrate that I did not do this in a vain Oſtentation of thy Power which was given me, I have not fail'd all along to pay to a Man of Merit the Attach and Veneration that was his Due.

'Tis with inexpreſſible Pleaſure I throw my ſelf at the Feet of a wiſe and virtuous Man; with extreme Complacency I kiſs the Duſt whereon he treads, and unfold all my Faculties in expreſſing my Eſteem. I am full of *Platonick Love*, and build Altars in my Breaſt, to a Soul deſerving the innocent Sacrifices of amourous Paſſions, the Incenſe of Gratitude and a pure Affection, an *Holocauſt* of Integrity and loyal Friendſhip.

I proteſt, by the Hopes I have of ſitting on the Banks of the Rivers in *Eden*, and of being regal'd in the delectable *Chioſes* of *Paradiſe*, that I honour thy Learning and other ſage Perfections; that unblemiſh'd Life, thoſe excellent Morals and the unparallel'd Sweetneſs of Modeſty, which crowns all thy Actions. But I will ſay no more to a Man who cannot hear his own Praiſes. The beſt Method of expreſſing my regard, will be to anſwer thy Expectations, in preſenting thee with the true Pourtraicture of theſe *Weſtern* Nations and People, which thou ſo paſſionately coveteſt.

I muſt deſire thee to excuſe the Confuſion and want of Order in my Letters; ſince I ſend thee a Medly of Remarks, as they come to my Knowledge and Memory.

It is not long ago ſince I wrote to *Iſouf Eb'n Achmed*, a Kinſman of mine, a Merchant at *Aſtracan*; and among other things, I took notice of his not going to ſee *Spain* in his Travels; for he has been in moſt of the Kingdoms of *Europe*, and over all *Aſia* and *Africk*. In that Letter I deſcrib'd *Spain* in its worſt Colours. Now I will ſhew it to thee in another Figure, without ſwerving from the Truth: For every Country has its Perfections and Excellencies, as well as its Defects and Blemiſhes.

If *Spain* have a barren Soil for Corn, Nature has made amends for that Fault in the Purity of the Air, and the Plenty of Fruits: The Sands of her Rivers are of the moſt perfect Gold. Her Villages, tho' few, are greater and more populous than ſome Cities; witneſs *Madrid*. Her Mountains are of *Iron*, *Marble*, and *Jaſper*. Her Vallies underlaid with *Lead*, *Braſs*, and *Silver*, *Spain* of old was the *Tharſis* of *Solomon*, the *Ophir* of the *Phœnicians*, and the *Peru* of *Rome*.

In thoſe Days the Inhabitants of *Spain* were famous for their Fortitude, and invincible Conſtancy. 'Tis recorded, that the Inhabitants of *Sagunto* in the Province of *Valencia*, when they were beſieged by *Hannibal*, and ſo oppreſſed by the *Carthaginians*, choſe to burn themſelves, with their Wives, Children, and all their Wealth, rather than yield to the Enemies.

Their *Fidelity* alſo was ſo remarkable, that ſome of the *Roman* Emperors had always a Guard of *Spaniards* near their Perſons; as the *French* King, the *Pope*, and other Princes do now confide in the truſty *Swiſſes*.

But tho' there remain ſtill ſome ſcatter'd Remnants of the ancient Virtue among them, eſpecially in *Biſcay* and *Caſtile*, yet the greateſt Part of the *Spaniards* are degenerated. They make no Figure now in the World, but only for their Gold, and the Vaſtneſs of their Dominions; for they poſſeſs the beſt half of *America*, are Lords of two mighty Empires, and not without large Territories in the other three Quarters of the World. Yet the too great Extent of their Power has weaken'd its Vigor; the Affluence of their Wealth has really impoveriſh'd them, and by ſtraining their Honour too high they have crack'd it, being now of little or no Eſteem in *Europe*. Their Glory fades at the riſing Grandeur of *France*, which makes radiant and ſwift Advances towards its *Zenith*. This young Monarch is already become the *Arbiter* of all *Chriſtendom*.

Accompliſh'd *Miniſter*, there is nothing in Nature ſtedfaſt; The World is but an eternal Circulation of Events, Viciſſitudes, and Changes, without Beginning or End. Only GOD remains immutable in his own Eſſence, which is the Center of every thing. May thou and I meet there, and then we ſhall be eternally happy. Adieu.

Paris, *12th of the 9th Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XIV.

To Muſu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Profeſſor *of* Philoſophy *at* Fez.

BY the Faith and Obedience I owe to *Mohammed* our Holy *Lawgiver*; by the *Alcoran*, and all that is eſteem'd ſacred among the *Muſſulmans*, I

ſwear, thy long Silence made me conclude my firſt Letter was unwelcome to thee. But now I'm convinced to the contrary. Thy generous Anſwer has removed my Apprehenſions, and filled me with Complacency. Henceforth I ſhall reſt aſſur'd and confident of thy Friendſhip, promiſing my ſelf vaſt Improvements from ſo learned a Converſation, tho' only by Letters at many hundred Leagues Diſtance.

As to what thou requireſt of me concerning the various Languages of *Europe*, I will inform thee the beſt I can, according to the Obſervations I have made, and the Intelligence I have receiv'd from Men of Letters, and from Books, which are the Pictures of learned Souls, Mirrors wherein they may behold their own Perfections, whilſt they are on Earth, and after their Departure to the *Inviſibles*, other Men may ſee the interior Beauties of their Mind repreſented to the Life. For *Words* are the perfect Sculpture of the *Intellect*, or at leaſt its *Mezzotinto*. They are the expreſs Portraicture of Divine and Human Reaſon. Thus the *Alcoran* is call'd by ſome of our holy Doctors, *The true Image of Original Increaſed Wiſdom*.

Now of all the Words and Languages on Earth, thou know'ſt the Pre-eminence has been for ever given to thoſe of the *Eaſt*; and among them to the *Arabian*, both in regard of its Purity and of its Antiquity, from whence it is ſtyl'd the *Virgin Mother* of Languages, the *Dialect* of the Bleſſed Above.

Thou know'ſt that for this Reaſon it is, the *True Faithful* covet no Species of Learning more ardently than to be perfectly Skill'd in ſo divine a Speech, wherein the *Volume of Celeſtial Majeſty* was penn'd in Heaven before the Throne of GOD, and ſent down on Earth by the Hand of *Gabriel*, Prince of the *Meſſengers* who fly on the Errands of the *Omnipotent*. It was ſent, I ſay, to the Prophet, who could neither write nor read, that the World might

might be convinc'd of its Divine Original. Yet the incredulous will not believe; Tho' it is manifeſt to any Man of impartial Senſe, That a Perſon altogether ignorant of Letters, could not poſſibly compoſe a Book, the moſt Elegant that ever was penn'd in the World, and wherein not the leaſt Blemiſh or Contradiction can be found from the *Chapter* of the *Preface* to the laſt *Verſicle*, which winds up the whole *Volume*. Oh! obdurate Hearts of *Infidels*; Oh! wilfully blind, that ſhut their Eyes againſt the Splendors of *Eternal Light:* Oh! reſolvedly Deaf, that ſtop their Ears againſt the Voice of *God* and his *Prophet*, neither will they liſten to the ſoft Whiſpers which are wafted from *Paradiſe*.

Such as the *Nazarenes*, who for the Sake of the *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues, of which they are paſſionately enamour'd, educate their Children in a fair Way to believe all the monſtrous Fictions of the ancient Poets, or at leaſt all the lying Tales and *Legends* of their own Prieſts, which are ten times more fabulous than the former, and more inconſiſtent with Reaſon. And this they do rather than to be at the Pains of Learning *Arabick*, which would inſtruct them in Truths as clear and ſerene as the *Orient* Sun.

I ſhall ſay little of thoſe Two ancient Languages of *Greece* and *Rome*, in regard they being now grown obſolete, are only to be learn'd in Schools; Thou, no doubt, art vers'd in them *ad Unguem*, as the *Latins* phraſe it.

That which ſeems propereſt for me to inform thee of is, That the *Roman* or *Latin* Tongue appears like an old antiquated Mother thruſt out of Doors by her four ungrateful Daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Portugueze*. Theſe are her natural Offspring, begot during the *Roman* Conqueſts in the *Weſt*, and degenerating after that Empire was

in its Decline. So that now they are taken for no better than *Mongrels* and *Baſtards*. In *Spaniſh* there is a great Mixture of *Gothiſh* and *Moreſco* Words; the *French* retain many of their old *Gauliſh* Idioms. The *Italian* is corrupted with a Hotch-potch of Words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns*, and *Longobards*. Yet that Fault is recompenc'd by Abundance of *Greek* Etymologies. As for the *Portugueze*, 'tis but a Dialect of *Spaniſh*, and lies under the ſame Imperfections.

The only pure *Maternal Languages* now current among the common People in any Part of *Europe*, are the *Teutonick*, *Sclavonick*, and *Britiſh*: The firſt is ſpoken in *Germany* to perfection, but corruptly in *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, and the *United Provinces*. The Second is common to the *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Poles*, *Raſcians*, and many other Nations. The laſt is confin'd to the *Welſh*, a People inhabiting a Corner of *Great-Brittain*, driven thither by the victorious *Saxons* their Conquerors, above a Thouſand Years ago. As for the reſt, they are only mix'd Dialects, and ſo not worth taking Notice of; excepting one mountainous Part of *Spain*, where the Inhabitants are ſaid to ſpeak pure *Arabick* at this Day. They are ſuppoſed to be a Remnant of the *Moors*.

The Criticks here in the *Weſt*, uſe to give theſe following Rules in Reference to Languages. If you would addreſs to *God*, ſpeak in *Greek* or *Latin*, becauſe of their Antiquity, Purity, and majeſtick Loftineſs: If to *Kings*, ſpeak in *Spaniſh*, in regard of its ſlow Pronunciation and Gravity: If to *Men*, uſe *Italian*; to *Women*, *French*; to *Dogs*, *welſh*: But if you would affright an *Enemy*, or the *Devil* himſelf, ſpeak *High Dutch*.

They relate a Story of a *German* Ambaſſador at the *French* Court, who deliver'd his Meſſage in *Teutonick*; which when a certain *Grandee* heard, and took

took Notice of its harſh and ſtrong *Emphaſis*, he ſwore 'twas his Opinion, That this was the Language wherein *God* curs'd *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The *German* turning to him, anſwered briſkly, *'Tis poſſible*, Monſieur, *it may be ſo; but then I hope you'll grant, that* French *was the Occaſion of this Curſe, when the* Devil *choſe to tempt* Eve *in that Language for its Effeminacy, wheedling her*, a la mode de Paris, *to eat the forbidden Fruit.*

Renown'd *Muſu*, do me the *Honour* of frequent Letters: Inſtruct me in things whereof I'm ignorant: Make me familiar with the Remarkables of the Country where thou reſideſt: Tranſport *Fez*, with the other Parts of *Africk* which are known to thee; tranſport them, I ſay, ſucceſſively to *Paris* every *Moon*, on a Piece of Paper, and I will ſend thee all *Chriſtendom* by Way of Exchange: For thus it becomes the Lovers of Wiſdom, to barter for Knowledge.

Paris, 10*th of the* 11*th Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XV.

To Oſman Adrooneth, Aſtrologer *to the* Sultan *at* Adrianople.

THoſe of thy *Profeſſion* here in the *Weſt*, are wholly taken up in contemplating a certain *Comet* which appears in the *Firmament*. 'Tis of that Sort which they call *bearded*. And ſome will have it to reſemble a *Lion*, others ſay, 'tis like a *Dragon*, a *Crocodile*, a *Bear*, and I know not what. There is hardly a *Species* of four-footed Beaſts, to which the giddy Rabble do not reſemble it.

And ſome aſſert it to be the perfect Figure of a *Sword*.

The *Mathematicians* are ſtraining all their Skill, to take the true Dimenſions of this *Celeſtial Apparition*. The *Painters* are drawing it to the Life; the Poets are making Songs and Ballads of it. And the more learned *Sages* are framing *Aſtronomical Schemes*, like ſo many Gins or Traps to catch this *Meteor* in. They watch all its Motions, and dog it from one *Heavenly Houſe* to another; they track it through the moſt intricate Paths of the Sky.

If it ſtands ſtill, or makes a tranſient Addreſs to any *Planet*, eminent *Star*, or *Conſtellation*, we are preſently alarm'd with the News of it, and bid to be upon our Guard, as if there were ſome Miſchief a plotting againſt us *Above*. The World is harangu'd with fatal Predictions of Wars, Famine, Earthquakes, and other Calamities, the ſure Conſequences of this ſuppos'd *Prodigy*.

Tell me, thou who art converſant in the *Science* of the *Stars*, and the myſterious *Philoſophy* of *Nature*, what theſe *Comets* are? Whether they be only *Exhalations* drawn up into the *higher Region* of the *Air*, by the Force of the *Sun*; Or, whether they be more ſolid and durable Subſtances? Whether they be of a poſthumous Origin like the Clouds, Hail, Rain, Snow, and other *Meteors*, the daily Products of *Nature*, the upſtart Off-ſpring of the *Elements?* Or, whether they are in the Rank of thoſe *Beings*, whoſe Antiquity is untraceable, which are as old as the World; ſuch as the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and this *Earth* whereon we tread?

For my part, I believe 'tis no Hereſy in *Science*, whatever 'tis in Religion, to ſtart new *Maxims*. For we ought to know, both in the one and the other; what we call Innovation, is but a reviving thoſe *Principles*, which thro' Deſuetude, or the Corruption

tion

tion of Times are grown obſolete, out of Date and forgotten, tho' really the moſt primitive and ancient Truths in the World.

Thus I cannot forbear thinking there are ſome other *Globes* ſcatter'd up and down the infinite *Expanſe*, beſide thoſe whoſe continual Brightneſs expoſes them to our Eyes.

The *Moon*, 'tis known, with *Venus* and other Planets, receive their Light gradually from the *Sun*, by *Hemiſpheres:* So that 'tis certain each of theſe orbicular Bodies is always dark by half. And where is the *Solœciſm*, if we ſuppoſe there are other opaque Bodies in the *Firmament* which receive no Light at all, and by their Nature and Qualities, are incapable of receiving any but from within themſelves? So we may ſuppoſe theſe *Comets* to be ſuch ſolid *Globes*, made reſplendent by an Eruption of their central Fires.

God only knows the Truth in ſuch Caſes. And thou art better able to decide theſe Queſtions than I. Therefore referring it to thy ſage Judgment, I pray him who made the *Stars*, and orders their Dominion on Earth, to bleſs thee with favourable *Influences*, That thy *Soul* may be always like a Land flouriſhing under the ſweet *Aſpects* of *Orion* and the *Pleiades*.

Paris, 22*d of the* 12*th Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *French* have had ſo many Occaſions of Joy of late, that it is hard to determine, which affects them moſt nearly.

The Satisfaction which the *Pope* gave this *Monarch*, for the Injuries formerly done to his Ambaſſador at *Rome*, began the Triumph of the *French* Court. I have already ſent Intelligence of that Quarrel, and how high the Reſentments of the King flew, on the ſame Day that he receiv'd the firſt News of ſo barbarous an Affront. Now I ſhall acquaint thee, That there enſu'd a *Treaty* between them at *Piſa*, a City of *Italy* in the Dukedom of *Tuſcany*, after the *French* Troops had terrified them into a *State-Penitence*, by the menacing Approaches they made toward the *Eccleſiaſtical Territories*, through the *Principalities* of *Modena* and *Parma*. Theſe Two are Friends to *France*, and their Intereſt makes them ſo, in regard that Crown protects 'em from the *Pope*'s Oppreſſion, who is always eſteem'd an ill Neighbour, by the *Italian* Princes, whoſe Dominions lie next to his. For this *Roman* Prelate is very potent and rich; he would in a ſhort time be *Lord* of all *Europe* in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*, were he not curb'd by the King of *France* and his *Allies*.

This makes all the *little Sovereigns* round about *Rome*, ſtand in Awe of the *Monarch* who was born to command *Crowned Heads*. Wonder not at the Expreſſion: For I tell thee, ſome of the greateſt Princes in *Europe* are his Penſioners. This very Quarrel with the *Pope*, has gain'd the *French* King Three

Three *Cardinals* more than were his Friends formerly.

The Concluſion of the *Treaty* was, That the *Pope* ſhould ſend a *Legate de Latere* into *France*, to pacify the King's Wrath; and that the *Militia* or *Roman Guards* whom they call *Sbirri* and *Corſes*, ſhould be for ever aboliſh'd, and a *Pyramid* be erected over againſt their Guard-houſe, with an Inſcription in *Latin* and *French*, declaring their Crime and Puniſhment.

This put the Court of *France* into a very jolly Humour. They fell preſently to Feaſting and Reveling; and the King's next Project was the Conqueſt of *Barbary*. To this End he ſent the Duke of *Beaufort* with a Fleet of great Ships, to clear the Seas of *African Corſairs*, that ſo an Army might be ſafely tranſported from *Toulon*, and landed on the oppoſite Shore. His Deſign in this was to reduce the Inhabitants of thoſe happy Countries to the old *Idolatry* of their *Forefathers*, to plant there the *Nazarene Superſtition*, and make himſelf the ſole Lord and Proprietor of *Africk*.

I cannot divine what Succeſs he will have in this great Enterprize; but it appears as if *God* were angry with the *Muſſulmans*; ſuch continual Loſſes they ſuſtain by Land and Sea.

It is with no ſmall Grief I ſaw not long ago, the *French* who ſerv'd in *Hungary* this Campaign, return to *Paris* laden with the Spoils of *True Believers*. I cannot behold the very Cymetars and Enſigns which theſe *Infidels* took from the vanquiſh'd *Oſmans* hang up in their *Temples* as *Trophies* of their *Victory*, without inexpreſſible Paſſion and Regret. 'Tis ſaid here, the *Grand Signior* has loſt in *Hungary* above thirty thouſand Men this Campaign; whereof ten thouſand were kill'd in one Battel, and a hundred and fifty Colours taken, with ſixteen Cannons.

Beſides,

Beſides, theſe *Glaſers* grate my Ears with another *Bravado*, boaſting that one *French* Ship of War fought ſeven Hours with three and thirty of the *Grand Signior*'s Gallies, ſunk five, ſcatter'd the reſt, and came off with a compleat Victory.

'Tis a vaſt Advantage the *French* have in the Situation of their Country, in that it is waſh'd on the *South* by the *Mediterranean*, on the *North* by the *Main Sea:* So that 'tis eaſy for them to curb the greateſt part of *Europe* on one Side, and ſufficiently moleſt the *Levantines* on the other. As for the *Weſtern* Parts, this Kingdom is their very Center: Where all the Lines of War, Peace, Commerce, and Traffick meet and terminate. She is to *Chriſtendom*, what *Egypt* and *Sicily* were in former Ages to the Empire of *Old Rome*, an inexhauſtible Granary. Whatſoever deſirable Things Nature has frugally drop'd here and there in other Regions, are found in this Kingdom as in their *Original Seminary*. *Corn* is plentiful as *Graſs*, *Wine* is almoſt as cheap here, as Water is with you in ſome Parts of *Turkey*. The Fens and Lakes are cover'd with *wild Fowl*. The Meadows with *Sheep*, *Deer*, *Goats* and *Oxen*. There's nothing ſcarce but *Hens*, *Eggs*, and *True Believers*. I had almoſt forgot their remarkable Plenty of Salt, the bare Cuſtom of which, augments the King's Coffers with four Millions of Zequins every Year.

France alſo abounds in *Hemp*, a moſt neceſſary Vegetable, whereof ſhe not only makes all Her own Cordage and Sails, but alſo furniſhes her Neighbours, which brings in a conſiderable Revenue. There is an infinite Plenty of *Fruits*, and *Trees* for *Timber*, of *Iron*, *Marble*, *Free-ſtone*, and all Things neceſſary for *building Ships* or *Houſes*, for Defence or Offence by Land or Sea. Neither are there wanting *Mines of Gold*, *Silver*, *Tin*, *Lead*, *Copper*, and other Metals whereof Men make the Inſtruments of War, and the Entertainment of Peace. In a word, this Country

Country is ſo enrich'd with every thing, that ſome Hiſtorians and Philoſophers have call'd it the Parent of Plenty, others the Fountain of earthly Bliſs, the moſt incomparable Region of this Globe, the Epitome of the World, or rather a little World itſelf.

Serene Scribe, thou wilt not wonder at the univerſal Succeſſes of the *French* Arms, when thou conſidereſt theſe Things, and heareſt the Provinces are peopled like Kingdoms, the Cities appear like whole Provinces, for multitude of Inhabitants. To ſay all in a word, the common Character of *France*, is the ſame which Philoſophers give to Nature, That there can be no *Vacuum* found in it.

Paris, *25th of the 12th Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XVII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, *Preſident of the College of* Sciences *at* Fez.

PErmit me to ruſh into thy Preſence, venerable Patron of Philoſophy, without the uſual *Formalities* of Addreſs, or *Punctilio's* of *Introduction*. Let me be admitted like a Man with Coals of Fire on his Head, as the Cuſtom is at the *Imperial Port*, in urgent Caſes: For I am newly inflam'd afreſh with *Pythagoriſm*, *Platoniſm*, and *Indianiſm*.

Floods, Fires, and other Devaſtations by War, Famine, Peſtilence, Earthquakes, and ſuch like Contingencies, have either quite aboliſh'd the *True* and *Primitive Science* of the firſt Ages, in moſt Parts of the Earth; or at leaſt very much diminiſh'd and obſcur'd their *Original* Splendor.

The beſt Manuſcripts are loſt, unleſs the *Indians* have preſerv'd 'em. Our Fathers grew torpid, ſtupified,

pified and deſperate, under the publick Calamities which overwhelm'd whole Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms and Empires: There was no Encouragement for a Scribe or a Man of Letters, to put himſelf to a needleſs Toil in labouring to preſerve the Records which came from Heaven: Hiſtories of the World inviſible, celeſtial, perfect, and eternal; Traditions of undiſcoverable *Antiquity*; *Pandects* repleniſh'd with bright *Oriental* Wiſdom, and ſeal'd with the *Tetragrammaton*, which thou know'ſt is the *Signet* of the *Firſt and the Laſt?* Even of the *Divinity* which comprehends all things; and is itſelf comprehended of none.

Had they gone about ſuch a Taſk, they knew that ſome ill Fate or other would ſwallow their Writings, and bury them in eternal Oblivion. Hence it is, that at this Day we can hardly boaſt of the Footſteps of antient Knowledge, a few Fragments and Relicts of *Primitive* Learning ſcatter'd up and down in divers *Authors*, and much *adulterated* with the vain *Opinions* and *Errors* of After-times. For every Writer was either inclin'd or forc'd, to flatter the Age wherein he liv'd, and not oppoſe their Tenets. So that now there is ſcarce any true *Philoſophy* extant on this ſide the *Ganges*.

How thoſe *Brachmans* only had the Happineſs to conſerve ſo ſacred a Treaſure, can be no other way made out, than by their own conſtant Tradition, that the Deluge of *Noah* never reach'd thoſe utmoſt Borders of the Land toward the *Eaſt*. And perhaps the ſame Reaſon may be given for the untraceable *Chronologies* of the *Chineſe*, their Neighbours. For tho' they differ in the Sentiments and Rites of their Religion, in their Laws, Cuſtoms, and Manner of Government; yet they both agree in affirming the World to be indeterminately Old, putting a certain Number of Millions of Years, for an uncertain, far beyond it; which is but a modeſt Retrenchment

trenchment of their own Thoughts, as if they were unwilling it ſhould be falſely cenſur'd that they aim'd at an *Hyperbole*.

They ſay, That the *firſt Matter* is *co-eternal* with GOD, as *Light* is *co-eval* with the *Sun*, produc'd alſo and depending after the ſame manner. For as the *Light* diffus'd through the Air, is not properly the *Sun*, but an inſeparable Effect of it; ſo the *Univerſe* is not GOD, but his production, ever ſubſiſting on him, and never to be divided from his *Eternal Eſſence*. And for ought I ſee, the moſt ſignificant Language in the World, has no other Way to expreſs Things of this abſtruſe Nature. They are too ſublime for human Thought; much more do they tranſcend the Power of Speech. All the *Dialects* on Earth are too barren of Words, and Words too defective in Senſe, to deſcribe the ineffable Secrets of *Eternity*.

As for the various Ranks of Beings, the infinite Diverſity of Forms, reſulting from the *firſt Matter*, they think it reaſonable to believe, that they were ſucceſſively produc'd in Time; every one in its Order, and according to its Perfection.

I tell thee, it appears much more rational for me to believe this, than that the *firſt Matter* itſelf was produc'd out of nothing above five or ſix thouſand Years ago, as the *Jews* and *Chriſtians* ſeem to teach. Rather than ſtarve my Reaſon with ſo ſhort an *Idea* of the World's Age, I would embrace the Sentiments of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, ſuppoſe an *Infinity* of *Spaces* and *Worlds*, an *Eternity* of *Generations* and *Corruptions*, a *continual Change* not only of *Individuals*, but of the very *Species* of Things, thro' the *fatal Concourſe* and *Blending* of *Atoms*: Yet not denying the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, nor undervaluing his *Providence* all the while. For theſe Things are, in my Opinion, very compatible one with another.

I do

I do not pretend to be ſingular, or ſet up for a *Dogmatiſt*. Neither am I ambitious of being eſteem'd a Wit, by venting Notions above the Reach of vulgar Capacities. 'Tis only the pure Love of Truth, which encourages me to take this Liberty with thee, who in Matters of *Philoſophy* art the only Maſter of the Age.

To thee, therefore I ſubmit all my Sentiments, as to an Oracle; deſiring thy impartial Anſwer, and couching the Faculties of my Soul, in the moſt humble Attach to thy venerable Wiſdom, I become mute as a Mummy.

Paris, 30*th of the* 12*th Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the* Vale *of* Sidon.

WHAT is this World, that on all ſides invades our Senſes? This Earth under our Feet; thoſe Clouds whirling over our Heads; theſe Winds ſhaking the Trees; that azure Sky, with all its glittering Ornaments? What's all this but an eternal Dream; a meer Shadow of GOD Almighty's Thoughts? 'Tis pleaſant living in it; 'tis alſo painful. In his Senſe this Univerſe is perfectly good; in ours 'tis mixed with Evil. He made it for his own Diverſion, and our Scrutiny. 'Tis to us a Field of Riddles and Contradictions. In *Summer* we curſe the Heat, and in *Winter* blaſpheme the Cold. Yet we bleſs both the one and the other, when we feel 'em in due Meaſure and Seaſon. One Hour, this Colour pleaſes the Eye, another that; and perhaps

perhaps in the next, 'tis diſguſted at them both. We never find Reſt or Content in any Thing. The ſofteſt Muſick at ſometimes grates our Ears, like the croaking of Toads. The moſt agreeable Odours, are as the Smell of a Sepulchre, loathſome and abominable. The moſt delectable Wines and ſavoury Meats, at ſuch Seaſons, are unpalatable as the Beverage and Diet of Hell. Neither can the more inſinuating Charms of Women, put us in a better Humour. All the whole Syſtem of Nature joyned together, is not ſufficient to afford us eaſe. Nothing but a Ray from the Omnipotent can alleviate our Melancholy, or give us a Taſte of our ſelves. For we are the very *Deity* in ſcatter'd Fragments; or we are ſeparated Drops of the *Divine Eſſence*; *Volatile Spirits of Eternity*; by *Fate* or *Chance*, fix'd in proper Vehicles of *Time* and *Matter*. O *Santone!* this whole *Corporeal Univerſe* is but a *Web* ſpun from the Bowels of an *Infinite* GOD, and wrought with inimitable Artifice, to catch *Immaterial Forms*, *Idea's* and *Souls* in, which are the genuine Off-ſpring of the *Eternal Mind*. We Mortals of human Race, are but ſo many Parcels of the *Divinity* in Diſguiſe, trepan'd into Bodies, by certain hidden *Baits*, *Magnets*, and *Charms* lurking in *Embryo's*, with which we have ſome Sympathy. We are all *Gods* in Maſquerade. So are the Beaſts of the Fields, the Birds of the Air, and the Fiſh of the Sea.

Let us not therefore condemn the antique Ceremonies of *Gentile* Religion, which taught Men to adore the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, the *Elements*, and all that is within their Circumference, eſpecially the *Souls* of departed *Heroes*, *Demy-Gods*, *Nymphs*, and the reſt of thoſe *Beings*, which are the *eldeſt Progeny* of *Eternal Nature*. For in ſo doing, they did but build Altars to the original Fountain of the Univerſe. Since GOD is in the Winds, in the Rain, in the Thunder, Lightning, Hail, and other *Meteors*; in

in the Heavens and Air, Sun, Moon, and Stars; in the Fire, Earth, and Water; in Plants and Animals; finally, ſince he is in the Elements, and every thing compounded of them; he is not only in them, but is theſe very things by an *ineffable Production* of himſelf. And when the *final Conſummation* ſhall come, it will be but a withdrawing all the extended Lines of his Infinity, into their Center, where thou and I, and every divided *Atom* in Nature ſhall meet, be united and ſwallow'd up in eternal Beatitude. *Amen! Amen!* Oh thou Lord and Father of all things, inexhauſtible Abyſs of Miracles which know no End.

Paris, *6th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year* 1665.

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame.

SUppoſing it were otherwiſe than I have ſaid: Grant the Doctrine of *Epicurus* true. Believe that we and all Things were produc'd by the *Fortuitous Concourſe* of *Atoms:* Yet ſtill we have the ſame, or greater Reaſon to value our ſelves as diminutive *Gods*, ſince in this Senſe we muſt of Neceſſity be *Eternal*, every *Atom* being ſo, of which we are compounded. In the Opinion of theſe *Philoſophers*, there's no ſuch thing as an *Origin* or *Beginning* of the *Univerſe:* Each *Particle* of *Matter* with them, is as old as the *Divinity*. We have all rang'd *Eternally* from one *Form* and *World* to another; danc'd to the Meaſures of *Fate*, been Parts of the Orbs above, and of the Caverns below; ſtray'd through the Heavens and all the Elements, taken an univerſal

ſal Career, through *Infinite* and *Endleſs Spaces*; and are now (as fix'd as we ſeem in theſe ſolid Hulks of Fleſh) in the ſame Hurly-burly as ever.

Theſe Bodies which we carry about us are not compounded of the ſame *Atoms* as they were ſeven Years ago. There is a perpetual Flux and Reflux of Particles. We die as faſt as we live. Every Moment ſubſtracts from our Duration on Earth, as much as it adds to it. We move, breathe, and do all things by Paradox. Our very *Eſſence* is a *Riddle*.

With an open Heart therefore I applaud thy religious Negligence of human Affairs, in that thou art divinely careleſs of thy ſelf, and every thing elſe, ſave only to conſerve thy Innocence.

What ſignifies it, whether we believe the *Written Law* or the *Alcoran*; whether we are Diſciples of *Moſes*, *Jeſus*, or *Mahomet*; Followers of *Ariſtotle*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, or *Ileh Rend Hu* the *Indian Bramin?* Of what Import is it, whether we pray or not? Whether we kneel before Images, or in a naked *Moſque?* It will be all one in the winding up. We are but the Machines of Chance. As we live, ſo ſhall we die; and GOD knows what will become of us afterwards; neither is it worth our while to be ſollicitous, ſince we can be certain of nothing. Perhaps, every *Atom* of which we are made may be ſcatter'd from the reſt; we may be tranſported piece-meal into Ten hundred thouſand Millions of Worlds, and ſeven-fold as many Years may expire, before two the minuteſt Particles of our Frame meet together again. We need not to be troubled at all this: Nothing can hinder us from being *Immortal* and *Eternal*, tho' it be but in Fragments.

Go on then, Sacred Vagabond, Pious Rambler, Holy Fugitive; go on to aſſert, in the Courſe of thy Life, this great Truth, *That all Things depend*

on

on everlaſting Chance or Deſtiny. Thy Actions ſhall reprove the Hypocrites of the Age, who abound in ſpecious Words. And thy divine Indifference ſhall condemn the helliſh Zeal of furious Bigots, who think to pleaſe GOD, and atone for their Sins, by ſacrificing human Blood, and maſſacring all that are not of their Faith.

GOD, or *Chance*, or *Fate*, ſhall tranſport thee after Death to happy Regions, immarceſſible Joys, and an endleſs Succeſſion of Bliſs. Every *Atom* ſhall find its *Paradiſe*. Thou ſhalt mount by degrees, to full, infinite, and eternal Felicity. Adieu for a Time.

Paris, *20th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year* 1665.

LETTER XX.

To Iſouf, *his* Couſin, *a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

WHEN I reflect on thy Happineſs, in having been all thy Life at Liberty to change thy Reſidence, and ramble whitherſoever thy Fancy invited thee; and that even now at *Aſtracan*, thou art no longer confined than by thy own Pleaſure or Intereſt, I cannot forbear envying thee.

There is an inexpreſſible Delight in ranging the various *Tracts* of the *Earth*. Whereas to be perpetually ſhut up and impriſoned, as I am, in a City ſo cloſe and high-built, that the very Winds can ſcarce find a Way into her interior Parts, is a perfect Hell upon Earth.

To

To ſpeak the Truth, *Paris* may be call'd a Heap or Aggregate of Cities, built one upon another, like *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*, ſince the Houſes here are as high as the *Minarets* at *Conſtantinople*, and divided like the Air into the *lower*, *middle* and *upper Regions* or *Apartments*; or rather like the *Heavens*, whoſe Number *Aſtronomers* aſſert to be *Nine*. For with ſo many Stories do ſome Houſes, nay, whole Streets in *Paris*, lift up their Heads; and every Story or Apartment's peopled like a *Bee-hive*. So that in this infinite Throng of Inhabitants, and ſuch as come hither about Buſineſs, we are ready to be ſtifled with one another's Breath: Whereas thou knoweſt, in the Cities all over the *Eaſt*, the Houſes are intermix'd with Gardens: They are low-built, with *Terraſſes* on the Top to take the cool Air on by Night, with *Parterres*, *Kaſkaneys*, *Divans*, *Conſervatories*, and all the other Conveniencies for refreſhing the Senſes, *by Water*, *Wind*, and *odoriferous Smells*.

This makes me long to be at *Conſtantinople*, *Damaſcus*, *Moſul*, or even at *Aſtracan*, where thou reſideſt, tho' that City want many Delights which others enjoy. However, I ſhould there encounter with *Tiara*'s and *Turbants*, the very Sight of which would half cure my Diſcontent. May my Portion be with *Tagot*, if I am not tir'd with ſeeing nothing but theſe Hats, and ſhort Coats, theſe ridiculous *Franks*, theſe *Apes* without Tails. And then to hear them rant againſt the *Grand Signior*, and all *True Believers*; to hear them blaſpheme the *Meſſenger of God*, curſe the *Alcoran*, revile the *Mufti*, and all the *Mollahs*, with a Thouſand other Impertinences, which none but ſuch *Reprobates*, *Giaurs*, and *Infidels* would be guilty of; makes me e t er wiſh my ſelf deaf, or that my Tongue were at Liberty to anſwer them. But, much rather wo l I deſire to be in a Place, where I might enjoy my E s,

to receive the *Salem* from my Friends that are *Muſſulmans*, and to hear the Name of GOD devoutly bleſs'd on any Occaſion that awakens the Senſe to Piety.

Oh that I were among my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, who dwell in Tents, and frolick about from Hills to Valleys, taſting by Turns the various Sweets of the Foreſt and the Plain. The Groves and Meadows, Paſtures and arable Grounds, Cities and Villages, all contribute to their Delight. They want no innocent Joy that the Earth can afford. Their Wealth conſiſts in the Multitude of their Sheep, Camels, Goats and Oxen. And for them is all their Care, that they may not want Graſs and Water in due Seaſon. As for themſelves, they are reſign'd to *Providence*.

So are the *Tartars*, who ſleep in Hords or Waggons, the only *Cavaliers* of *Aſia*: Whoſe Life is a perpetual *Campaign*, from the Cradle to the Grave: Their Labour and Eaſe are derived from the ſame Fountain; exerciſing themſelves on Horſeback at ſeven Years old; and feeding on the Milk of Mares as ſoon as they are wean'd from their Mother's Breaſts. Toil and Recreation with them are one and the ſame Thing, ſince they know no other Pleaſure but what conſiſts in Riding, Fighting, and Conquering; or elſe in Death, which they believe tranſlates them to new Joys, and thoſe more poignant than they knew before. Therefore they bravely court it at the Point of a Sword, or the Mouth of a Cannon: Nothing being more ſcandalous or hateful than a Coward among them.

I proteſt, the very *Idea* of *Palus Mæotis*, and *Taurica Cherſoneſus*, with the reſt of thoſe horrible Fens and Marſhes, on the *North* of the *Black Sea*, which encompaſs the Dominions of the *Tartars*, affects me with a Paſſion, or rather ſuch a Medley of Paſſions, as I know not how to name. Thoſe ample

ple Deſarts, thoſe untrack'd Solitudes, appear to my Imagination, like the Limits of this old habitable World; and the Frontiers of ſome new, ſtrange and unknown Region; ſome *Terra Incognita*, where an univerſal Diſſolution and Silence keep their Seat for ever: Where no Voices are heard but thoſe of uncouth *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and other *exotick Tenants* of the *Woods* and *Moors*. No other Sound but the whiſtling and roaring of the Winds. No Proſpect but that of Trees which have appear'd from the Infancy of Time; and where thoſe are wanting, the Eye is wearied in a long endleſs Waſte, which nothing ſeems to bound, but the declining Arch of diſtant Skies, or low, black, melancholy Clouds, ſkirted with Miſts and Fogs, eternal Mantles of the *Northern* Climes.

This is the Figure of thoſe ſolitary Tracts where I would chuſe to live, rather than in a City which ſtifles me with too much Plenty of every thing, but freſh Air, and honeſt People.

Iſouf, the Contrarieties which we find in earthly Things, give a Guſt to each other; and the moſt magnificent Palace wou'd ſeem a Priſon, were a Man always confin'd to live in it.

Couſin, I wiſh thee perpetual Liberty, and Happineſs.

Paris, *7th of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1665.

LETTER XXI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

AMidſt the Variety of Obligations which I have to diſcharge, I forget not to obey thy Commands. I have already in my former *Diſpatches* acquainted thee with the Characters, and ſome remarkable Paſſages of *Henry* IV. *Lewis* XIII. *Lewis* XIV. *Cardinal Richlieu*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the Prince of *Conde*. Now I will ſay ſomething of the famous *Mareſchal de Turenne*, whoſe Fame reaches whereſoever the *French* Wars have been talk'd of for theſe forty Years. The Name of this great *General*, is *Henry de la Tour d' Auvergne*, Son to the Duke of *Bouillon*.

When his Father was near his Death, he call'd for both his Sons, whereof this was the youngeſt. And among other Exhortations, he recommended in a ſpecial Manner three Things to their Practice: Never to renounce or change their *Religion*: Never to take up *Arms* againſt their *Sovereign*: Nor to provoke the *Firſt Miniſter*.

As to the Firſt, the *Mareſchal de Turenne* has hitherto kept it inviolably; but he has faulter'd in both the other, having revolted from his *Maſter*'s Service during his *Minority*, and oppos'd the Intereſt of *Cardinal Mazarini*, when the *Parliament* perſecuted that *Miniſter*.

However, this hinders not but that he is a great Soldier, and beſides he is ſince reconcil'd to the *King*. He ſeems to be born for *Martial* Affairs. And they relate of him, That when he was but Ten Years Old, and his Governor miſſing him, had fought up and down every where for him, he at

at length found him faſt aſleep on a *Cannon*, which he ſeem'd to embrace with his little Arms as far as they would reach. And when he aſk'd why he choſe ſuch a *Couch* to lie on, he made Anſwer, *That he deſign'd to have ſlept there all Night, to convince his Father that he was hardy enough to undergo the Fatigues of War, tho' the Old Duke had often perſuaded him to the contrary.* And to ſpeak the Truth, no Man was more careleſs of his Body than this Prince.

At fourteen Years of Age he was ſent into *Holland*, to ſerve in the Army under the *Prince* of *Orange* who was his Uncle. There he apply'd himſelf to all the Diſcipline of War, doing the Duty of a private Soldier: Which is the common Way that *Cadets* or younger Brothers take to riſe to the moſt eminent *Offices*. He was equally forward in Labours and Perils, never ſhunning any Fatigue or Hazard, which might bring him Glory; yet he was not raſh, the common Vice of Youth, but temper'd all his Actions with an extraordinary Prudence and Solidity of Judgment, beyond what was expected from him at theſe Years. Yet, on the other Side, his Counſels were not ſlow and flegmatick, being of a very ready Forecaſt; and he ſeldom fail'd in his Contrivances. He was ſoon promoted to a Place of *Command*. And the Exactneſs of his Conduct rais'd him a vaſt Reputation, ſo that by Degrees he at laſt arriv'd to that Height of Power and Honour he now poſſeſſes. He appears indefatigable in his Body, and of an invincible Reſolution. He hates Flatterers, that think to gain his Friendſhip by praiſing him. And is equally averſe from making uſe of ſuch fawning Inſinuations to others, tho' the greateſt *Princes* of the *Blood*, or the *Firſt Miniſter* himſelf.

He has alſo a certain Stedfaſtneſs of Spirit, which cannot be warp'd by any artificial Addreſſes, tho' made to his own apparent Advantage, if they propoſe to him any thing that has the leaſt Semblance

of what is baſe and diſhonourable. Thus he would never conſent that the Honour of taking *Dunkirk* ſome Years ago, ſhould be aſcrib'd to *Cardinal Mazarini*, tho' that Miniſter privately courted him to it, offering him the greateſt Commands in the *Kingdom*, if he would do him that Service; and the *Mareſchal* knew it might prove his Ruin, if he did not. Yet ſuch was his Integrity and Love to the Truth, that by no means would he be brought to condeſcend to this Meanneſs of Spirit; yet, perhaps it might only proceed from the Averſion which in thoſe Days he had for the *Cardinal*. Many times it is evident, that a *natural* Paſſion is made to paſs for a moral Virtue. Beſides, perhaps he was unwilling to be depriv'd of the Glory due to him for that important Service.

He is a Man of few Words, and ſo ſecret in all his Counſels, that no Body knows any Thing of his Deſigns, till he puts them in Execution. Every Man eſteems him the moſt liberal *Prince* of this Age, having no other regard for Money, than as it ſerves the Neceſſities of his *Family*, and enables him to oblige his Friends.

In a word, whatever Vices he may have, he is yet endu'd with ſo many good Qualities and Virtues, that he is belov'd by all the Nation, and in particular Favour with his *Sovereign*, who treats him not as *Subject*, but as one of his moſt intimate Friends.

May *God*, who has rais'd up this great *Genius* to aggrandize the *French Monarchy*, continually ſupply the *Grand Signior* with valiant and expert *Generals*, that the *Empire* of the *Faithful Oſmans* may increaſe like the *Moon*, but never be in its *Wane*, till that *Planet* ſhall no more appear in the *Heavens*, and the Faſtening of the *Elements* ſhall be diſſolv'd.

Paris, *12th of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1665.

LET/

LETTER XXII.

To Orchan Cabet, *Student of the Sciences, and Penſioner to the* Grand Signior.

THE *French* King has lately receiv'd a groſs Affront from the *Poets*. They have often been ſatyrical upon his Loves, and and now they begin to burleſque upon his Money. A Day or two ago, as he was newly riſen out of his Bed, he found on a Table in his Chamber, a Paper containing theſe Verſes.

This Letter was written originally in Sclavonick.

Tu és Iſſue de Race Auguſte.
Ton Ayeul eſt Henry *le Grand*;
Et ton Pere Louis *le Juſte*;
Pour Toy, tu n'es qu'un Louis *d'Argent.*

Thou know'ſt where the Force of the *Poet*'s Wit lies, having travelled in *France* and learned their *Language*. The *King* ſmil'd at the Reading of it, and ſeem'd to be pleas'd with the Frankneſs of the *Author*, ſaying, *He was worth a Thouſand Flatterers*. He promiſed likewiſe to give him five hundred *Louis*'s for his Wit, if he would diſcover himſelf, as alſo to pardon him on his Royal Word. But the *Satyriſt* would not venture himſelf, knowing that *Kings* have more Ways than One to revenge themſelves of private Perſons, their *Subjects*. However, ſince the *King* appear'd ſo well pleaſed with this, he was reſolved to give him another Touch of his Skill. And the very next Morning in the ſame Place, the *King* found theſe Words.

Tu ne le ſcaura pas, Louis,
Car j'etois ſeul quand je le fis.

There have been many Conjectures made about the *Author* of theſe *Lampoons*. Some ſay one thing, and ſome another. And there are not wanting ſuch as faſten it on a *Virgin* of *Collen*, now reſiding at this *Court*: Her Name is *Anne Marie de Skurman*. She is very learned, and ſpeaks *Arabick*, *Latin*, *Turkiſh*, *Greek*, *Italian*, *French* and *Spaniſh*, as fluently as her native Dialect. She is of a fine Wit, and piercing Judgment in the Controverſies of *Philoſophy* and *Religion*.

There are ſeveral *Epiſtles* of hers in Print, ſome penn'd in *Latin*, others in *French*, addreſs'd to the *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Richlieu*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and others; beſides a *Book* of *Poems*, moſt of them *Satires*. And 'tis this laſt gives the World ſuch a Jealouſy of her writing the Lines which were found on the *King*'s Table. For the *Criticks* have compar'd 'em with her Style; and find a very near reſemblance between them.

But let who will be the *Author*, I think the *French King* is wrong'd in the Character they give him. For tho' he has heap'd up great Quantities of Gold and Silver to carry on his vaſt Deſigns, yet he is no *Miſer*, being very liberal to Perſons of Merit.

I ſend thee this for thy Diverſion, and in order to our future Correſpondence. Take it for an Example, and be as familiar with me, remembring the old *Latin Proverb*, *Manus manum fricat*.

Paris, 11*th of the* 6*th Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

MAY thy Heart be chearful, and thy Voyage crown'd with Succeſs, where-ever thou ſaileſt, noble old *Tarpaulin*, and *Favourite* of the *God* of the *Sea*. The *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has not had ſo brave a *Commander* of the *Navy* theſe thirty Years. GOD grant thee good Fortune againſt the *Infidels*, whether on the *White* or *Black Seas*. Thou art already famous for thy Exploits on the latter, in above twenty Engagements with the *Coſſacks*, *Circaſſians*, and the reſt of thoſe thieviſh Countries. But nothing has raiſed thy Character ſo high as the laſt Combat thou hadſt with *Pachicour*, the renowned *Pyrate* of thoſe *Parts*, who threatned not only his *Chriſtian* Neighbours, but alſo the *Ottoman Empire* with infinite Ravages.

But thou haſt ſtemm'd the Tide of his Glory, humbled the maritime People his *Confederates*, and by that means made thy ſelf a Way into the *Archipelago* and *Mediterranean*, where thou rideſt as another *Neptune*, King of the *Waters*.

Take not this for Flattery; for I tell thee, I have not ſaid ſo much to a *Baſſa* of the *Sea* theſe ſeven and twenty Years. Neither indeed had I any Reaſon. He that merited the moſt Applauſe in all that Time, was the brave *Zorneſan Muſtapha* And I addreſs'd no more to him than his due. Fortune did not favour him, or elſe he had done great Things. As for the reſt, they were generally Men never bred to Sea-Affairs, but Minions of the Court, or Bullies of the City, who were better at making a Noiſe, than at any Action of Hazard or Importance. And there were ſome bold *Renegadoes*, but they play'd

faſt and looſe, and no body knew where to have 'em.

Treachery infects the whole World; but in theſe *Weſtern Parts* it reigns as in its Center. Here's nothing but Undermining and Ambuſhes: One *State* trepanning another out of their Guards, and then they play their own Game.

It would be endleſs to acquaint thee with the Original of the Quarrel between the *Engliſh* and the *Dutch*. Let it be enough for thee to know, that theſe People are at odds now: And in regard the Strengh of both *Nations* lies in their Shipping, they are preparing to cover the *Northern* Seas with Navies; but the *Iſlanders* ſtill get the beſt on't. They claim the *Sovereignty* of thoſe Seas, and in my Opinion they deſerve it. I ſpeak according to my Intelligence; being aſſur'd, that no Nation ever prevail'd againſt 'em on that Element.

They have had a terrible Fight this *Summer*, wherein the *Dutch* loſt ſeventeen *Ships* of *War*, beſides Veſſels of ſmaller Note. The *Commander* of the *Engliſh Fleet* is call'd the Duke of *York*, a great General, and Brother to the *Engliſh King*. His Name was famous in *France* and *Flanders* during the *Spaniſh* War. And tho' the *Land* afforded him no farther Occaſions of Glory, yet he has found ſome in the *Sea*. *Opdam*, the greateſt *Admiral* that ever the *Dutch* could boaſt of, fell a *Sacrifice* to his *Genius*.

I am the more particular in this Relation, becauſe it is fit thou ſhould'ſt know the Characters of all the brave *Heroes* living.

Since this Fight, the *King* of *France* has ſent an *Ambaſſador* to the *Engliſh Court* to mediate a *Peace*. What Iſſue his Negotiation will have, is of no great Import to us, who ſerve the *Grand Signior*, ſole *Lord* of the *Four Seas:* But I will tell thee ſomething which it concerns thee to know.

The

The King of *France* is going to cut a *Canal* thro' Part of his Kingdom, by which the *Mediterranean* may be join'd to the *Main Sea*. This is a vaſt Deſign, and much diſcours'd of in *Europe*, being a Parallel to what has been formerly attempted by ſome *Kings* of *Egypt*, and *Emperors* of *Rome* to join the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea* together, for the ſake of an eaſier Traffick to the *Eaſt Indies*.

Thou oughteſt alſo to be informed of the *Duke* of *Beaufort*'s Exploits on the Coaſts of *Barbary*. He is Commander of the *French* Navy in thoſe *Seas*, and has done great Injuries to the People of *Algier*, *Sarcelle*, *Bougie*, and other Ports.

Tho' theſe Rebels are deſervedly puniſh'd for deſerting the Protection of the *High Porte*, yet let us remember, that the *Algerines* are *Muſſulmans*, and therefore ought not to be abandon'd to the Malice of *Infidels*.

Mighty *Baſſa*, ſail thou in the Strength of God againſt the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. And when thou haſt finiſh'd thy Voyage here below, may a Wind of Mercy waft thee o'er the Waters which are above the *Firmament*, and land thee ſafe in one of the *Ports* of *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 3*d of the* 9*th Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY *at* PARIS.

VOL. VI.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS *Court* has put on the exterior Semblance of *Mourning*, whilſt they inwardly rejoice at the Death of *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*. He deceas'd on the 17th of the 9th *Moon*. 'Tis poſſible their Grief is more real for the Death of the Duke of *Vendoſme*, a *Prince* of *Royal Extraction*, and, whilſt living, not far from a Poſſibility of inheriting the *Crown* of *France*. But now he is gone to the Grave, the general Receptacle of all Mortals, and which makes no Diſtinction between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*.

There

There have been abundance of Ceremonies perform'd on the Part of the *King*, the *Dauphin*, the Duke of *Orleans*, the Duke of *Valois*, and other Princes of the Blood, for the Health of the departed Soul: For the *Nazarenes*, to give them their due, fall not ſhort of the *True Faithful*, in believing the *Reſurrection* and *Immortality* to come. They conſign the Bodies of the Dead to their Sepulchres, with ſolemn Rites of *Religion*, perfuming them with *Incenſe*, and ſprinkling them with *Holy Water*; rehearſing alſo certain ſacred *Hymns* and *Prayers* appointed for that Purpoſe. Neither do they neglect to faſt and give Alms, to perform any *pious Office* which is practiſed by the *Muſſulmans*, for their Friends who are gone to the inviſible State. They agree with us in abundance of good Things, and if they mix ſome Superſtitions and Errors, let us pity their Weakneſs, and praiſe GOD who guides us into the right Way, and ſuffers us not to be ſeduced into the Way of *Infidels*. He is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, the *Joy* of the *Elect*, and the *Hope* of all *Nations*. Should he puniſh Men according to their hourly Demerits, the Earth would ſoon be depopulated, and void of any other Inhabitants ſave the *Beaſts*. But he knows our Mold, and remembers that we are no more than a mere Froth or Spume of the *Elements*, and that in a very little Time, by the Courſe of *Nature*, we ſhall vaniſh like *Bubbles* which yield to every *Blaſt* of *Wind*. Therefore he ſpares us, and connives at our Infirmities, becauſe he is the Lover of *Souls*.

I ſpeak this as an Incentive to Charity among our ſelves, and to our Fellow-Mortals. It ſeems to me unreaſonable, that we ſhould purſue with inexorable Hatred all the *Followers* of *Jeſus*. He was a *Holy Prophet*, humble, mild, chaſte, and harmleſs. He did many good Works himſelf, and commanded his *Diſciples* to imitate his Example. He rebuk'd

rebuk'd thoſe among them that would have call'd down Fire from Heaven to conſume his Enemies: Enjoyning them to return Bleſſings for Curſes, Prayers for Blaſphemies, and Good for Evil. There are thoſe among them who obey his Precepts: As for the Wicked, I am not their Advocate. If the greateſt Part of the *Chriſtians* live contrary to the Law of the *Meſſias*, let us conſider alſo how many Hypocrites, Libertines, Hereticks, and Atheiſts there are among thoſe who profeſs the *Muſſulman Faith*. Doubtleſs, there are Good and Bad of all *Religions*. And 'tis impoſſible to find an Aſſembly of juſt Men, without a Mixture of Sinners.

As for our Differences with the People of *Jeſus*, in Matter of *Worſhip*, it ought not to make us forget that we are Men, compounded of the ſame Fleſh and Blood as they. And for ought we know, GOD, who made all the Nations of the Earth, may accept of their various Rites and Ceremonies in paying him *Divine Adoration*.

We that are the Poſterity of *Iſmael*, and worſhip the Eternal after the Manner of our Fathers, who follow'd the Pattern of *Ibrahim* the Beloved of GOD, cannot deny but that the Law of *Moſes* was of Divine Original: And yet it contains Precepts and Injunctions, to which we are wholly Strangers in our Practice; tho' the *Jews*, who are the Deſcendants of *Jacob*, obey them to this Day.

So we believe what the *Alcoran* ſays of the *Meſſias*, that he is the Breath and Word of GOD; that he heal'd Diſeaſes, rais'd the Dead, wrought many other Miracles, and preach'd the true heavenly Doctrine. Yet there's abundance of Difference between the Ceremonies which the very Apoſtles uſed in the Service of GOD, and the Worſhip eſtabliſh'd by *Mahomet* our holy Lawgiver. But he tells us, that they who live up to the Law of *Jeſus*, ſhall go to Paradiſe as well as the *Muſſulmans*.

The

The greateſt Scandal which the *Chriſtians* give us, is their ſetting up *Pictures* and *Images* in their *Temples*, and the Reverence they pay to thoſe inſenſible Pieces of human Art. And yet for ought we know they may be excuſable before God; ſince they profeſs openly in the *Publick Decrees* of their *Councils*, that the Veneration and Honour they pay to the *Figures* of *Saints* and *Angels*, is only relative; their *Devotion* at the ſame time reſting not on this Side the *Prototypes*.

If this be true, I ſee no more hurt in their Worſhip of *Images*, than in bowing and proſtrating before the *Alcoran*, which is but another ſort of *Imagery*, repreſenting the *Divine Will*.

In a word, if the *Hieroglyphicks* of the ancient *Egyptians* are allow'd to be lawful Letters, and Inſtruments to expreſs the inward Conceptions of the Mind; in my Opinion, the Painting and Sculpture which we ſee in the *Churches* of the *Chriſtians*, ought not to be condemn'd as an eaſier way to convey the *Hiſtory* of *Jeſus*, and the reſt of the *Prophets* and *Saints*, to the Vulgar, who are generally ignorant of *Letters*. Unleſs we ſhall ſay, that the *Son* of *Mary* was an *Idol*, and the *Prophets* and *Saints* were *Devils*; which God avert from the Mouth of a *True Believer*.

Paris, 13*th of the* 11*th Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

THY *Diſpatch* came to my Hands in a good Hour. I perus'd with Reverence the Paternal Inſtructions it contained; the grave and judicious Apopthegms; the ſacred Rules and Inſtitutions of a regular and ſpiritual Life; the Morals more refin'd than thoſe of *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, *Seneca*, or *Cato*. But pardon me, if I reliſh not ſo well thy *Panegyrick* on ſome of the newly canoniz'd *Saints*; from which you take Occaſion to extol the *Pope*'s Infallibility, and to exclude from *Salvation*, all that are not within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

I am a *Chriſtian* and a *Catholick* as well as you. I honour the *Apoſtles* and *Martyrs*, with all the Primitive *Saints*, *Confeſſors*, and Holy *Doctors* of the *Church*. But I can never be perſuaded, that a Man for being a Murderer, Traytor, an Inventor of cruel Devices, or a learned Sycophant, can merit *Heaven*, tho' he may be rank'd in the *Red Lines* of the *Calendar*. Much leſs can I believe, that all Men ſhall be damn'd, who are not in *Communion* with the *Biſhop* of *Rome*. Certainly the *Catholick* or *Univerſal Church*, is not ſhut up within the narrow Confines of the ſhatter'd *Roman Empire*. Conſider *Greece*, *Armenia*, *Egypt*, *Muſcovy*, *Ethiopia*, and all the ſpacious Territories of *Europe*, and the *Eaſt*. How many Millions daily ſay the *Pater-Noſter*, and pray in *Jeſus*'s Name, yet never paid Obedience to any but their own *Patriarchs* and *Biſhops*? Were not all the *Apoſtles* equally in *Commiſſion*? Were not the *Churches* they founded and eſtabliſh'd, equally holy and orthodox? Where then commenc'd the mighty *Schiſm*, but in the moroſe Pride of *Victor*, who (for the ſake of *Paſchal Nicetiis*) affronted all the

Churches

Churches in the World, and was for that Reaſon ſeverely reprov'd by a *French Biſhop* of his own Obedience; beſides the *Reprimands* of *Polycarp*, and other Prelates of the *Eaſt?* Was not St. *John* the *Beloved* that reſted his Head with *Divine Honour* on the Breaſt of *Chriſt*, as privy to the *Laws* of his Maſter as *Peter*, *Paul*, or any other abortive *Apoſtle?* Remember the firſt *General Council* at *Jeruſalem*, where *James* the Brother of our *Lord* ſate Preſident decreeing *Abſtinences* exactly oppoſite to the preſent *Roman* Faith and Practice. And believe at the ſame time, that 'twas *Imperial* Vanity and Pride which firſt begot the fatal Separation. *Hereſy* was but the Baſtard of the *Apoſtolick Canons*, cheriſh'd and too much countenanc'd by *Conſtantine* and his Succeſſors, till the fatal Time of *Phocas*, whoſe untimely Death made all Things ripe for the intended Uſurpation. Oh *Guicciardine!* How truly haſt thou writ the State of modern *Rome!* Worthy as *Horace* of eternal Honour. Thy faithful Proſe equals his courtly Verſe, and merits new *Auguſtus's* to patronize it.

Believe me, Father *William*, I have no Spite or Enmity againſt the *Roman* High-Prieſt. I reverence him equally with his Brethren, the Patriarchs of *Conſtantinople*, *Jeruſalem*, *Alexandria*, and *Antioch*. I would go beyond this, for the ſake of Conformity to ancient Cuſtom, and in Obedience to the celebrated Council of *Nice:* I would willingly acknowledge him the *Primate* of the World. Let him have the firſt Place, in *God*'s Name, among the Patriarchs of the *Univerſal Church*. But let him not ride on the Necks of his Equals. Let him not pretend a Power to cancel the *Apoſtolick Canons*; traverſe the *Traditions* of the *Fathers*, repeal the *Decrees* of *General Councils*, diſpenſe with the *Laws* of *Nature*, *Grace*, *Reaſon*, *Morality*, and the very Inſtitutions of his Predeceſſors, Men, without queſtion,

as

as infallible as he. This is not the Way to make Proſelytes to the *Roman* Faith, unleſs it be of Fools and Knaves. The World has receiv'd new Lights, Father *William*, and Men begin to hiſs religious Bantering off the Stage. Nay, even they who are moſt guilty of it, I mean the *Roman* Courtiers, Cardinals, and Prieſts, cannot forbear laughing at the Folly, and credulous Eaſineſs of thoſe on whom they impoſe their *pious Frauds*. The bigotted *Laity* are by them eſteemed no better than ſilly Aſſes, tamely couching under the Burdens of their *Eccleſiaſtical Lords* and *Drivers*.

Therefore, 'tis Time for thee to open thy Eyes, lift up thy Head, and lay aſide *Monaſtick* Simplicity: I do not counſel thee to turn *Libertine*, or imitate the *Italian* Gallantry, which has taught the Prieſts, inſtead of ſacred Continence, to ſquint a Benediction on ſome charming Lady from the Altar, in the Name of *Dominus Vobiſcum*, or *Surſum Corda*; even whilſt they are preparing for Divine Revels, to banquet on the Fleſh and Blood of GOD. Oh! monſtrous Perfidy, and execrable Profaneneſs! Nor if thou art affronted and revengeful, would I adviſe thee to time the Execution of thy Wrath like the *Sicilian Veſpers*, and make the Bells become the Signals of thy Cruelty, which ought, and were deſign'd, and conſecrated on purpoſe to drill on harmleſs Souls to Church, with their dull, ſleepy, jangling Chimes; and with their more triumphant, lofty Muſick, on the *Feſtivals* of the Saints, to make devouter *Chriſtians* dream they're going to Heaven, inſtead of a *Maſſacre*. I would not have thee hope to merit Paradiſe, by ſending thither in Obedience to the *Pope*, or *General* of thy *Order*, the majeſtick Souls of *Kings*, or *Emperors*, in Vehicles of ſacred Poiſon, or envenom'd *Euchariſts*. Believe that thoſe Prelates, Prieſts, or Monks, who are thus divinely profane, and mercifully cruel, ſhall become Mi-

tred,

tred, Veſted, Cowled *Monſters*, in the fierceſt and moſt violent glowing Dens of *Hell*; there with the moſt exalted Arſenicks, Mercuries, and whatſoever gives the higheſt Pains, to languiſh, pine, and rack away Ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Ages, in Penances of ſlow Effect, which expiate but very late, the crying Sins of guilty Murderers, and bloody Hypocrites.

Yet ſuch as theſe, ſince modern Times, are the only Men thought worthy to be *canoniz'd* for Saints; which made a certain honeſt Cardinal cry out in Preſence of the Pope, *Theſe New Saints force me to doubt the Old Ones.*

Father *William*, the ſame Thought begins and ends my Letter. Yours was upon the Stretch, extolling far too high the Largeneſs of the *Roman* Church, the *infallible Power* of *Popes*, the *Miracles* of theſe *New Saints*. And I, for my Part, am a Man abhorring Bigotry. I cannot believe Things contrary to my Reaſon. I wiſh the Differences of Mankind in Point of *Religion* were rationally compoſed, and that the Good of all Sects, Factions, Parties, Churches, and Communions, were united in this Life, as they ſurely will be in the next.

In the mean time, to the *Father* without *Beginning*; to the *Son* without a *younger Brother*; to the *Holy Ghoſt*, the *Firſt* and the *Laſt*; to the *Virgin Mary* the *Mother* of the *Entire Deity*, I recommend thee and all good *Chriſtians*; hoping to ſee you in Heaven, tho' we cannot it ſeems think alike on Earth.

Paris, *1ſt of the 12th Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

ACcording to thy Deſire, I have procur'd and ſent thee the *Alcoran*, with other *Writings* of our *Holy Doctors*; *Books* which will conduct thee into the right Way. Thou wilt find in theſe *Volumes* a Spirit of Life and Power. There breathes in them a certain vital Principle of Reaſon; ſo that whoſoever reads them attentively, may feel (if I may ſo ſpeak) the very Pulſe of intellectual Wiſdom, beating in every Sentence.

There is a vaſt Difference between theſe *Writings*, full of Arguments clear and intelligible, and the Whimſies of thy *Rabbi's*, who abound in *ſacred Fables*, and *divine Romances*.

Who can peruſe your celebrated *Miſnah* without Diſdain? Or look into your more applauded *Talmud*, and not feel himſelf touch'd with Horror, at the monſtrous Blaſphemies and ridiculous Forgeries therein contain'd? Doſt thou not laugh at the Story of *God*'s pickling up the *Leviathan* till the Days of the *Meſſiah*; and that other of the *Bull* which daily devours the Fodder of a Thouſand Mountains? Or wilt thou ſhew me the Neſt of that *Bird* from whence, the *Talmud* ſays, an Egg falling on the Earth, threw down three hundred tall Cedars with its Weight; and at length breaking, over-flow'd ſixty Villages with the liquid Subſtance included in the Shell?

Such as theſe muſt needs be fit Themes for the Contemplations of the *Omnipotent!* And yet your *Rabbi's* teach, that GOD ſtudies nine Hours of the Day in the *Talmud*. Can any Man of common Piety hear

hear theſe Blaſphemies and not tremble? What Affronts are theſe to human Senſe? What Impoſitions on the Reaſon of the credulous *Jews?* Does the moſt perfect of all *Beings* acquire Knowledge by Degrees, or is the *Eternal Intellect* improv'd by reading of *Books?* Or if it were ſo, would he not make a better Choice than of a *Volume*, which in the incredible Stories it relates exceeds all the *Figments* of Poets?

Tell me, *Nathan*, can'ſt thou ſwallow that loud Lye of the *Talmud*, which tells thee, That there was a *Lyon*, who when he roar'd at the Diſtance of four hundred Miles from *Rome*, all the Women that were with Child in that City, being affrighted at the Noiſe, miſcarried, and the Walls of *Rome* fell down? And when he drew nearer by a hundred miles he ſet up his Throat again, which made ſo terrible a Sound, that all the *Romans* Teeth fell out of their Heads, and the *Emperor* himſelf felt ſuch Convulſions, as had well-nigh coſt him his Life.

Surely the *Crow* which the *Talmud* ſpeaks of in another Place, was but a Puny to this monſtrous *Lion*; and yet it ſeems, that *Crow* ſwallow'd a *Serpent* that had eaten a *Frog* as big as a Village of threeſcore Houſes, and when he had done, flew into the next Tree. I ſuppoſe, that was the Tree which grew in Paradiſe, and was five hundred Miles high, according to the *Talmud*. Have I not Reaſon for this Raillery, when one of your *Rabbi's* ſolemnly ſwears, he was an Eye-witneſs of theſe Things? Who can forbear to ridicule the Bigotry of thoſe, who give up their Faith to ſuch Deluſions?

Thou wilt meet with more rational Entertainment in the *Books* of the *Muſſulman Doctors*; more eſpecially in that Tranſcript thou haſt of the *Volume* firſt dictated in *Heaven*. That confirms the true Law of *Moſes*, but damns the Impoſtures of the

the *Talmud*, attributing the Invention of ſuch Errors to the *Devil*.

But thou wilt ask me perhaps, what I mean by the true Law of *Moſes*; Shall I tell thee the Opinion of one of thy own Nation, a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, as he pretends, and, for ought I know, of the ſame Tribe with thy ſelf: For I am a Stranger to the *Geanologies* of you both.

Some Years ago here was in this City a Man who, if we may believe him, has been in all the Cities of the World. The *French* call him the *Wandering Jew*; and he confirm'd that Title, by the Profeſſion he made of his Birth, Deſcent, and univerſal Travels. No doubt but thou haſt heard of this Man, or at leaſt of ſuch a Character, and therefore I need not repeat what he ſaid of himſelf, and what the Generality of Mankind believe of him. Suffice it to tell thee, that I was once in his Company half a Day together; when, among other Diſcourſes, he told me, that the true Law of *Moſes* has been loſt for above theſe two thouſand Years, except in the *North* Parts of *Aſia*, where there are an infinite Number of *Hebrews*, but far different in their *Religion* from all the *Jews* in the reſt of the World. He ſays, the Country where they inhabit is environ'd round with high and inacceſſible Mountains. I aſk'd him the exact *Geographical* Situation of this Country, but receiv'd no other Anſwer than that it lay beyond the River *Sabbation*. Then I remember'd what I had read in *Eſdras*, a *Scribe* of thy Nation, concerning the Tranſmigration of the Ten *Tribes*, who were carried away Captives by the *Aſſyrians*: How they paſs'd through a certain River on dry Ground, the Waters being divided to the Right Hand and to the Left, and that after the ſame Manner they ſhould return again in the latter Days; but that in the mean time, the *Region* where they live was hidden from all other Mortals.

Com-

Comparing this Paſſage with what I had heard from the *Wand'ring Jew*, I became almoſt perſuaded that the People and Country of which he ſpake, were the very ſame mention'd by *Eſdras*. GOD only can diſcern the Truth from Error in *Hiſtories* of ſo remote and ancient a Subject.

As to their Religion, I was juſt going to give thee an Account of what he ſaid concerning it, but am interrupted by Company. Wherefore I am forc'd to break off abruptly. Expect a full Relation in my next. I am in haſte.

Paris, *4th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

THE Interruption which made me ſo ſuddenly conclude my other Letter laſted not long; ſo that I have Time enough to perform my Promiſe by the ſame Poſt.

I was about to relate what the *Wand'ring Jew* told me of the Religion of thoſe remote *Hebrews* in *Aſia*, which take as follows.

He ſays, they are a *Nation* of Philoſophers, bound by their *Laws* to ſtudy the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences*. They have none but Iron-Money current among them; the Uſe of Gold and Silver Coins being expreſsly forbidden by their *Laws*, to prevent the Temptations of Avarice and Theft: For who would ſteal or covet a Metal, which for its Bulk, was not eaſy to be hid, nor for its Beauty very deſirable, being every where common in the Veins of the Earth, and ſerv'd only as a Method of Barter and Commerce among themſelves, where the Inequality

equality of Merchandiſes entangled their Traffick, and would not admit of a ready Exchange.

This took from them the Occaſion of many unneceſſary Arts at Home, and they had no Temptation to travel Abroad; the chief Deſign of their *Lawgiver* being to oblige them to ſpend moſt of their Time in *religious* and *philoſophical* Exerciſes, and the reſt in preparing Neceſſaries for human Suſtenance. They had no need to buy any thing of foreign *Countries*, or to build Ships for that End, who were bound to live content with the natural Product of their own fertile *Country*: For Luxury has not as yet ſet Footing in that happy *Region*, if we may believe this Traveller. He ſays, they feed altogether on the Fruits of the Earth, not admitting any Art or Employment which tends to Superfluity, but only ſuch as ſerve the neceſſary Uſes of Life, wherein they ſhew an admirable Dexterity and Skill.

When they travel from one Town to another, which is very frequent, they never carry any thing to defray their Charges by the Way, or when they arrive at their Journey's End: All Entertainment of this Nature being free and reciprocal. Such is the Cuſtom of the Country.

They have no *Lawyers* among them, but if any Contention ariſe, 'tis preſently determin'd by the Arbitration of the next Neighbour, to whoſe Sentence all ſubmit: Every Man being willing to loſe ſomething of his Right, rather than diſturb the Publick Amity and Peace.

As to the Manner of their *Worſhip*, they are ſtrict Obſervers of Purity in waſhing, anointing, and ſhaving their Bodies.

They have *Temples* alſo where they aſſemble every Seventh Day; and having offer'd up the Firſt-Fruits of the Earth, they ſit down in the Courts, and banquet together with Joy, whilſt the Prieſts enter-

entertain them with excellent Muſick and Songs, in praiſe of GOD and his Works. To this End the Courts of their Temples are made very large, that they may contain ſo many diſtinct Families; and ſtately Pavilions are ſet up, adorn'd with the Boughs of green Trees, with all manner of Flowers careleſly intermix'd. But amidſt all their Feaſting they are not permitted to taſte of Fleſh; They eat only the Fruits of the Earth, with Milk, Honey, and Oil. And their common Drink is Water and Wine.

At the Age of ſixteen Years, every Man is bound to take the following Oath:

I *Swear that I will adore but* One GOD, *who brought our Fathers out of* Egypt, *and has conducted us by a myſterious Path to this Land of promiſe. I will religiouſly ſerve him all my Life, for that he has vouchſafed to plant me in the Family of his Elect, and not either of the two Tribes who were left behind in the* Land *of* Deluſions. *I will do juſtly to all Men, neither will I voluntarily hurt or kill any livng Creature, unleſs it be in my own Defence. I will not taſte of the Fleſh of any Animal, but in all Things obſerve the Abſtinence commanded by* Allah *to* Moſes *on the Mount, I will religiouſly obey my Prince, to my laſt Breath, and rather be torn in pieces by wild Beaſts than betray him, or conſent to betray him to another: For he is the* Vice-Roy *of* GOD. *I will never conceal my Knowledge of any Conſpiracy againſt him, or my Country, neither will I diſcover his Secrets to any, if it ſhould ever be my Honour to know them. I will obſerve the Traditions of my Fathers, and teach the ſame and no other to my Poſterity. In fine, I will in all things obey the Laws of this ſacred Kingdom, this Region of Peace, this Garden of Bliſs. All this I ſolemnly ſwear by the firſt Father of Light, and by Nothing the profound Womb of Darkneſs, and by Silence the Companion of that Death which no created Being can fathom;*

which is the ſame as if I ſhould wiſh my ſelf annihilated, if I violate this Oath in the leaſt Point.

Theſe are all the Terms of the Oath, that I can diſtinctly remember, which I here inſert, to ſhew thee what Opinion theſe People have of the Law which was given to *Moſes* on the Mount, and how they reject the *Two Tribes* that were left in *Paleſtine*, and eſteem'd of that Country but as the Land of Deluſions, as counting their own Country the *Region* of *Promiſe*, and themſelves the *Elect* of GOD.

One would think, that theſe were the *Poſterity* of the *Ten Tribes* that were carry'd away Captives by *Salmanaſar* King of *Aſſyria*. And this was alſo the Opinion of that *Wanderer*, who told me, that both their Pentateuch was different from yours, and the *Language* wherein it is written. For he ſaid, it was rather a Dialect of *Arabick*, in which Language thou knoweſt GOD wrote the *Ten Commandments* on the Two Tables: Among which, one is, *Thou ſhalt not kill*. This Prohibition, they ſay, extends to all *Living Creatures*, tho' your Doctors interpret it as only reaching to Men, and ſo do the *Chriſtians*. But the *Muſſulmans* interpret it thus, *Thou ſhalt neither kill Man or Beaſt without Reaſon*. By which Clauſe, the Beaſts are priviledg'd from the wanton Cruelty of Men, who otherwiſe would murther them only to make Sport; yet wicked Men are not exempted from a violent Death, as a Puniſhment of their Crimes.

This Traveller ſays alſo that the People of that Country are ſo healthy, that they generally live till they are a hundred and twenty Years old, which is almoſt twice the Age of other Mortals. This he aſcribes to their exquiſite Temperance and Moderation in all Things, as alſo to the Dryneſs of the Soil, and to the Force of certain Winds, which continually ſweep the Air of this delecta-

delectable Region, and purge it of all hurtful Qualities.

If ever it be thy Fortune to ſee this Perſon, he will acquaint thee with a great many more delightful Paſſages, which it would be too tedious for me to inſert in a Letter; beſides, my Memory is treacherous, and I often forget thoſe Things at one time, which I remember at another: But if thou art ſollicitous to hear more, I will oblige thee with all that I can call to mind of this *Traveller*, in another Letter.

In the mean time, make a right Uſe of theſe Hints, and weigh one thing with another, examine all things without Prejudice or Partiality. Truſt no Man's Reaſon but thy own in Matters of a diſputable Nature, ſince thou haſt as much Right to decide the Controverſy, as any Man. And thus thou wilt never become a Bankrupt in *Religion*.

Paris, *4th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER V.

To Mohammed, Hadgi, Dervich Eremite *of* Mount Uriel *in* Arabia *the* Happy.

AS I think, this is the laſt of my Hours in this World, and the firſt of a new Life, which I ſhall commence in Immortality: I perceive, that the *fatal Period*, the *Moment* of *Tranſmigration*, ſet by *Deſtiny*, is approaching. The *Craſis* of my Blood is diſſolving apace; my Spirit haſtens to get looſe from theſe mortal Chains: I feel my Soul trying and ſtretching her Wings, preparing to take her eternal Flight to the Region aſſign'd her by GOD and Nature.

I have not Preſumption enough to hope for *Paradiſe*, nor am I ſo abandon'd to Deſpair, as to conclude I ſhall go to Hell. I rather believe, *Aaraf*, or the Place of Priſons, will be my Portion; in regard I fear the Evils which I have been guilty of are not over-balanc'd by my good Actions. 'Tis well if Virtue has counterpois'd Vice in the Courſe of this mortal Life. However, I am reſign'd, and commit my ſelf to the *Indulgent Creator* of all Things, who will not fail to diſpoſe of me according to the Order which he has eſtabliſh'd in the *Univerſe*.

Methinks, were I even in *Hell*, I cou'd not forbear praiſing that *Fountain of all Things*. I wou'd teach the *Devils* and *Damn'd* a new Leſſon of Patience and Contentedneſs, of Humility and Devotion, of Generoſity and Love, amidſt their tremendous Torments. I wou'd ſurvey with an Indifference becoming a *True Believer*, the *Horrid Abyſs*, with all its dreadful Vaults and Apartments. I wou'd conſider the wonderful Architecture of thoſe Infernal Priſons, the inexpugnable Strength of the Walls; their prodigious Thickneſs and unmoveable Faſtneſs; I would contemplate every Thing with the Reaſon of a *Philoſopher*, and the Piety of a *Muſſulman*, not giving my ſelf up to the Paſſions of a Fool, and an Infidel.

All this I imagine were eaſy to perform in thoſe fatal Caverns, and much more, but GOD knows how the Experience of ſuch an intolerable Anguiſh and Reſtraint might alter a Man's Mind.

However, I find it *Medicinal* to think of the laſt and worſt Things, to be always prepar'd for Death, and whatſoever ſhall follow it: For, Surprizes are apt to unman us, and plunder us of our Reaſon. I was in the Heighth of a violent Fever, when I began this Letter; yet now 'tis abated, and I palpably feel the gentle Returns of Health and Life.

Life. This is owing, in my Judgment, to the real Belief I had, that my laſt Hour was come, which I have ſo long expected. And I cou'd almoſt perſuade my ſelf, that I ſhall diſperſe a thouſand *Maladies*, recover out of the moſt dangerous *Paroxyſms*, and prolong my Days to Old-Age, by the meer Force of theſe Contemplations.

My Faith in this Point is grounded on Experience: For I have often found, that to be arm'd againſt Calamities with an even Mind, is either a ſure Way to avoid them, or at leaſt to protract the Seaſon of their Arrival. And if there were nothing elſe in't, but the rend'ring 'em more eaſy when they come, 'twere worth any Man's Pains to try the Experiment.

Doubtleſs, there is no Terror in Death, but what the vain Opinion of Men creates. 'Tis as pleaſant for a thinking Man to die as to live, if it be only for this Reaſon, that in his Paſſage from the Life he had led before, he ſhall not have bare naked *Idea's* for his Contemplation; but Matter of Fact, and the moſt important, that ever employ'd the Souls of Men.

O admirable *Sylvan*, conſider with thy ſelf, whether it will not be highly grateful to thy languiſhing Soul, when thou ſhalt perceive demonſtratively, by the infallible *Enthymema's* of thy trembling Pulſe, that thou art juſt ready to be releas'd from the deceitful Sophiſtry of human Life! that thou art near eſcaping from a narrow Cage to be upon the Wing at large, to fly into the ample Fields of Beauty, Light, and endleſs Happineſs: Reflect alſo at the ſame time, O holy *Eremite*, that I ſhou'd think it no Pain to be freed from my Confinement to a ſtinking Neſt of *Infidels*.

But why ſhould I give them that reproachful Epithet, when for ought I know, I am a greater *Infidel* my ſelf? 'Tis true, indeed, I am of the Lineage

of *Ibrahim*, *Iſmael*, and the Holy Race; I bear in my Body the *Seals* of a *Divine League* or *Covenant* between GOD and *Man*, I was *circumcis'd* in due Time, and gave ſupreme Glory to one GOD, and Honour to *Mahomet* his *Meſſenger*. I pronounc'd the *Seven Myſterious Words*, whoſe Sound excites the Harmony of the *Spheres*, ſets the Angels a dancing, puts all Nature into Motion, and makes the *Devil* as deaf as a Beetle. Nay, as our *Holy Doctors* teach, the very Breath with which that ſacred Confeſſion is utter'd, blows the Aſhes of *Hell* into the Eyes of the *Damn'd*, and ſtrikes them blind. In a word, I have faſted, prayed, given Alms, and perform'd all the external Duties of a *True Believer*; yet I have reaſon to fear, that the beſt of my pious Actions are not ſufficient to cancel my Sins. My Practice runs counter to my Faith; there ſeems to be a double Spirit in me, one inclining me to Good, and the other forcing me to Evil. For, whilſt I really in my Heart believe the *Alcoran*, and obey *Mahomet*, our *Holy Lawgiver*, I am compell'd to deny both, to profeſs the Life and Manners of a *Nazarene*, to counterfeit an *Infidel*, and do a thouſand other ill Things, to pleaſe the *Grand Signior* and his Slaves. Thus I play faſt and looſe with GOD Almighty, and turn *Religion* into *Croſs-Purpoſes*. Yet *Heaven* knows, that I obteſt all the Elements to witneſs, that I would fain be innocent, and live in unblemiſh'd Vertue: But the fatal Neceſſities I lie under, conſtrain me to a perpetual Courſe of Vice. Which makes me ſometimes cry out in the Agonies of my Soul, O GOD! *I pray thee either to alter my Circumſtances, and reform my Nature, or make new Laws more eaſy to be kept.*

Venerable and Patient *Solitary*, bear with my importunate Complaints; and remember, that tho' thou art as an *Angel* for thy Perfections, yet *Mahmut* is but a Man, ſubject to a thouſand Frailties.

Pity

Pity him, and continue to afford him thy ſage Counſel; reſt alſo aſſur'd, that among all his Infirmities, he ſtill retains inviolable Affections, and dutiful Regard for the Tenets of GOD's Prophet.

Paris, *22d of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU may'ſt report it to the *Divan* for a Certainty, that *Mirammud* the Son of the *Xeriph* at *Sallee*, is taken Priſoner by the *French*. That bold Youth has long rov'd the Seas uncontroul'd; has done many Injuries to the *Chriſtians*, fill'd *Sallee* with Slaves: Now he himſelf is become a Captive. Such is the Fortune of War by Sea and Land; to day triumphant and victorious, to morrow vanquiſh'd and in Chains.

Yet he loſt not his Honour with his Liberty, having bravely defended his Veſſel, and ſtrew'd the Decks with ſlaughter'd *French*; till over-powered with Numbers, he was compell'd to yield. His Enemies extol his Courage, and the Greatneſs of his Mind, which would not ſink under the Preſſure of this Misfortune. He ſeem'd to have the Command of himſelf, (which is the moſt glorious Victory) and ſuffer'd not his free-born Soul to be led Captive by his Paſſions; but behav'd himſelf with ſuch an even Temper, as plac'd him above the Pity of his Enemies, and rather made him the Subject of their Emulation. He is brought to the Court, where he is entertain'd as a Gueſt, rather than as a

Priſoner: Being invited to their Banquets, Maſks, Plays, and other Divertiſements. Neither is he debarr'd the Privilege of Hunting, which might give him the faireſt Opportunity to eſcape. But he is ignorant of the Language of this Country; and few of the *French* underſtand *Moreſco:* So that it is almoſt impoſſible for him to make any Party, or conſult his Flight, unleſs the King's Interpreter ſhould aſſiſt him. Beſides, the *French* have a higher Opinion of his Generoſity, than to apprehend ſuch an ingrateful Return of the Royal Uſage he finds in this *Court*.

As for *Mahmut*, he has not as yet made himſelf known to this brave Captive. But if the Miniſters of the *Divan* ſhall think it the Intereſt or Honour of the *Sublime Porte* to engage in this Affair, I want but a *Commiſſion* to ſet *Mirammud* ſafe aſhore in *Africk*.

I will not hazard any thing in an Affair of this Importance, without an Order from my *Superiors*. When their Pleaſure is once known, the Execution ſhall be ſwift. I wait for thy Commands, as for a Decree of Deſtiny, which cannot be repealed.

The GOD of our Fathers, who multiply'd the *Seed* of *Iſhmael* as the Graſs of the Field, and gave them the Sovereignty over many *Nations*, grant that the *Sublime Porte*, which is the Nurſery of the *Faithful*, may always take ſuch Meaſures as ſhall advance the Intereſt of the *Muſſulman Empire*.

Paris, 14*th of the* 3*d Moon,*
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To Hamel Muladdin, Xeriph *of* Sallee.

THY Son is no longer a *Captive*, but a *Conqueror*: His firſt Appearance before the Ladies of this Court was an Equivalent to his Ranſom. He is like to do thee greater Service by his Chains, than when he rang'd the Seas. His Beauty may do more Miſchief in *France* than all thy Ships of War; ſince it hath already created ſuch Rivalſhips and Factions among the *Fair Sex*, as engages the *French* Gallants on many unhappy Rencounters; and in a little Time it will be difficult for the intereſted Sparks to meet and part with unſheath'd Swords. Libels and Panegyricks divide the Studies of the Wits; while one flatters, another lampoons the amorous Females; and *Mirammud*, the illuſtrious Slave, is all the Talk. In a word, he finds Royal Uſage, having the Liberty of the *Court*; and all are pleaſed with his graceful Deportment, and undiſguiſed Converſation. Every one affects his Company, and he has the Fate of Princes, *Never to be alone*. His Skill in Riding and throwing the Lance, has inflam'd the noble Youth with martial Emulations. They eſteem *Mirammud* the moſt accompliſh'd Perſon of this Age.

Can'ſt thou now repine at thy Son's glorious Thraldom? A Captivity that loads him with ſo many Honours? That lays his Conquerors at his Feet, and ſubdues all Hearts to his matchleſs Perfections? His Followers find Friendſhip among the *Infidels* for his Sake: 'Twere to be wiſh'd that equal Humanity were ſhew'd to the *Chriſtian* Slaves in *Barbary*. I tell thee, thy Son is ſo admir'd and lov'd, that all thy Treaſure cannot redeem him The

French are generous, and ſcorn to ſell the Brave for Gold. They will ſooner give thee thy Son again, expecting from his Gratitude a Recompence ſurpaſſing the Value of Money; that is, an inviolable obſerving the *Conditions* of Peace, which, they ſay, thou haſt ſo often broke. Thy *Ambaſſadors* are expected here, to conſummate a laſting Friendſhip. When that is done, thou wilt quickly ſee thy Son return, attended by a numerous Train of *French*, who have vow'd to follow his Fortune through the World, ſo long as he draws not his Scymetar againſt their King.

I have diſpatch'd an Account of this Adventure to the *Kaimacham*, that ſo the *ſublime Porte*, which gives the Law to all the *Kings* on *Earth*, may intereſt itſelf on thy Behalf. The *French* ſeem to have a profound Attach to the *Ottoman Empire:* Whether it proceeds not more from Fear, and the Principles of Policy, than from any real Love to the *Muſſulmans*, I will not determine. They ſpeak reverently of the *Grand Signior*, covet his Friendſhip, and applaud the victorious Enterprizes of the *True Believers*. Indeed they are naturally a martial People, and honour all Men of brave Spirits and daring Reſolutions. They have this particular Reaſon alſo to bear Friendſhip to the *Invincible Oſmans*, becauſe we are almoſt continually in Wars with the Houſe of *Auſtria*, the old Enemy of *France*. The *Germans* are wont to ſay, That the *Dragon*'s *Head* and *Tail* are in Conjunction, when the *Turks* and the *French* invade the Empire at the ſame Time. Theſe are number'd amongſt the *Conſtellations* by *Aſtrologers*, to which the *Germans* allude in this Proverb; being ever jealous of ſome private Treaty between the *Sultan* and the *French Court*.

GOD, who is the Wiſeſt of the Wiſeſt, inſtruct thee to adjuſt thy Differences happily with this noble

ble Nation, that ſo thou may'ſt ſee thy Son again in Peace at *Sallee*.

Paris, 14*th of the* 3*d Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER VIII.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

UPON my Word, thy Letter came in a critical Hour, to prevent, for ought I know, more Miſchief than could have been repair'd again all the Days of my Life. I have but juſt taken my Eyes off from it, and ſet Pen to Paper, to expreſs my Thanks to thee for the Care thou tak'ſt of thy exil'd Brother; for the Poſt goes this Night, and I have appointed to meet *Eliachim* the *Jew* with ſome *Armenians* within theſe few Minutes. It had been an unfortunate Meeting for me, had not thy Diſpatch come ſo opportunely to give me Warning of our Couſin *Soly-man*'s Perfidy: For theſe *Furr'd Caps* are his Spies and Confidents. The back Blows of *Tagot*, *Negidher*, and the *Great Devil* be upon him and them. What have I done to that ungrateful Villain, to merit ſuch ill Offices from him? But upon thee be the Mercies of GOD, the Favours of his Prophet, and the Benedictions of all good Men and Angels: For thou art to me as one of the Watchers above, more than a Brother: Thou art the *Tutelar Genius* of my Life, my good *Dæmon* in Time of Danger.

We had deſign'd this Evening for a private Banquet of Wine, which, thou knoweſt, dilates the Hearts of Mortals, unlocks Secrets, and makes the

moſt reſerv'd Man in the World too talkative and open.

I keep as great Guard upon my Tongue, perhaps, as another; but GOD knows how far I might have been tempted by ſuch good Company, to let it looſe for the Sake of Diſcourſe: For theſe Fellows are ſoft as the Air in their Addreſs and Converſation; they appear as innocent as *Santones*, ſincere as *Hadgi's*, loyal and courtly as the *Pages* of the *Serail*. They would wheedle ninety nine of *Argus*'s Eyes out of his Head ſucceſſively, before he miſſed one.

They came firſt to *Paris* as Merchants; and no doubt but *Solyman* had given 'em Inſtructions how to inſinuate into *Eliachim*'s Acquaintance, and ſo by Degrees into mine. For that honeſt *Jew* trades with People of all Nations and Characters.

However it be, I remember the very Words which thou inſerted'ſt in thy Letter, were ſpoken by me in Company with theſe Infidels. But I ſhall find a Way to be even with them, and *Solyman* too, before they'll dream of it.

In the mean time, I pray heartily, that if ever it ſhall be thy Misfortune to be in the like Peril; Deſtiny or Chance, Providence or Fate, may raiſe ſome Friend to give thee a Caution, and that thou may'ſt not, with the unhappy *Cæſar*, neglect to read it in time.

I'm now going to encounter theſe *Giafers*; perhaps I ſhall catch 'em in their own Snares. If not, I'll ſecure they ſhall not catch me.

Dear *Peſteli*, may thy Soul repoſe under the Protection of GOD.

Paris, *1ſt of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

TO whom ſhould I complain in my Adverſity, but to my Friend? I have been more embaraſs'd within theſe two *Moons*, than through all the former Courſe of my Life. Troubles of divers Kinds throng in upon me. I ſeem like a Butt or Mark, whereat every Species of *Misfortune*, like a ſkilful Archer, directs the fatal Arrows of its Malice. I am near over-whelm'd with Calamities. Heaven and Earth are ſet againſt me, and all the Elements conſpire my Ruin. Yet no Perſecution appears ſo terrible as that of Men, nor any Affliction ſo poignant as that which proceeds from the Ingratitude and Perfidy of my own Countrymen, Perſons related to me by Blood.

Age and much Sickneſs have confin'd me to my Bed for a conſiderable Time, which is no ſmall Alloy to human Happineſs. But to render me perfectly miſerable, the *Miniſters* of the *Porte* are angry with me for being old and infirm, and for not continuing to ſerve the *Grand Signior* with the ſame Vigor and Strength as formerly: Elſe what mean the frequent Reproaches they ſend me, whilſt I am not in a Condition to anſwer them, or make an Apology for my ſelf? Would they have me immortal, and Proof againſt the Strokes of Deſtiny and Death, which thou know'ſt are unavoidable? When I was in my Prime, healthy and ſtrong as an Eagle, they encouraged me with the faireſt Promiſes in the World, telling me I ſhould never want for Money, or the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. Yet even then I receiv'd not my Penſion without Murmurs and obſcure Menaces. So hard a Thing is it for Courtiers to be touch'd with any Man's Neceſ-

Neceſſities. But now they threaten plainly to ſtop all farther Supplies, unleſs I will grow young again, and do Buſineſs as briſkly as when I'd number'd but thirty Summers. Thus they ſerve poor *Mahmut*, as we uſe Oranges and Lemons, whoſe vital Spirit when we have ſuck'd out, we throw the reſt away as unprofitable. Yet not one of them will contribute in the leaſt to my Recovery. Only the generous *Cara Hali*, our beloved Friend, hearing of my Malady, ſent me a ſtrange *chymical* Liquor, with the celebrated *Confection El Razi*, ſome *Bezoar*, and the moſt precious Balm of *Gilead*; all prepar'd to my Hand, with Directions, and ſeal'd with an authentick Signet.

Theſe indeed had a marvellous Operation on me. I tried them but Yeſterday, and find myſelf ſuddenly reſtor'd to ſome Degrees of Health, as by a Miracle. Whether it be the vaſt Eſteem I have for that excellent Phyſician, with the Confidence I repoſe in his Skill and Judgment, has had ſome Influence on me, or what elſe I know not; (yet we uſe to obſerve, that the Patient's good Opinion of his Phyſician is half a Cure:) However, theſe ſovereign Medicines have inſpired me with a new Energy: And had I not other Afflictions to break my Heart, I could almoſt promiſe myſelf to reach the Age of *Neſtor*. But my unfortunate Stars will have it otherwiſe, and I am reſign'd to Deſtiny.

Thou know'ſt my Couſin *Solyman* the *Turbant-Maker*, and art no Stranger to his Humours and Fortune; what an unſettled Man he has been in the whole Courſe of his Life; that no Employment could ever pleaſe him, nor he be long fix'd in any Place. How he has rambled from *Conſtantinople* to *Scutari*, from thence to *Chalcedon*, &c. always murmuring againſt Heaven, and complaining of his hard Fate, in that he was not bred a Courtier, a Student, a Soldier, or any Thing but what

what he really is. Thou art acquainted alſo with ſome of his religious Caprices, how he is addicted to doing the Book, making the tripple Knot, and to a thouſand other fooliſh Superſtitions; by which, whilſt he aſpires at the Character of a Sage, or a cunning Man, he renders himſelf more contemptible than an Idiot, forfeiting the Eſteem of all wiſe and good Men, for the Sake of a little Fame and noiſy Character among the empty giddy Multitude.

But after all, I believe thou art wholly a Stranger to his ſecret Malice, and the Rancour with which he perſecuted me, his poor exil'd Uncle. I my ſelf was deceiv'd by the ſubtile Apology he made ſome Years ago, for the Slanders his Tongue had utter'd; when he transferr'd all the Guilt of that Injury on *Shaſhim*, *Iſtham*, the *Black Eunuch*, and *Ichingi Cap Oglani*, Maſter of the Pages. But now I'm convinc'd he is a Traytor, a Villain, and a Fellow void of Faith and Honeſty.

I receiv'd a Letter from him within theſe ſeven Days, full of tender and inſinuating Expreſſions, thanking me for all the good Offices I had done him, and for my ſeaſonable Counſel in ſeveral Caſes: Profeſſing alſo at the ſame time an inviolable Friendſhip, and that he would make it his Study to do me ſome effectual Service. Yet the next Poſt brought me a Diſpatch from my Brother *Peſteli Hali*, wherein he bids me beware of *Solyman*; aſſuring me, that he had good Reaſon to ſuſpect that Couſin of mine had ſome ill Deſign upon me. This is certain, ſays my Brother, *Solyman* boaſts to his Familiars, not without ſome Inſult, that there is not a Word or Action eſcapes his Uncle *Mahmut* at *Paris*, but he is ſoon inform'd of it at *Conſtantinople*. And that which confirms me in the ſame Jealouſy with *Peſteli*, is, That he inſerts in his Letter to me ſome Paſſages and Diſcourſes

Verba-

Verbatim, which I muſt needs own to have been between me and *Eliachim* the *Jew*, with two or three *Armenian* Merchants, in our moſt private Meetings at *Eliachim*'s Houſe or my Chamber. Theſe he learnt from ſome of *Solyman*'s moſt intimate Companions.

What can I make of all this, but that theſe *Armenians* are of *Solyman*'s Council, his *Privado's*, his *Chronee's*, &c. whom, having Buſineſs of their own at *Paris*, that perfidious Wretch has engaged to pry into my Secrets, to give him a conſtant Account of what Diſcoveries they make, and if poſſible to trepan me into ſome irrecoverable Error in my Conduct, that ſo he may finally ruin me.

O *Mahomet!* What is become of the Reverence due to thy *ſacred Name*, to thy *Law*, and to the *Book* penn'd in *Heaven?* Where is the *Muſſulman Faith* and *Integrity*? The religious Faſtneſs of Friendſhip, with which our Fathers prop'd up one another in the Service of *God* and the *Empire* of *True Believers?* But there is no need of exclaiming againſt *Faith* and *Piety* on this Account: Human Nature it ſelf is reſponſible for the Baſeneſs and Ingratitude of my Kinſman. He no longer deſerves the Character of a Man. I adviſe thee to ſhun his Company as a Peſt, a walking Contagion among Mortals.

In a word, dear *Dgnet*, let not thou and I ſuffer our ſelves to be carried away by a vain Pity or Tenderneſs for any Man, tho' he be the Son of a Mother's Siſter, ſince there is no Truſt in Fleſh and Blood: But let us learn the Maxims of *French Wiſdom*, which teach Men to lay the Foundation of their own Happineſs, in ſmiling at the Misfortunes of others.

Paris, 14*th of the* 6*th Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

BEſides the general Characters of Countries and the People inhabiting there, it is neceſſary for thee to be informed of particular Emergencies, and ſuch Events as deſerve a Place in the Eternal *Records* of the *Ottoman Monarchy*, the Fifth and Laſt in the World. That ſo the Miniſters of the *Auguſt Divan*, the deſtin'd *Arbitrators* of the *Univerſe*, *Judges* of all *Human Affairs*, and *Counſellors* of the *Great Sultan*, may in the *ſacred Code*, as in a Mirror, behold whatever happens in the diſtant *Climates* worthy of Remark.

After the Salutations, therefore, proceeding from profound Humility, entire Reſpect, and perfect Friendſhip, know that a devouring *Peſtilence* has lately made a fatal Decimation in the *Engliſh* Territories, eſpecially in *London*, the Capital City of that *Iſland*, where above a Hundred thouſand Souls, ſtruck with *Invincible Darts* from GOD, went off the Stage of *Human Life*, in leſs than Six Moons Revolution.

The dire Contagion by Degrees ſpread farther through the adjacent *Provinces*, and reach'd the moſt remote and ſolitary Corners of the Land: Death ſet his Standard up, proclaiming open War againſt the Inhabitants; with flying Troops of Mortal Plagues, he ravag'd over the Iſle, filling all Parts with doleful Cries and Lamentations: The *Cemeteries* were not large enough to hold the Carcaſſes of ſuch as fell before the dreadful *Conqueror:* But open Fields were turn'd to Sepulchres, and cramm'd

cramm'd with Spoils of Human Race: An univerſal Deſolation reign'd: Death celebrated cruel Triumphs every where.

Such as pretend to *Aſtrology* and hidden *Sciences*, will have this to be an Effect of the late *Comet* which appear'd at the End of the Year 1664. whilſt others attribute it to nearer Natural Cauſes; and ſome conclude it is a Judgment ſent from *Heaven* on that Rebellious People, who a few Years before had involv'd the Nation in a Civil War, and barbarouſly maſſacred the King. God only knows the Truth that is conceal'd from Man.

Thou may'ſt regiſter alſo, That the *Queen-Mother* of *France* is newly dead, and the Crook-back'd Prince of *Conti*. On which Account, this Court is now in Mourning, and the Churches hung with Black, whilſt melancholy Bells perpetually invite the Living to pray for the deceaſed Royal Souls; and deep-baſs'd Organ Pipes breathe out inceſſant doleful Aſpirations, founding like inarticulate Prayers, and funeral Sighs for the departed. In this the *Nazarenes* approach near to the Faith of True Believers. They give Alms alſo, as we do, and ſettle Stipends on certain Prieſts and Derviches, to mumble over daily Maſſes for the Dead; which is an evident Sign, that they have Hopes of Immortality, and look for the Reſurrection. Doubtleſs, there's ſomething Good at the Bottom of all Religions, though it be overlaid with Errors and Corruptions.

God direct us through the Meanders, which Human Frailty involves us in; and grant every *Muſſulman* a particular Chart and Compaſs, whereby to ſteer his Courſe through the uncertain Tracts of mortal Life; that he may at laſt arrive in Paradiſe. For we ſhall never find the Way thither by general Rules.

Illu-

Illuſtrious *Hamet*, I pray that thou and I may at a deſtin'd Hour encounter one another in the Walks of *Eden*, there to converſe under immortal Shades near to ſome warbling Stream of matchleſs Wine or Water; to revolve our paſt Fatigues on Earth, and to careſs our ſelves in the Security of endleſs Bliſs.

Paris, 15*th of the* 7*th Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THou and thy feign'd *Meſſias* be damn'd together for Company! Muſt I be baulk'd of my Money for the Sake of your new *Superſtition?* How many Meſſias's have ye had, Twenty five at leaſt, beſides the Son of *Mary*, who is acknowledg'd and bleſs'd for ever? Muſt all the World be bubbled to Eternity by the Fables of your Nation? Curſe upon your *Rabbies* and *Cochams*, thoſe Pimps to the more religious Debaucheries of Mortals. *Nathan*, I took thee for another Manner of Man. However, if thou art a ſworn Servant to *Sabbati Sevi* the new *Sham-King* of the *Jews*, I have nothing to ſay to it: Do as thou wilt. But, I dare be a Prophet ſo far as to tell thee, thou wilt be curſedly left in the Lurch, with the reſt of the Fools, thy bigotted Brethren. Let what will be, it behoves thee as an honeſt Man to tranſmit the Bills that are entruſted to thee. Whether *Sabbati Sevi*, *Ben Joſeph*, or *Ben David* be the Name of your expected *Meſſias*, I would not have

have *Ben Saddi* degenerate. Continue thou Faithful, and the Few others that are entruſted with the *Sublime Affairs:* and let all the reſt of the Common *Jews* go to *Gehenna*, or to the *Vale* of *Tophet* which you pleaſe. But I would fain have thee in the Number of the Righteous, who ſhall poſſeſs Paradiſe. Some of thy Letters have encourag'd me to hope for this, but thy laſt makes me almoſt deſpair of ſeeing thee happy either in *This* World or the *Next:* For, thou writeſt like one in a Frenzy, raving on *Chimera*'s of ſtrange Honour, Glory and Power, which thou ſhalt ſhortly enjoy in the Kingdom of thy fantaſtick *Meſſias*; thou art already a Prince in thy own Conceit.

For God's ſake, *Nathan*, wean thy ſelf from theſe religious Fondneſſes: Awaken thy Reaſon, which is the diſtinguiſhing Character of a Man. Examine the Grounds of this new Deluſion; ſearch into the Birth and Origin of *Sabbati Sevi*, and thou wilt find him to deſcend of an obſcure and baſe Parentage; his Father being but a Kind of mungrel *Jew*, and by profeſſion an Uſurer, which is forbid by the written Law of *Moſes*, and in the *Great Alcoran* it is accounted Execrable: His Mother a Woman of the *Curds*, ſuſpected for a Witch, in regard moſt of that Infidel Nation practiſe Magick Arts, and Diabolical Charms. And 'tis not altogether improbable, that your counterfeit *Meſſias* was educated privately by her in the ſame Studies, whence he learn'd the Methods of Enchantments and Illuſions, to deceive the Senſes, and impoſe on the Reaſon of Mankind.

I can tell thee of a Truth, that there are more Eyes on him and his Actions, than he is aware of; and I my ſelf at this Diſtance have receiv'd a particular Relation of his Life, from ſuch as knew him a Youth at *Smyrna*, the Place of his Nativity. He is accus'd of many Vices and Extravagances during his

his early Years. His Converſation was wild and diſſolute, being a noted *Inamorato* or *Stallion* over all that City. For which, and ſome other Crimes, he was expell'd the *Synagogue*, and baniſh'd from *Smyrna*, by the mutual Conſent of the *Muſſulman Cadi*, and your own Rulers. He was alſo excommunicated by the *Rabbi's* as a Heretick, for broaching certain Doctrines repugnant to your Law, and the general Faith of the *Jews*. All which cannot but be prevailing Recommendations of him to the Office of *Meſſias* or King of *Iſrael*.

From thence he rambled up and down the *Morea* and other Provinces of *Greece*, leaving a Memorial of Infamy, wherever he ſet his Foot; continually marrying and divorcing of Wives, debauching of Virgins, and frequenting the Company of Harlots, till thoſe Countries grew weary of him, and threatned to chaſtiſe his Wickedneſs. Then he paſs'd over into *Syria* and *Paleſtine*, beginning to ſet up for a Reformer of your Law, and at *Jeruſalem* openly profeſſing himſelf to be a Meſſias; whereby he drew a Rabble of Lunaticks and frantick People after him. But as for the Seniors and Governors, they have rejected him as an Impoſtor.

Conſider, *Nathan*, the Fate that befel *Ben Cochab*, as he call'd himſelf, that is, the Son of a Star, who pretended to be the Meſſias in the Days of *Adrian*, Emperor of the *Romans*; reflect on the Calamities which overwhelm'd him and his Followers, to the Number of Four Hundred Thouſand *Jews*; who all fell with their *Falſe Prophet*, Sacrifices to the juſt Revenge and Fury of that incens'd Monarch: For they had impudently boaſted, that by ſuch a prefix'd Time, he ſhould be taken Captive and depos'd from his Throne by the Meſſias, who ſhould aſſume the Imperial Dignity, and all the World ſhould obey him. But when thoſe who ſurviv'd the Slaughter of their Brethren, reflected on the Author

thor of ſo tragical a *Cataſtrophe*, they chang'd his Name in Contempt and Hatred, calling him no longer *Ben Cochab*, the Son of a Star, but *Bar Cuziba*, the Son of a Lie, a Falſe Prophet, and Seducer of the Brethren.

Thou haſt all the Reaſon in the World, to have no better Opinion of *Sabbati Sevi*, ſince he is rejected by the wiſer ſort of *Jews*, and has not perform'd one Miracle in Confirmation of his pretended Meſſiasſhip. Neither has any uncommon or preternatural Appearance happen'd before or ſince he aſſum'd this Dignity. Whereas all your *Rabbies* teach, that no leſs than Ten Eminent and Remarkable Prodigies ſhall precede the coming of your Meſſias. And I remember thou thy ſelf about Ten Years ago ſenteſt me a Letter much to the ſame Effect, telling me, that certain monſtrous Sorts of Men ſhould come from the Ends of the Earth, whoſe Eyes ſhall be as venemous as *Baſiliſks*, with a great many other Stories of like Nature.

Haſt thou forgot this, *Nathan*, or art thou ſo far infatuated with the bold Impoſtures of this impudent Deceiver, as for his ſake, to deny thy former Faith, reverſe thy own Sentiments, and diſannul the Traditions of thy Doctors? For ſhame rouze up thy intellectual Faculties, and ſuffer not thy Reaſon to be lull'd aſleep by the preſtigious Umbrages and Charms of a lewd Vagrant, a Wizard, a Cheat.

Have but Patience, at leaſt, till thou ſee thoſe Signs accompliſh'd which are to uſher in your Meſſias, before thou give up thy ſelf to ſo dangerous a Credulity. Let the Sun firſt emit thoſe peſtilential Vapours, which ſhall kill a Million of the *Kophrim*, or *Infidels*, every Day, as your *Traditions* threaten. Let that Luminary be alſo totally eclips'd for the Space of Thirty Days. In a word, let all the other Prodigies come to paſs, which thou thy ſelf didſt

didſt once ſo paſſionately believe: And then I promiſe thee, on the Word of a *Muſſulman*, that I will be thy *Proſelyte*, and embrace thy Law, and adore thy Meſſias; on Condition, that otherwiſe thou wilt be my Convert, believe the *Alcoran*, and obey the Meſſenger of *God*, the Laſt and Seal of the Prophets.

Paris, 11*th of the* 9*th Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am afraid the *Divan* will be oblig'd to ſend another *Agent* to *Vienna*, to ſupply the Place of *Nathan Ben Saddi*, who is running mad after the new Meſſias of the *Jews*. There is no doubt but thou and the other Happy *Miniſters*, reſiding at the *auguſt Porte* have heard of a certain *Impoſtor* at *Smyrna*, by Name *Sabbati Sevi*, of *Hebrew Race*, who calls himſelf the *Only begotten Son of God*, *Meſſias*, and *Redeemer* of *Iſrael*; and what Multitudes of doting credulous *Jews* he draws after him. So that there is a *Schiſm* broke out between them, and they are divided into Two coutrary Factions, both in *Smyrna*, and all over the *Levant*. It is impoſſible that theſe Things ſhould be conceal'd from the *Reſplendent Seat* of *Fame*, ſince they have reach'd even our Ears who dwell at this Diſtance: Nay, there is hardly a *Province* or *City* in all the *Weſt*, which has not receiv'd Intelligence of ſo remarkable a Novelty.

I have receiv'd a Diſpatch from *Zeidi Almanzi* at *Venice*, wherein he informs me, that all the *Jews* of *Italy* are preparing to viſit the *Holy Land*, and to ſee the

the Face of their long expected Meſſias, who they now believe is really come on Earth, and is that *Sabbati Sevi*, at *Smyrna*. They are ſetling their Affairs as faſt as they can, acquitting themſelves from all worldly Engagements; and thoſe who are devout, give themſelves up to Prayer and Mortifications; whilſt others ſpend their Time in Feaſting, Dancing and all manner of Mirth. He ſays, ſome of them will ſit or ſtand up to the Noſe in water, for Four and Twenty Hours together. And this they do in Imitation of *Adam*'s Penance, according to their *Tradition:* For they are taught, that the *Firſt Father* of Mortals after he was baniſh'd from *Paradiſe*, as a Puniſhment for his Sin, ſtood a Hundred and Thirty Years together in Water thus reaching to his Noſtrils.

Others of theſe ſuperſtitious People, will ſit naked many Hours together on a Heap of *Piſmires*, till they're almoſt ſtung to Death. A third Sort dig their own Graves, and going down into them, cauſe themſelves to be covered all over with Earth, except only their Faces; and in this Condition they will lie till they are almoſt famiſh'd.

In the mean while, they ſend circular Letters from all Parts, congratulating each others approaching Happineſs and Deliverance from the Oppreſſion of the *Gentiles*: For ſo they term all that are not of their own *Nation*. And in theſe mutual Addreſſes, they fail not to prophecy, That their Meſſias ſhall, in ſuch a Moon, go to the *Great Tyrant*, *King* of the *Iſmaelites*, and *Lord* of all the *Children* of *Moab* and *Edom*; (ſo they blaſpheme our glorious *Sultan.)* That he ſhall depoſe him from his *Throne*, and lead him away Captive; after which he ſhall have the Dominions of the whole Earth laid at his Feet.

With ſuch Kind of wild Stuff, do theſe deluded People flatter one another and themſelves, as if in a little time they were to be *Lords of all Things*. So that

that no Trading or Commerce goes forward among them; an univerſal Stop is put to all Buſineſs, it being eſteem'd an inexpiable Sin, to follow their Trades in the Days of the *Meſſias*, who is to enrich them with the Wealth of all *Nations*.

Strange Rumours are ſpread abroad of the Return of the *Ten Tribes* over the River *Sabbation*, who were carried away Captives by *Salmanaſſar* King of *Aſſyria*, and never were heard of ſince, till they now diſcourſe of their being encamp'd in the *Deſart* of *Mount Sinai*, in their March to the *Holy Land*. 'Tis reported alſo, that a mighty Fleet of Ships were ſeen at Sea, whoſe Sails were of Satin, and their Streamers bore the Figure of a Lion, with this Inſcription, *The Lion of the Tribe of* Judah.

The *Chriſtians* ſeem aſtoniſh'd at theſe things, yet ſome look on 'em only as Dreams. As for honeſt *Eliachim* here, he is no more mov'd at theſe things than I; only he laughs at the Folly of the credulous World, and curſes the *Jews* for bringing ſuch Contempt on themſelves and their Poſterity. But *Nathan* is like one Hag-ridden, or defil'd by the *Lamiæ* of the Night. He has loſt all Reaſon, and 'twill be no leſs than a Miracle that muſt reſtore it again.

Sage *Miniſter*, whilſt theſe execrable People thus loſe themſelves for the Sake of their *counterfeit Meſſias*, let us continue to honour the *true One*, even *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, who is now in *Paradiſe*, and our holy *Prophet* with him.

Paris, *1ſt of the 9th Moon, of the Year* 1666.

M LET-

LETTER XIII.

To Murat, Baſſa.

THIS has been a conſiderable Year of Actions and Events. At the Beginning of it, I ſent to the *Porte* an Account of the Death of the *Queen-Mother* of *France*, and of the Prince of *Conti*; now I will farther inform thee of a *War* that is broke out between this *Crown* and that of *England*. The Occaſion of it was this: The *Engliſh* and the *Hollanders* trafficking in *America*, had had ſome Miſunderſtandings and Feuds about the Limits of their ſeveral Conqueſts in thoſe remote Parts of the World. The *Hollanders* being the ſtrongeſt, did many Injuries to their Neighbours the *Engliſh*, and domineer'd over them as their *Lords*. The *Engliſh* reſenting this very heinouſly, and grown weary of their Oppreſſions, ſent Complaints to their King. He to redreſs his Subjects, order'd his Reſident at the *Hague* to demand Satisfaction of the States. They refuſed to him that Juſtice; upon which, he was reſolved to have Recourſe to his Arms, and accordingly proclaim'd War againſt *Holland*, making all neceſſary Preparations to carry it on. The ſame did his Adverſaries. The *French* King in the mean time was oblig'd by a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders* concluded in the Year 1662, to eſpouſe their Quarrels; yet that he might not break with *England* raſhly, he firſt ſent an *Ambaſſador* to that *Court*, to mediate a Peace. But that proving ineffectual, he proclaim'd *War* againſt that *Nation*, and commanded the *Engliſh Ambaſſador* to depart his *Kingdom*. The Duke of *Beaufort*, who is *Admiral* at Sea, was order'd to equip a gallant *Fleet*, and join the *Dutch Navy*; which he perform'd with all imaginable Diligence

and

and Expedition. There have been two Combats between theſe Enemies at Sea, and in both the *Dutch* had the worſt of it: Neither did the *French* eſcape without ſome Loſs, having two of their greateſt Ships ſeverely ſhatter'd, and a third taken by the *Engliſh*.

The Plague ſtill rages in *England*, and has almoſt depopulated whole Provinces. Whilſt a milder Death has robb'd *France* of one of her greateſt *Heroes*: The Count *d'Harcourt*, of whom I have often made mention, is gone to celebrate the Triumphs due to his Valour and Fortune in another World.

The *Emperor* of *Germany* has at laſt married the *Infanta* of *Spain*, after abundance of Demurs and Heſitations about that Buſineſs. Theſe *Nazarenes* can do nothing with Expedition. The *ſpiritual Courts*, as they call them, have more Tricks and cramp Words to amuſe People with, than an *Indian Mountebank* or *Juggler*. Neither are *ſovereign* Princes more exempt from their Juriſdiction, than the meaneſt of their Subjects: Eſpecially the *Court* of *Rome* can make or annul Marriages at Pleaſure. And they are ſure to be excommunicated who refuſe to ſubmit to their Orders. This *Holy Court* can alſo bind or releaſe Sins, open or ſhut the *Gates* of *Paradiſe*, make a *Devil* a *Saint*, or a *Saint* a *Devil*. In a word, they can do every thing if there be Gold in the Caſe. But if that be wanting, they can do nothing but ſhrug their Shoulders.

Thou may'ſt alſo inform the *Divan*, that the *French* King has given Permiſſion to ſome of his Subjects, to undertake a Conqueſt in *America*, and eſtabliſh a Commerce in that Part of the *World*. Many Veſſels are equipped in order to this Expedition, and they that are concerned in the Voyage, are as merry as *Jaſon* and his *Argonauts*, when they were preparing to fetch the *Golden Fleece* from *Colchos*. That *Weſtern Continent* affords immenſe

Riches, and tempts all the *Nations* in *Europe* to make an Experiment of their Fortune, in gaining one Part of it or other. 'Twere to be wiſh'd it lay nearer to the *Ottoman Empire*. No Record can diſcover the *Origin* of the *Inhabitants*. Yet moſt *Authors* conjecture, that they paſs'd over from the *North-Eaſt* Parts of *Aſia*, where the Streights of *Anian* are very narrow, and would invite Sea-faring Men to ſeek new Adventures. Beſides, by their being *Canibals*, it appears very probable, That either they deſcended from the *Tartars*, or the *Tartars* from them. GOD alone knows how to adjuſt the Differences, and reveal the Secrets of *Hiſtory*.

Brave *Baſſa*, 'Tis no Matter from what Stock we are deſcended, ſo long as we have Virtue; for that alone is the only true Nobility. GOD regale thee with his Favours.

Paris, 30*th of the* 9*th Moon,*
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the* Cuſtoms, *and* Superintendant *of the* Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

WHEN I hear of thy Proſperity, my Heart is dilated like his who has found hidden Wealth. Yet I am ſorry for the Diſgrace of the good old Man, thy Predeceſſor: But we muſt not cenſure the Conduct of our Superiors. The Juſtice of their Actions is not to be call'd in Queſtion. The *Sultan* cannot err. This is an eſtabliſh'd *Maxim* in all Monarchies, eſpecially in that of the renowned *Oſmans*.

As for what relates to thee in this new Advance thou haſt made; thy own Experience acquir'd by many Years Travel and Obſervation in foreign Countries, added to the Knowledge thou haſt in the Laws, Diſcipline, and Cuſtoms of thy own, will be a ſufficient Guide to conduct thee in the Management of thy Buſineſs. Yet deſpiſe not the Counſel of others. A Man is never nearer to Ruin, than when he truſts too much to his own Wiſdom. Therefore the greateſt Emperors undertake nothing of Moment raſhly or without Advice. Temerity often blaſts the faireſt Deſigns.

It will be of particular Import to thee, to hear of a tragical Event that has lately happen'd to *Rezan*, a great City in *Ruſſia*, by the Blowing-up of the Magazine. This Gunpowder does more Miſchief than Good in the World. The Ancients fought as ſucceſsfully with Bows and Arrows, Swords and Spears, other Inſtruments of

War, without running the Hazard of blowing up whole Cities into the Air in Time of Peace. And they could undermine the ſtrongeſt Caſtles, even thoſe ſituated on Rocks, without the Help of this infernal Duſt. Nature taught 'em to be induſtrious in defeating their Enemies, and they ſpared no Labour to gain the Victory. Our Fore-fathers were hardy and ſtrong, patient of Toils and Fatigues: They cut their Way into Mountains of Stone, if any Place of Strength were built on it, which they had Occaſion to beſiege. And as they hew'd away that Part of the Rock which ſupported the Walls, they underpropp'd the Foundation with wooden Pillars: And when they had finiſh'd their Mines, they ſet Fire to certain combuſtible Matter, which conſuming theſe Supports, the Walls and Gates that reſted on them ſunk down and left the Fortreſs naked and open to the Beſiegers.

It had been well for the Inhabitants of *Rezan* if their City had been only thus gently diſmantled, by ſome Enemy againſt whom they might have afterwards employ'd their Courage to defend themſelves, or make Compoſition. But, poor unfortunate People, they have felt a ruder Shock, an unmerciful Blow of Fate, their City being in a Minute's Time, without the leaſt Warning, ſtormed, plundered, and laid in Heaps, by an Enemy which gives no Quarter.

This Accident happen'd on the 15*th* of the laſt *Moon*, about the Hour of *Ulanamiſt*. There were five hundred Barrels of Powder in the Magazine; and the Force of the Blow was ſo violent, that beſides the Deſtruction of the City, or at leaſt the beſt Part of it, all the neighbouring Villages round about it felt its fatal Effects, ſome of their Houſes ſhaking as in an Earthquake, others falling to Pieces.

Aſſuredly,

Aſſuredly, Heaven is angry with theſe Infidels, and turns the very Inſtruments of their Defence and Safety into Scourges for their Chaſtiſement. I formerly ſent *Saleh* the Superintendant an Account of the like Misfortune that befel the City of *Gravelines* in *Flanders*, and of other terrible Effects of the Wrath of *Heaven* in the *Low Countries*. One Diſaſter follows cloſe on the Back of another; yet the *Infidels* are inſenſible and ſtupid, as they were in the Days of *Noah*, when the Flood came and ſurprized all the Inhabitants of the Country. That Prophet gave 'em Warning of the approaching Danger. He was three whole Years in cutting down *Indian* Plant-Trees, and preparing Planks, Beams, Pins, and other Neceſſaries, and ſeven Years more in Building that wonderful Ship. The *Infidels* went by daily, and ſaw him at Work; but they derided the patient *Apoſtle*, and taught their Children to mock him, ſaying, *Where is the Water this Ship is to ſail in?* After the *Ark* was finiſh'd, it lay on the Ground ſeven *Moons*, till they had thrice ſacrificed ſome of *Noah*'s Followers to their Idols.

It was perfected in the *Moon* of *Rajeb*, and in the *Moon* of *Saphar* was the *Decree* of the Chaſtiſement ſign'd, which was to be executed on all of *mortal Race*, ſave *Noah* and the Fourſcore that were with him, with the two Pairs of every Species, which the *Four Winds*, by *God*'s Appointment, collected together, and drove into the *Ark*, and the *Body* of *Adam*, which was enſhrin'd and brought to *Noah* by Angels out of the *Region* of *Mecca*. There was alſo *Philemon* the Good Prieſt of *Egypt*, with his whole *Family*.

Juſt as the determin'd Day and Hour of the *Flood* was come, the Prince of the *Country*, ſtimulated by his evil Deſtiny, mounted his Horſe with ſome of his Retinue; and having ſacrificed to

their *Idols*, rode toward the Place where *Noah* and his Company were ſhut up in the *Ark*, with a Deſign to burn it to Aſhes. He call'd out aloud to the Prophet with Scoffs, ſaying, *O* Noah, *where is the Water in which this Ship is to ſail? It will be with you incontinently*, replied the holy Man, *before you can remove your Station. Come down, thou Dotard*, ſaid the proud Infidel, *otherwiſe I will burn thee and thy Companions with Fire. O miſerable Man*, ſaid *Noah*, *turn to* GOD, *for his Judgments are ready to burſt forth on you.*

The Prince incenſed at this, commanded his Slaves to put Fire to the *Ark*. But while he was yet ſpeaking, he manifeſtly ſaw the Water guſhing out on all Hands round about him, and under his Feet. Then his Heart was troubled, and full of Anguiſh and Fear. He haſted to ſecure himſelf with his Family and Goods, in the Caſtles which he had built on the higheſt Mountains. But alas! the Earth open'd, and broke like a Spider's Web; ſo violent was the Force of the Waters which boiled up every where. The Clouds pour'd down vaſt Cataracts of Rain, mix'd with dreadful and inſupportable Thunder and Lightning. The miſerable *Infidels* throng'd upon one another, curſing and blaſpheming their Gods who had deluded 'em. Great was the Confuſion and Cry every where; for ſuch a Calamity had never been known ſince the *Moon* gave her Light. If any were ſo nimble as to reach the Foot of a Mountain, yet he could not aſcend by reaſon of Stones which fell on his Head, and Torrents of boiling Water that ran down upon him, as if it had come out of a Cauldron. And ſuppoſe he had reach'd the Top, it had been but a ſhort Delay of his Fate; for, in a word, the Waters ſwell'd forty Cubits above the higheſt Mountains, and all the living *Generations* periſh'd.

Son

Son of my *Mother*, when thou readeſt this *Memoir* (for it is a *Fragment* of an antient *Arabick Writing*) think on the Day of Judgment, which ſhall ſurprize the World, even as the Deluge did. At that Hour, the greateſt Part of Men will not dream of any ſuch thing, till they ſee Flames and Rivers of Fire burſting forth from the Springs and Fountains which before yielded Water, and Showers of Fire deſcending from *Heaven*, inſtead of Rain. For the *Elements* will change their Courſes, to accompliſh the *Decrees* of him who made them, and to conſummate the Revenge of the *Omnipotent* againſt *Unbelievers*.

Paris, *2d of the* 11*th Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER XV.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

SUrely, the *Gods* of the *Engliſh* are angry with that *People*, and the *Guardian Spirits* of the *Iſle* have forſook their *Charge*. I ſent a *Diſpatch* at the Beginning of this Year to *Murat, Baſſa*; wherein I inform'd him of a deſtructive *Plague*, raging at *London*, and in other Parts of the *Nation*. That *Peſtilence* continues ſtill, but under different Forms, to aſſault the Living, and augment the Number of the Dead.

GOD only knows the Origin of theſe *Epidemical* Contagions; whether they derive their Pedigree from *Heaven* or *Hell*; from the *Earth*, or any other *Element*. Perhaps ſome latent Poiſons in the Air, mix with the Breath of Mortals, and, by their ſubtile Energy, ſoon diſſipate the vital

Flame of human Bodies, like the infectious Blaſts of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*, which in a Moment's Time commits a Rape upon the Lives of Travellers, ſcorching their Spirits up, and leaving on the Sands a black ſtiff Carcaſs of jelly'd Fleſh, as tho' they had been Thunder-ſtruck. Or, perhaps ſome venomous Exhalations from the Minerals below, tranſpire through Chinks and Crannies in the Earth, to plunder Mortals of their Breath, like to the fatal Vapours in the *Cave* of *Death*, not far from *Virgil*'s *Grot* in *Italy*. Or, who can tell, but that ſome hidden *Meteors* above, or ſome malignant *Stars* may ſend down whole Battalions of empoiſon'd *Atoms*, to invade this *Region* of *Mortality*; and in *Death*'s Name, *King* of the *World Invincible*, to claim and carry away a certain Number of *Ghoſts*, prick'd down by *Deſtiny*, a *Tribute* ſet by *Fate?* However it be, that whole *Iſland* may well be call'd, at this time, the *Grand Infirmary* of *Europe*, where baneful Sickneſs makes its publick Reſidence. The timorous *Giafers* run from Place to Place, thinking to eſcape from *Heaven*'s all ſearching *Purſuivants*. They flee from popular Towns to Villages; and from theſe again to unfrequented Deſarts, Woods, and Heaths, carrying their Wives and Children with 'em, and all the Subſtance of their Houſes. The Roads are cover'd with the Caravans of doubtful Paſſengers, who dread to think of going back to the contagious Seats they left behind, yet know not where to be receiv'd anew. So general is the Conſternation, ſo ſtrong the Fear of thoſe who yet ſurvive, leſt they ſhould alſo catch the Infection and die.

Beſides this, they have felt the Strokes of another ſurprizing Calamity: *London*, the *Capital* City of *England*, being newly conſum'd by Fire. It is not certain, whether *Deſign* or *Chance* firſt kindled

dled the devouring *Element*. But it fell out at an unlucky Seaſon, when the Wind was high, and from its Eaſtern Quarter blew the Flames full Weſt, which ſpreading North and South, demoliſh'd all before them, laying the greateſt Part of that rich and famous City in Aſhes.

Some aſcribe this to a *Plot* of the *French*; others term it a Judgment of *God*, for their Rebellion, Pride, and other crying Sins. Whilſt with equal Probability, a third Sort affirm, 'Twas contriv'd and put in Execution by a Cabal of *Carpenters* and *Maſons*; who, wanting Employment, and projecting the Method of enriching themſelves, diſdaining alſo the inartificial and obſolete Form of Buildings, reſolv'd to put this City into a new Figure, and raiſe it according to the Models of foreign *Architecture*. Every one gueſſes as his Affections incline him, or his Conjectures follow the Byaſs of his Intereſt. Men are always partial to themſelves and the Cauſe they have eſpous'd. *God* only knows the Truth.

The Superſtitious among the *Roman Catholicks* take Occaſion from the Timing of this horrible Conflagration, to inſult o'er the *Engliſh Proteſtants:* who from ſome obſcure Paſſages in the *Book* of their *Goſpel*, uſed to foretel, in a *Prophetick* Manner, That the final Ruin and *Cataſtrophe* of *Rome* would happen in this Year 1666: Whereas, by fatal Experience, more ſure than vain Predictions, they find the *Metropolis* of their own Nation reduc'd to Aſhes.

Whoever are the Inſtruments in theſe *Tragedies*, 'tis certain the Deſigns of *Fate* are ſtill perform'd. Every *Kingdom*, *State*, and *Community*, has its critical Periods and Climacters, wherein it ſuffers Detriment, * * *

* *This Blank the* Italian *Preface mentions, and ſays, 'tis owing to the Loſs of ſome Part of the* Arabick *Letter ſuppos'd to be torn off by Chance, or on ſome other Occaſion.*

Paris, *2d of the 11th Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Haly, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

I Am melancholy, beyond the Deſcription of *Painters*, *Poets*, or the lively Eloquence of *Cicero*. Methinks, I'm ſome exotick *Being*; a perfect Foreigner on Earth; a Stranger to its Laws and Maxims. I appear to other Mortals like a *Giafar* or *Frank* in his Weſtern Dreſs at *Morocco*, *Babylon*, or *Conſtantinople*. I mean not for my outward Habit, (for in that I'm conformable enough to the *Mode* of the *Region* where I reſide) but I'm all unfaſhionable within; ridiculous in my Sentiments and Converſation. When others laugh, I ſigh, and find a Reaſon to be ſad, in the midſt of merry Company. Even Wine itſelf, that exhilarates all the World beſide, does but increaſe my Melancholy, by adding Strength unto my labouring Thoughts. It ſublimates my Spirits up to Sacred Phrenſies. I am all Lunatick at ſuch a Time. Each Glaſs creates new Dreams more wild than the ſtrange Flights and Raptures of a *Santone*. My heated Spleen, like Mount *Gibel*, belches forth horrid Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, which lay long ſmothering in its ſpongy Caverns; theſe quickly ſpread and cover all the Horizon

Horizon of my Soul, rendring it dark and gloomy, as the *Cimmerian* Solitudes, or the more diſmal Valleys bordering on the River *Styx*, where ſurly *Charon* waits to ferry o'er the *Caravans* of trembling *Ghoſts*, and land them in *Elyſium*.

Oh! that thoſe *Fables* of the antient *Poets* were but true! or that I knew but ſomething certain of our *Future State!* whether the *Soul* ſurvives or no, when Death has ſtopt the Circulation of our Blood? And what becomes of that *Immortal Subſtance*, after its parting from the *Body?* Whether it paſs by Tranſmigration into the *Embryo* of ſome other Animal, as *Pythagoras* taught; or be united, ſwallowed up, and loſt in the *Univerſal Soul* of the *World*, as *Plato* did believe? Or, if ſome other *Magnet* does attract its *Preſence*; and hidden Sympathies of *Nature* teach it to form itſelf a Vehicle or Body of the Elements? Perhaps, ſome *Souls* unite with Air, whilſt others mix with Water, Earth, or purer Skies. This for its horrid Sins in mortal State, may be by the *Eternal Nemeſis* ſunk down into the fatal Caverns of Mount *Ætna*, *Strombolo*, or *Veſuvius*; there to incorporate with burning Rivers and Lakes of Sulphur and other Minerals, to hear perpetually the frightful Cracking, Rumbling, and loud Thunders of thoſe infernal Vaults; to be, without Intermiſſion, annoy'd with the eternal Stench of melted Mines, whoſe poignant Vapours equally kill it and revive it every Moment, that it may be confin'd to an endleſs Circle of Miſeries: To feel the excruciating Torments which no Tongue can utter; whilſt the inceſſant rapid Motion of thoſe exalted and moſt violent Fires, with which it is embodied by Decree of *Fate*, rob it of the very Poſſibility of the leaſt eaſy Thought, or quiet Minute; and at the ſame time rack it with infinite Tortures.

Think

Think not, my dear *Phyſician*, that it is impoſſible a ſeparate *Spirit* can thus be ſenſible of Pains. There's no ſuch Thing as a ſeparate *Spirit*, ſave GOD who made all *Bodies*, and therefore was before them. The *Angels* themſelves are partly corporeal; ſo are the Devils. Do not believe then, that mortal Man, who is in a middle State between theſe two, ſhall by dying, gain a Privilege above the moſt illuſtrious *Spirits* in *Heaven*. As ſoon as Death has diſlodg'd us from one *Body*, *Nature*, *Providence*, or *Fate* provides us another, according to our Qualities, Inclinations and Merits. We may as well by *Metempſychoſis*, become the *Spirit* or *Soul* of a flaming Sulphur-Mine, or at leaſt of ſome Part of it, as of a Horſe, an Eagle, or a Dove: For ſuch, for ought we know, may be the Diſpoſition of Divine Wiſdom, Juſtice, and Omnipotence.

By the very ſame Reaſon another *Soul* may be tranſported to the open, happy Skies, where it may either range in boundleſs, free, and ſerene Tracts of *Bliſs*, or be enfranchis'd in the Corporations of the *Stars*, to dwell in *Palaces* of *Azure*, *Topazes*, and *Diamonds*; to poſſeſs *Provinces* more rich than in *Peru* or *Guiney*, where the Ruſticks plow up Gold, more beautiful and pleaſant than the famous Fields of *Theſſaly*. GOD knows what will become of us after our Diſſolution: But the Ignorance of this one Truth occaſions all my Melancholy.

Death is not formidable of itſelf, nor all the dolorous Circumſtances that precede it: 'Tis only what comes after, raiſes all my Terror. Were I to melt away in lingring Agues and Conſumptions; or to be ſooner poſted off in high-wrought Fevers, Pleuriſies, or Peſtilence: Or if it were my Fate to die by Piſtol, Sword, or Poiſon, or any other Kind of ſlow or ſudden Death, allotted me from *Chance* or *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate*: Should *Heaven* conſume me in a Trice by Lightning; or this *Globe* with

with equal Swiftneſs, bury me in ſome ſurprizing Earthquake: 'Twould be all one to *Mahmut*, were it not for the After-claps, to which I am a Stranger. I tremble at the hidden and unſearchable Force of *Nature:* I dread the irreverſible unknown *Decrees* of *Fate*, the *Secret Methods* of *Eternal Deſtiny*, the *Laws* and *Order* of the other *World*, in billetting the Troops of human *Souls*, that go to *winter* there, after this Life's *Campaign* is finiſh'd.

Once in a cold and froſty Evening, as I was travelling o'er a bleak wide Plain, and felt the penetrating Blaſts of North-Eaſt Winds, with chilling Sleet, which fell upon me from the Clouds; my Spirits alſo tir'd with tedious Journeys, and my anxious Thoughts being wholly taken up about a Reſting-Place that Night, and how to avoid the Aſſaults of Robbers, with a thouſand other Perils, threatning a Stranger on the Road; at length I chanced to think of the untry'd and remote Voyage I muſt one Day make to another World, It chill'd my Blood to imagine the diſconſolate naked Circumſtances of a *Separate Soul*, which, for ought I knew, might be bewilder'd, loſt, and forc'd to wander up and down through untrack'd Waſtes of miſty frozen Air, where the inhoſpitable Element affords no Guides, nor *Caravanſera's* to comfortleſs, poor, ſtraggling *Ghoſts*; unleſs they would accept a Lodging in ſome Cloud, the Ciſtern and Chariot of Rain, Hail, or Snow; there to incorporate with the unwelcome *Meteors*, and be whirl'd round the *Globe*, or elſe precipitated down to Earth again in Showers; from thence perhaps to be exhal'd by the Sun, and mix'd with *Embryo's* of *Lightning*, *Fiery Dragons*, *Ignes Fatui*, or other Bodies hourly flaming in the *Welkin*, and thus to circulate in endleſs *Tranſmigrations*. Who knows the Circumſtances of departed *Souls*, or *Laws* of a *Separate State?* Let him declare what Uſage we ſhall find in that

that inviſible and dark Receſs from Life: He ſhall be then eſteem'd more than *Apollo*, by the penſive *Mahmut*. Not the old *Delphick Oracle* could receive greater Reverence from the inquiſitive World; nor *Mecca* now from devout *Muſſulman Pilgrims*; or *Medina Talnabi*, where the *Prophet* reſts in Peace, than ſuch an one ſhould have from me, who could with unfeigned Truth diſcover how we ſhall be diſpos'd of when we die. But I am cloy'd and nauſeated with dull Romances of the *Prieſts* and *Derviches*.

My Friend, let thou and I learn to improve the Joys of preſent Life, and not by damn'd Miſtakes, deprive our ſelves of double Happineſs. But let us ſo comport our ſelves, that our *Tranſmigration* may be but from the Pleaſures of *Earth* to thoſe of *Heaven*; from one *Paradiſe* to another.

Paris, *6th of the 1ſt Moon,*
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XVII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THE Bleſſings of GOD and his Prophet chear thy Heart, as thou haſt exhilarated mine by thy laſt Letter, wherein thou encourageſt me with the Hopes of being remov'd from this diſagreeable Poſt, to one more delightful and happy, even to a ſweet Country Retirement, either in *Arabia*, or any other Part of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions, which is the very Mark of all my Wiſhes.

I have a natural Averſion for great and populous Cities. They ſeem to be ſo many magnificent Sepulchres of the *Living*, where Men are ſhut up, impriſon'd, and buried from all Commerce with the Elements; or they are like *Hoſpitals* and *Peſt-Houſes* where People crowd, infect, and ſtink one another to Death with a thouſand Pollutions. They hive together like *Bees*, and build their Apartments in Darkneſs. Like Neſts of *Piſmires*, they trudge up and down all the Summer of their Youth, to heap up Treaſures, that they may ſpend the Winter of their Old Age in loathſome Eaſe, and benumm'd Stupidity; not daring to venture out of the Purlieu of their naſty, ſmoaky Habitations, and yet they're ready to be ſtifled with their own Breath.

'Tis with Pleaſure I contemplate the Face of the *Infant* Earth, before it was deform'd by the unneceſſary Arts of the *Carpenter*, *Smith*, and *Maſon*: When Men had no other Houſes, ſave what they made themſelves, every one for his Family, of the Branches and Boughs of Trees, interwoven with Oſiers, Reeds and Ivy; and cover'd thick with

Leaves

Leaves and Graſs to ſhelter them from Wind, Hail Rain, and other Injuries of Weather. Or perhaps ſome had found out a Den or Cave in the Earth, or the Hollow of a Rock, for a Sanctuary in ſuch Caſes, where they repos'd in perfect Tranquillity, without Fear of Snares or Violence, without Apprehenſion of Robbers, or any tragical Surprize. They went out and in, ſlept and wak'd, labour'd and reſted in Safety and Quiet. Avarice, Envy, and Injuſtice had not as yet corrupted the Minds of Mortals. The Earth brought forth Corn, Herbage, and Fruits, without the Husbandman's or Gardener's Labour: All Places abounded with Plenty of innocent Refreſhments, and thoſe primitive Inhabitants coveted no more. The Cattle and Bees afforded them Milk and Honey, and the Fountain-Waters were generous as Wine. This *Globe* was a compleat *Paradiſe*, and no miſtaken Zeal had taught Men religiouſly to invade one another's Rights, and in a pious Fury to murder their Neighbours, in hopes of meriting *Heaven* hereafter. There was no ſuch Thing as Bigotry or Superſtition to be found among any of Human Race. The *Law* of *Nature* was in univerſal Force: Every Man purſu'd the Dictates of Reaſon, without hearkning after *Religious Sophiſtry*, *Sacred Fables*.

But when once the Lucre of Gold had corrupted Mens Manners, and they, not contented with the Riches and Sweets which they daily cropt from the Surface of the Earth, had found a Way to deſcend into her Bowels, ſtung with an inſatiable Deſire of hidden Treaſures; then began Injuſtice, Oppreſſion, and Cruelty to take place. Men made Encloſures to themſelves, and encompaſs'd a certain Portion of Land with Hedges, Ditches, and Pales, to fence them from the Invaſions of others; for the Guilt

Guilt of their own vicious Inclinations fill'd them with Fears, and made them jealous of one another. They built themſelves ſtrong Holds, Fortreſſes, Caſtles, and Cities: And their Terrors increaſing with their Criminal Poſſeſſions, they perſuaded themſelves, that the very Elements would prove their Enemies, if not pacified by Bribes and Preſents. Hence ſprung the firſt Invention of *Altars* and *Sacrifices*, and from theſe vain panick Fears of Mortals, the *Gods* deriv'd their Pedigree. For one built a *Temple* to the *Sun*, another to the *Moon*, a third to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, or the reſt of the *Planets*. Some ador'd the *Fire*, others the *Water* or *Wind*. Every one ſet up to himſelf ſuch a *God* as he fancied would be propitious to him. Thus Error being equally propagated with Human Nature, they created an infinite Rabble of imaginary *Deities*, paying to thoſe *Idols* the ſupreme and incommunicable Honours, due only to the *Eternal Eſſence*, *Father* and *Source* of all Things.

Beſides, they liv'd in intolerable Pride and Luxury, in conſtant Wars and Strife, in Darkneſs, Ignorance, and Confuſion. I ſpeak of ſuch as dwelt in Cities, and were incorporated together by one common Intereſt. For ſtill there remain'd ſome who obey'd the Original *Laws* of *Nature*, and the *Traditions* of *Primitive Humanity*.

Theſe dwelt in Tents, or other moveable Habitations, as our Countrymen the *Arabs* do at this Day with the *Tartars* their Brethren. They ſcorn'd to faſten themſelves to the Earth, by poſſeſſing any Part of it in Propriety: Every Field and Wood, Hill and Valley, River and Well, were with them in common. They ſtraggled whither they pleaſed.

This is the Life ſo emulated by me, or inſtead of that, at leaſt a Retirement from Cities, that I may breathe out my laſt Hours in a f[illegible]air, remote from

from the ſtifling Company and Contagion of Mortals. I long to range at Liberty through unfrequented Paths of Deſert Ground, o'er wild, unpoliſh'd Heaths; from thence inſenſibly to fall into ſome venerable Solitude, where the dry, moſſy Barks of Trees, in ſilent Characters proclaim the Antiquity of the Place; and gentle Whiſpers of the Wind inſtruct the Methods of *Platonick* Love; inſpire ſtrange Paſſions, which we never felt before, and teach us to converſe with *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, and other harmleſs *Tenants* of the *Shades*. How great is the Pleaſure to be thus ſurpriz'd with ſome harmonious, warbling Stream, or ſilent, ſoft, deep, Cryſtal River? to ſpeak *Incognito* with *Dryads*, *Hamadryads*, and the ſporting *Echo*'s; to lie diſſolv'd in looſe, yet innocent Enjoyments on the Banks, to talk with Nature, with *Immortal Subſtances*, and with *Eternity* it ſelf? Oh *God!* is not this raviſhing?

'Tis difficult to ſay, whether it would be pleaſant or painful to return from theſe ineffable Parades of the *Soul*, to our domeſtick Felicities, tho' even in a rural Life, which I acknowledge to be the happieſt on Earth. Yet there to trace the Herds and Flocks, to walk amidſt the high-grown Corn, and Graſs, to pluck the bearded Ears of Barley, to let our Eyes rowl o'er the various Figures of the Wind-blown Wheat and Millet, our Noſes to ſuck the fragrant Airs of Marjoram, Thyme, Oranges, and Lemons, with innumerable Spices; our Ears to hear the inimitable Melody of Birds, and every Senſe to be tranſported, ſnatch'd away, and loſt in ſacred Extaſies; muſt needs be rank'd among the higheſt Kinds of earthly Pleaſures.

But to deſcend from thoſe Enjoyments, to the meaneſt and moſt common Diverſions of a Country-Life; methinks there's ſomething peculiarly charming in the very ellenge Situation of the Houſes; whe-

whether it be on the Brow of a Hill, or the Bottom of a Valley; in the Midſt of a Wood, or the Opening of a Heath; on the Side of a Road, or in ſome obſcure Corner of the Country. 'Tis agreeable, when waking in the Morning, to hear the Bleating of Sheep, Lowing of Oxen, Screaming, Quacking, and Crowing, of Geeſe, Ducks, Cocks, and other Home-bred Animals; to hear the louder Winds, threatning to tear up Trees by the Roots, demoliſh Houſes, and remove the Globe it ſelf, if poſſible, from off its *Baſis*. This would be better Muſick to me for a Change, than a Conſort of *Dulcimers*, *Theorbo's*, *Timbrels* and *Viols*. Human Nature delights in Variety, and there is a certain audacious Curioſity in the *Soul*, which loves to venture on Extremes. The Rain, the Dirt, the Stink of Hogs, Camels, Dromedaries, and other neceſſary rural Beaſts, would pleaſe me better than the conſtant tedious Eaſe, and fulſome Sweets of *Court* or *City*. I ſweat whilſt thus ſhut up within theſe Walls: It cloys me to be daily walking in a Circle; to trample always o'er the ſame Ground, in a vaſt Labyrinth of Houſes, where my Senſes meet no new refreſhing Objects but my Ears are hourly nauſeated, vex'd and tir'd with the ratling Din of Coaches, Carts, Artificers, and the harſh Voices of ſuch as ſell Fleſh, Fiſh, and other Things about the Streets. My Eyes can find no grateful Proſpects, but daſh'd with ſurly rugged Looks of proud and wealthy *Infidels*; or with the ſly ſatyrick Smiles of well-ſhap'd People, who contemn me for my bandy Legs, and crooked Back.

In a word my dear *Baſſa*, I long to feel the gentile Breezes of the *Eaſt*, purifying my *Soul*, and cleanſing it from ſo many Pollutions. I languiſh for the Sight of *Turbants* and *Creſcents*, for the devout Call of the *Muezins* on the lofty *Minarets*: I die in Contemplation of the ſacred *Faſts* and *Feaſts*, the

the nocturnal Joys of *Ramezan*, the Revels and chearful Illuminations of *Beiram*, and the *Imperial Dunalma's*. When I think of theſe things, my Soul burſts forth in fervent Invocations, and every Faculty cries, *Alla, Alla.*

May that *Divine* and *Immortal One* hear my Prayers, and grant me the Happineſs to ſee the Face of noble *Kerker Haſſan*, in an *Horizon* pure and free from the Defilement of *Infidels*.

Paris, 14*th of the* 2*d Moon,*
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XVIII.

To Iſouf, *his* Couſin, *a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

I Sent a *Diſpatch* to thee in the Year 1664, wherein, among other things, I recommended our Couſin *Solyman* to thy Friendſhip and Patronage, if ever he ſhould travel to *Aſtracan*, as I adviſ'd him. For thou knoweſt he has a roaming Genius, without the Wit to improve himſelf in any Foreign Country, unleſs he has a Friend to guide and take Care of him: And then 'twill be a difficult Taſk to make him ſenſible where he is. He'll always think he is within the Verge of the *Grand Signior*'s Hunt, where he may domineer at large, under the Notion of a Retainer to the *Sultan*. He's a ſtrange humour'd Fellow. I know not what to make of him. He's as changeable as *Proteus*, or a *Camelion:* Sometimes religiouſly dull and phlegmatick, like a *Hadgi*; at another Seaſon you ſhall feel his Pulſe beating to the Tune of youthful Pride, Ambition, Luſt, and other Vices. To Day he'd be a *Derviche*, *Santone*,

or

or any thing that bears the Form of Holineſs: But when he's ſlept upon't, the vain young Convert would return again to the World, and be a Soldier, Courtier, Profeſſor of the *Law*, or any thing that makes a Figure in the Eyes of Men. So unwelcome are the rigid Paths of Virtue to a *Soul* not well eſtabliſhed in its *Principles*.

And yet our Couſin *Solyman*, as I am told, is the *Muſſulman* of the *Muſſulmans*, as to his *Exterior*. With Hand devoutly laid to Breaſt, and humbleſt Couch o'th' Head, he gives the *Salem* to his Friends and Neighbours: Soft, as the Signs of *Mutes* in the *Seraglio:* Humble as the *Grecian* Chapman, walking through the Streets, is forc'd to imitate, when he is hector'd by the rampant *Janizaries*.

But, oh my Couſin *Iſouf*, 'tis Grief to ſay, that *Solyman*, Partaker of our *Blood*, is baſe, ungrateful, and perfidious: That he ſhould be thus unnatural, ſtudying the utmoſt Period of our Life; inſtead of honeſt, juſt, and noble Preſents, to prolong it.

I had Reaſon, long ago, to compare him to *Pontius Pilate*; and if I had gone on, and ſcum'd off all the moſt enormous Crimes of human Race, 'twould be too little to expreſs his Enmity againſt *Mahmut*, the kindeſt Uncle, and the trueſt Friend, that e'er poor *Solyman* could boaſt of.

But he is degenerate, and that's too little, without the mournful Sighs of thee and me, to increaſe the Aggravation of his Crime.

In fine, he's our Kinſman, and let us ſhew Mercy. He has been perfidious to me, and I would retrench the Words I have ſpoken in his Diſgrace. If he comes to *Aſtracan*, do as thou pleaſeſt: But have an Eye over thine own Affairs. Take not *Solyman* for an *Angel*. He is ſtill but a *Turbant*-maker; a frolickſome Blade; and a Merchant that makes a very ſmall Figure.

Couſin

Couſin *Iſouf*, forget not the *Maxims* thou haſt learn'd in thy Travels; Be true to thy Friends, and thy ſelf. Honour the Memory of thy deceaſed Parents. Love all Men that are good. And be not remiſs in praying for the *Soul* of thy deceaſed Uncle, whenever *God* ſhall call for it.

Paris, 26*th of the* 2*d Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

The End of the Sixth Volume.